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THE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
VOL II.

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THE WORKS

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

55 6.

THE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

EDITED BY
CHARLES KNIGHT

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. II.

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THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EDITED BY
HOWARD STAUNTON.

WITH 824 ILLUSTRATIONS BY
SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.,
AND A STEEL PORTRAIT.

"The pen, the pencil, and the printer have striven together in honourable rivalry, combining clearness of text, elegance of illustration, and beauty of type. The result is worthy of the labour, and we can say with a safe conscience, to all who wish to receive or present the bard in a becoming dress, buy 'ROUTLEDGE'S PICTURE SHAKESPEARE.'"—*The Times*.

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KING RICHARD II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING RICHARD II.	LORD ROSS.
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, <i>Duke of York,</i>	LORD WILLOUGHBY.
JOHN OF GAUNT, <i>Duke of Lancaster,</i>	LORD FITZWATER.
} <i>uncles to the King.</i>	BISHOP OF CARLISLE.
	ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER.
HENRY, <i>surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford, son to John of Gaunt; afterwards King Henry IV.</i>	<i>Lord Marshal; and another Lord.</i>
DUKE OF AUMERLE, <i>son to the Duke of York.</i>	Sir PIERCE OF EXTON.
MOWBRAY, <i>Duke of Norfolk.</i>	Sir STEPHEN SCROOP.
DUKE OF SURREY.	<i>Captain of a band of Welchmen.</i>
EARL OF SALISBURY.	<i>Queen to King Richard.</i>
EARL BERKLEY.	DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.
BUSHY,	DUCHESS OF YORK.
BAGOT,	<i>Lady attending on the Queen.</i>
GREEN,	<i>Lords, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, Two</i>
} <i>creatures to King Richard.</i>	<i>Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom,</i>
	<i>and other Attendants.</i>
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.	SCENE.— <i>Dispersedly in ENGLAND and WALES.</i>
HENRY PERCY, <i>his son.</i>	

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING RICHARD, attended; JOHN OF GAUNT, and other Nobles, with him.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son;
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness,—no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak:—
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBOKE and NORFOLK.

Boling. Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege !

Nor. Each day still better other's happiness ;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown !

K. Rich. We thank you both ; yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come ;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray ?

Boling. First, (heaven be the record to my speech !)
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well ; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant ;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live ;
Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat ;
And wish, (so please my sovereign,) ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal :
'T is not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain :
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say :
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech ;
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him ;
Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain :
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds ;
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable
Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.
Meantime, let this defend my loyalty,—

By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop:
By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

Nor. I take it up; and by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great, that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak my life shall prove it true;—
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers;
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries;
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
Slue'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me, for justice and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, our kingdom's heir,
(As he is but my father's brother's son,)
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood

Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul:
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers:
The other part reserv'd I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:
Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's death,—
I slew him not; but to my own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once I did lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul:
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it; and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault: As for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor:
Which in myself I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom:
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision:
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors say, this is no month to bleed.
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age:—
Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry? when?
Obedience bids I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.

Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot:
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
(Despite of death,) that lives upon my grave,
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;

Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood:
Give me his gage:—Lions make leopards tame.

Nor. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

Boling. O, Heaven defend my soul from such foul sin!
Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar fear impeach my height
Before this outdar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear;
And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

[*Exit* GAUNT.]

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command:
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate;
Since we cannot atone you, you shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry.
Lord Marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarms.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—London. *A Room in the Duke of Lancaster's Palace*

Enter GAUNT, and DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

Gaunt. Alas! the part I had in Gloster's blood
Doth more solicit me, than your exclams,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lieth in those hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who when he sees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,

Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
 Or seven fair branches springing from one root :
 Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
 Some of those branches by the destinies cut :
 But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,—
 One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
 One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
 Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt ;
 Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all vaded,
 By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
 Ah, Gaunt ! his blood was thine ; that bed, that womb,
 That mettle, that self-mould, that fashioned thee,
 Made him a man ; and though thou liv'st and breath'st,
 Yet art thou slain in him : thou dost consent
 In some large measure to thy father's death,
 In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
 Who was the model of thy father's life,
 Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair :
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
 Thou shew'st the naked pathway to thy life,
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee :
 That which in mean men we entitle patience
 Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
 What shall I say ? to safeguard thine own life,
 The best way is to 'venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel ; for heaven's substitute,
 His deputy anointed in his sight,
 Hath caus'd his death : the which if wrongfully,
 Let heaven revenge ; for I may never lift
 An angry arm against his minister.

Duch. Where then, alas ! may I complain myself ?

Gaunt. To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
 Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
 Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight :
 O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
 That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast !
 Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
 Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom
 That they may break his foaming courser's back,
 And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
 A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford !
 Farewell, old Gaunt ; thy sometimes brother's wife
 With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell : I must to Coventry :
 As much good stay with thee, as go with me !

Duch. Yet one word more ;—Grief boundeth where it falls,
 Not with the empty hollowness, but weight :
 I take my leave before I have begun ;
 For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
 Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
 Lo, this is all :—Nay, yet depart not so ;

Though this be all, do not so quickly go ;
I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what?—
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what cheer there for welcome but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow that dwells every where:
Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die;
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*Open space near Coventry.*

Lists set out, and a Throne. Herald, &c. attending.

Enter the LORD MARSHAL and AUMERLE.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.

Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why then the champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, who takes his seat on his throne; GAUNT, and several Noblemen, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter NORFOLK, in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name and the king's, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms:
Against what man thou com'st, and what's thy quarrel:
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thine oath;
As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which heaven defend a knight should violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven! [He takes his seat.

Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE, in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither

Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally according to our law
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou hither,
Before king Richard, in his royal lists?
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists,
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty;
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell, of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear;
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird do I with Mowbray fight.—
My loving lord, [*to* LORD MARSHAL] I take my leave of you;
Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle:—
Not sick, although I have to do with death;
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,— [*To* GAUNT.
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;

And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy :
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocence, and Saint George to thrive.

[He takes his seat.]

Nor. *[Rising.]* However heaven, or fortune, cast my lot,
There lives, or dies, true to king Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman :
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years :
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,
Go I to fight ; Truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord : securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[The KING and the Lords return to their seats.]

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance ; and God defend thy right !

Boling. *[Rising.]* Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance *[to an Officer]* to Thomas, duke
of Norfolk.

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him disloyal ;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets ; and set forward, combatants.

[A charge sounded.]

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again :
Withdraw with us : and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.—

[A long flourish.]

Draw near

[To the Combatants.]

And list, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered ;

And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;
And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;—
Therefore, we banish you our territories:
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regret our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done: This must my comfort be,
That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The sly slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile;—
The hopeless word of, never to return,
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate;
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. [Retiring.]

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves,)
To keep the oath that we administer:—
You never shall (so help you truth and heaven!)
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regret, or reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advised purpose meet
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk,—so far as to mine enemy;—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly this realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.

Nor. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd as from hence!
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.
Farewell, my liege:—Now no way can I stray;
Save back to England, all the world's my way.

[*Exit.*

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart; thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away:—Six frozen winters spent,
Return [*To BOLING.*] with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word: Such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,
He shortens four years of my son's exile;
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;

Thy word is current with him for my death :
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;
Why at our justice seem'd thou then to lower?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father:
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,
I was too strict, to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to mine unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell:—and, uncle, bid him so;
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* K. RICHARD and Train.]

Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,
From where you do remain, let paper shew.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

[*Boling.* Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not, the king did banish thee;
But thou the king: Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not, the king exiled thee : or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.
Suppose the singing birds, musicians ;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd ;
The flowers, fair ladies ; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance :
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.]

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast ?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?
O, no ! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way :
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell ; sweet soil, adieu ;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet !
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter KING RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN ; AUMERLE *following*.

K. Rich. We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way ?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears were shed ?

Aum. 'Faith none for me, except the north east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our face,
Awak'd the sleepy rheum ; and so, by chance,
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin when you parted with him ?

Aum. Farewell :
And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That word seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells ;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin ; but 't is doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people :—
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy ;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves ;
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 't were to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench ;
A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With—Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends ;
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone ; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland ;
Expedient manage must be made, my liege,
Ere further leisure yield them further means,
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war.
And, for our coffers, with too great a court,
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm ;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand : If that come short,
Our substitute at home shall have blank charters ;
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants ;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

Bushy, what news ?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord ;
Suddenly taken ; and hath sent post haste,
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he ?

Bushy. At Ely-house.

K. Rich. Now put it, heaven, in his physician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately !
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him :
Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late ! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in Ely House.*GAUNT *on a couch*; *the Duke of YORK, and others standing by him*

Gaunt. Will the king come? that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaïd youth.

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O, but they say, the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony;
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He, that no more must say, is listen'd more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before;

The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past;
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds;
As praises of his state: then, there are found
Lascivious metres; to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen:
Report of fashions in proud Italy;
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile,)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose;
'T is breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd;
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;

This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands;
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
 (For Christian service, and true chivalry,)
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son:
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it,) like to a tenement,
 or pelting farm:
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds;
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself:
 Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter KING RICHARD, *and* QUEEN; AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN,
 BAGOT, ROSS, *and* WILLOUGHBY.

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
 For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is 't with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition!
 Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:
 Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
 And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?
 For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
 Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt;
 The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
 Is my strict fast,—I mean my children's looks;
 And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt;
 Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
 Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:
 Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
 I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st thou flatter'st me.

Gaunt. Oh! no; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now, he that made me, knows I see thee ill;
 Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick :
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee.
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head ;
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease :
But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so ?
Landlord of England art thou, and not king :
Thy state of law is bondsman to the law ;
And——

K. Rich. And thou a lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek ; chasing the royal blood,
With fury, from his native residence.
Now by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue, that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son ;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd :
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
(Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls !)
May be a precedent and witness good,
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood :
Join with the present sickness that I have ;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee !—
These words hereafter thy tormentors be !—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave :
Love they to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out by his Attendants.*]

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and sullens have ;
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickness and age in him :
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right; you say true: as Hereford's love, so his:
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

K. Rich. What says he?

North. Nay, nothing; all is said:

His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars:
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom, where no venom else
But only they have privilege to live.
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Nor Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first;
In war, was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace, was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman:
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
But when he frown'd it was against the French,
And not against his friends; his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York.

O, my liege,

Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?

Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters, and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!)
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's right,
Call in the letters-patents that he hath
By his attornies-general to sue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will; we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by the while: My liege, farewell:
What will ensue hereof there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good. [Exit.

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight;
Bid him repair to us to Ely house
To see this business: To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 't is time, I trow;
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England,
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [Flourish.

[Exeunt KING, QUEEN, BUSHY, AUMERLE, GREEN,
and BAGOT.]

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere 't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!

Willo. Tends that thou'dst speak to the duke of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore heaven, 't is shame such wrongs are
borne,
In him a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led

By flatterers ; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts : the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd—
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what ;
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this ?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors achieved with blows :
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

Ross. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

North. His noble kinsman : most degenerate king !
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm :
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ross. We see the very wrack that we must suffer ;
And unavowed is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wrack.

North. Not so ; even through the hollow eyes of death
I spy life peering ; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland :
We three are but thyself ; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts ; therefore, be bold.

North. Then thus :—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry duke of Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,
That late broke from the duke of Exeter,
His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint,—
All these, well furnished by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore :
Perhaps, they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,

And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post to Ravenspurg :
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse ! urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad :
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did ; to please myself,
I cannot do it ; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard : Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me ; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles : at something it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which shew like grief itself, but are not so :
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects,
Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Shew nothing but confusion,—ey'd awry,
Distinguish form : so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Find shapes of griefs, more than himself, to wail ;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not ; more's not seen :
Or if it be, 't is with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so ; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise : Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad ; so heavy sad,
As—though, in thinking, on no thought I think,—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'T is nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'T is nothing less : conceit is still deriv'd
From some forefather grief ; mine is not so ;
For nothing hath begot my something grief ;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve ;
'T is in reversion that I do possess ;
But what it is, that is not yet known ; what
I cannot name ; 't is nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

Green. Heaven save your majesty!—and well met, gentlemen :

I hope, the king is not yet shipped for Ireland.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 't is better hope he is ;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope ;
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd ?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly have set footing in this land :
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurg.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid !

Green. O, madam, 't is too true ; and that is worse,—
The lord Northumberland, his young son Henry Percy,
The lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,
And the rest of the revolted faction traitors ?

Green. We have : whereupon the earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir :
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy ;
And I, a gasping new-delivered mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow, join'd.

Bushy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me ?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope ; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck ;
O, full of careful business are his looks !
Uncle,

For heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts :
Comfort's in heaven ; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives, but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home :
Here am I left to underprop his land ;
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself :

Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made ;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was?—Why, so!—go all which way it will!
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:
Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:
To-day, I came by, and called there;—
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is it, knave?

Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.

York. Heaven for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do:—I would to heaven,
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,)
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.
What, are there posts despatch'd for Ireland?—
How shall we do for money for these wars?—
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say: pray, pardon me.—
Go, fellow, [*to the Servant*] get thee home, provide some carts,
And bring away the armour that is there.— [*Exit Servant.*]
Gentlemen, will you go muster men? if I know
How, or which way, to order these affairs,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen;—
The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you:—Gentlemen, go muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkley-castle.
I should to Plashy too;—
But time will not permit:—All is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt YORK and QUEEN.*]

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love,
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for their love
Lies in their purses; and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,

Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol castle;
The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you: for little office
Will the hateful commons perform for us;
Except, like curs, to tear us all in pieces.—
Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No; I will to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.

Bushy. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot.

I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Wilds in Glostershire.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?

North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Glostershire.
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From Ravenspurg to Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company;
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess:
And hope to joy, is little less in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter HARRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—
Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health
of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?

Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd

The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?

He was not so resolv'd when we last spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the duke of Hereford:
And sent me over by Berkley, to discover
What power the duke of York had levied there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember; to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley? And what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour:
None else of name and noble estimate.

Enter ROSS *and* WILLOUGHBY.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords: I wot your love pursues
A banish'd traitor; all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter BERKLEY.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster:
And I am come to seek that name in England:
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 't is not my meaning

To raze one title of your honour out:—
 To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,)
 From the most gracious regent of this land,
 The duke of York; to know, what pricks you on
 To take advantage of the absent time,
 And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter YORK, attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you;
 Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle! [*Kneels.*

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
 Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle!

York. Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.
 I am no traitor's uncle; and that word, grace,
 In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
 Why have these banish'd and forbidden legs
 Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
 But then more why;—why have they dar'd to march
 So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
 Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
 And ostentation of despised arms?
 Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
 Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
 And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
 Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
 As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
 Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
 From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
 O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
 Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
 And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
 On what condition stands it, and wherein?

York. Even condition of the worst degree,—
 In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
 Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
 Before the expiration of thy time,
 In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford:
 But as I come, I come for Lancaster,
 And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
 Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
 You are my father, for, methinks in you
 I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father!
 Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
 A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties
 Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
 To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I born?
 If that my cousin king be king of England,
 It must be granted I am duke of Lancaster.

You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman ;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patents give me leave :
My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold ;
And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do ? I am a subject,
And challenge law : Attorneys are denied me ;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

Ross. It stands your grace upon, to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this,—
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right :
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be ;
And you that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own : and, for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid ;
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms ;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left :
But, if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king ;
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well ;—
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win your grace to go with us
To Bristol castle ; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be I will go with you :—but yet I'll pause ;
For I am loth to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are :
Things past redress are now with me past care. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*A Camp in Wales.*

Enter SALISBURY and a Captain.

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,

And yet we hear no tidings from the king ;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves : farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman ;
The king reposeth all his confidence
In thee.

Cap. 'T is thought the king is dead ; we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven ;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change ;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war :
These signs forerun the death [or fall] of kings.—
Farewell ; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd Richard their king is dead. [Exit.

Sal. Ah, Richard ! with the eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament !
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest ;
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes ;
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bolingbroke's *Camp* at Bristol.

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, WIL-
LOUGHBY, ROSS: Officers *behind*, with BUSHY and GREEN,
prisoners.

Boling. Bring forth these men.—
Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies,)
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 't were no charity : yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean.
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him ;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth ;
Near to the king in blood ; and near in love,
Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,

Eating the bitter bread of banishment :
 While you have fed upon my seignories,
 Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods ;
 From mine own windows torn my household coat,
 Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign—
 Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
 To show the world I am a gentleman,
 This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
 Condemns you to the death :—See them deliver'd over
 To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
 Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is, that heaven will take our souls,
 And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord Northumberland, see them despatch'd.

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND and others, with Prisoners.]

Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house :
 For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated :
 Tell her, I send to her my kind commends ;
 Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have despatch'd
 With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away ;
 To fight with Glendower and his complices ;
 Awhile to work, and, after, holiday.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Coast of Wales. A Castle in View.*

Flourish : Drums and Trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, BISHOP
 OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, and Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call you this at hand ?

Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air,
 After your late tossing on the breaking seas ?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well ; I weep for joy,
 To stand upon my kingdom once again.

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
 Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs :

As a long parted mother with her child
 Plays fondly with her tears and smiles, in meeting ;

So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
 And do thee favour with my royal hands.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
 Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'nous sense :

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
 And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way ;

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
 Which with usurping steps do trample thee.

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies :

And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
 Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,

Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
 Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.

Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords ;
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Bishop. Fear not, my lord ; that Power that made you king
Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,
And not neglected ; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse ;
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss ;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin ! know'st thou not
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders, and in outrage, boldly here ;
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves ?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we are wand'ring with the antipodes,—
Shall see us rising in our throne the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king :
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord :
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
Heaven for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel : then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall ; for heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord ; How far off lies your power ?

Sal. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm : Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth :
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men :
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state ;

For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege: why looks your grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: Am I not king?
Awake, thou sluggish majesty! thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name forty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king. Are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
Comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd;
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We 'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us:
Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; and boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff, unwieldy arms against thy crown:
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.

Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
 What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
 That they have let the dangerous enemy
 Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
 If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
 I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
 Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
 Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
 Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
 Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
 Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
 Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate:
 Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
 With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse,
 Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
 And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the duke my father with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where. Of comfort no man speak:
 Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
 Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
 Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
 And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
 Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
 Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's,
 And nothing can we call our own, but death;
 And that small model of the barren earth,
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
 For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
 How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed:
 Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd.
 All murder'd:—For within the hollow crown
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
 Keeps death his court; and there the antic sits,
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp,—
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene
 To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
 Were brass impregnable,—and, humour'd thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle walls, and—farewell, king!
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,

For you have but mistook me all this while :
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends :—Subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king?

Car. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresses strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain ; no worse can come, to fight :
And fight and die, is death destroying death ;
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him ;
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well :—Proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown ;
An easy task it is to win our own.

Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power ?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day :
So may you by my dull and heavy eye ;

My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken :—
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke ;
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his faction.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth

[*To AUMERLE.*

Of that sweet way I was in to despair !
What say you now ? What comfort have we now ?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint castle ; there I'll pine away ;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge ; and let them go
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none :—Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers, let them hence.—Away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Wales. *Before Flint Castle.*

Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE and Forces; YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and others.

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With some few private friends, upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord;
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the lord Northumberland,
To say, king Richard: Alack the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head!

North. Your grace mistakes; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you should,
Lest you mis-take: The heavens are o'er your head.

Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself
Against their will.—But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Welcome, Harry; what, will not this castle yield?

Percy. The castle royally is manned, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally?
Why, it contains no king?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king; king Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone:
And with him the lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

North. Oh! belike, it is the bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lord, [To NORTH.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle:
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.
Henry Bolingbroke
Upon his knees doth kiss king Richard's hand;
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his most royal person: hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:

The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
 It is such crimson tempest should bedrench
 The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,
 My stooping duty tenderly shall shew.
 Go, signify as much; while here we march
 Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.

[NORTHUMBERLAND *advances to the castle, with a trumpet.*
 Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
 That from this castle's totter'd battlements
 Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
 Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet
 With no less terror than the elements
 Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
 At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
 Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
 The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
 My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
 March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

A parle sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Flourish.
Enter on the walls KING RICHARD, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE,
 AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY.

York. See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,
 As doth the blushing discontented sun,
 From out the fiery portal of the east;
 When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
 To dim his glory, and to stain the track
 Of his bright passage to the occident.
 Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
 As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
 Controlling majesty; Alack, alack, for woe,
 That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have we stood
 To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [To NORTHUMB.
 Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
 And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
 To pay their awful duty to our presence?
 If we be not, shew us the hand of God
 That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
 For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
 Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
 Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
 And though you think, that all, as you have done,
 Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
 And we are barren, and bereft of friends;
 Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
 Is mustering in his clouds, on our behalf,
 Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
 Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
 That lift your vassal hands against my head,
 And threat the glory of my precious crown.
 Tell Bolingbroke (for yond', methinks, he is,)

That every stride he makes upon my land,
Is dangerous treason : He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war ;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face ;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The King of heaven forbid, our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon ! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand ;
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones ;
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head ;
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt ;
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—
His coming hither hath no further scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees ;
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just ;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king returns ;—
His noble cousin is right welcome hither ;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction :
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not, [To AUMERLE.
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair ?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die ?

Aum. No, good my lord ; let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. O God ! O God ! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth ! O, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name !
Or that I could forget what I have been !
Or not remember what I must be now !
Swell'st thou, proud heart ? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now ? Must he submit ?

The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?
 The king shall be contented: Must he lose
 The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
 I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads;
 My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
 My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
 My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood;
 My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff;
 My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;
 And my large kingdom for a little grave,
 A little little grave, an obscure grave:—
 Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
 Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
 May hourly trample on their sovereign's head:
 For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;
 And, buried once, why not upon my head?
 Aumerle, thou weep'st; My tender-hearted cousin!—
 We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
 Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
 And make a dearth in this revolting land.
 Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
 And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
 As thus;—To drop them still upon one place,
 Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
 Within the earth; and, therein laid,—*There lies*
Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?
 Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
 I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
 Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
 What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty
 Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
 You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
 To speak with you; may't please you to come down?

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glistering Phaeton,
 Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[*NORTH. retires to BOLING.*

In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
 To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
 In the base court? Come down? Down court! down king!
 For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing.

[*Exeunt from above.*

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
 Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
 Yet he is come.

Enter KING RICHARD and his Attendants below.

Boling. Stand all apart,
 And show fair duty to his majesty.—

My gracious lord.—

[*Kneeling.*

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,

To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
 Me rather had my heart might feel your love,
 Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
 Up cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
 Thus high at least, [*touching his own head*] although your
 knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
 As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve:—They well deserve to have
 That know the strong'st and surest way to get.
 Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
 Tears shew their love, but want their remedies.—
 Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
 Though you are old enough to be my heir.
 What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
 For do we must what force will have us do.—
 Set on towards London:—Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich.

Then I must not say no.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Langley. *The Duke of York's Garden.*

Enter the QUEEN and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
 To drive away the heavy thought of care?

1 Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'T will make me think
 The world is full of rubs, and that my fortune
 Runs 'gainst the bias.

1 Lady. Madam, we will dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
 When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
 Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

1 Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy?

1 Lady. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl:
 For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
 It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
 Or if of grief, being altogether had,
 It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
 For what I have, I need not to repeat;
 And what I want, it boots not to complain.

1 Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'T is well, that thou hast cause;
 But thou should'st please me better would'st thou weep.

1 Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could sing, would weeping do me good.
 And never borrow any tear of thee.

But stay, here come the gardeners :
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—

Enter a Gardener and two Servants.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state: for every one doth so
Against a change: Woe is forerun with woe.

[*QUEEN and Ladies retire.*

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight :
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and like an executioner
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth :
All must be even in our government.
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1 Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Shewing, as in a model, our firm estate ;
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds ; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars ?

Gard. Hold thy peace :—
He that has suffer'd this disorder'd spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf :
The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke ;
I mean the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

1 Serv. What, are they dead ?

Gard. They are ; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—Oh ! what pity is it,
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden ! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit trees ;
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself :
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have lived to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty : superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live :
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

1 Serv. What, think you then, the king shall be depos'd ?

Gard. Depress'd he is already ; and depos'd,
'T is doubt, he will be : Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,

That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death through want of speaking!
[*Coming from her concealment.*]

Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh-rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say king Richard is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say where, when, and how,
Cam'st thou by these ill-tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I
To breathe these news: yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.
Post you to London, and you'll find it so:
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassy belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.
What, was I born to this! that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
I would the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[*Exeunt QUEEN and Ladies.*]

Gard. Poor Queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. Westminster Hall. *The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, *another* Lord, BISHOP OF CARLISLE, ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, *and* Attendants. Officers *behind with* BAGOT.

Boling. Call forth Bagot.
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;

What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death ;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say,—Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?—
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England ;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be,
In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man ?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement ?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his sland'rous lips.
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine :
By that fair sun that shews me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest ;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see the day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest ; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust :
And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing ; seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe !

Lord. I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle ;
And spur thee on with full as many lies

As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun : there is my honour's pawn ;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Aum. Who sets me else ; by heaven, I'll throw at all :
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. 'T is very true : you were in presence then ;
And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy !

That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn ;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse !
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies : there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal :
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies : here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage,
Till Norfolk be repeal'd ; repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his land and seignories ; when he's return'd
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ ; in glorious Christian field
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens :
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy ; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead ?

Car. As sure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham !—Lords appellants,

Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, attended.

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

Car. Marry, heaven forbid!—

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeching me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true noblesse would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them:
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forfend it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by heaven thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead men's skulls.
O, if you rear this house against this house,
It will the woofullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth:
Prevent it, resist it, and let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you—woe!

North. Well have you argued, sir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here:

My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.

May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender ; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [Exit.

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer :
Little are we beholden to your love, [To CARLISLE.
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter YORK, with KING RICHARD, and Officers bearing the crown, &c.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd ? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee :—
Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men : Were they not mine ?
Did they not sometimes cry, all hail ! to me ?
So Judas did to Christ : but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one ; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king !—Will no man say, amen ?
Am I both priest and clerk ? well then, amen.
God save the king ! although I be not he ;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
To do what service am I sent for hither ?

York. To do that office, of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown :—Here, cousin, seize the crown ;
Here, cousin, on this side my hand ; on that side thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets filling one another ;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water :
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown I am, but still my griefs are mine :
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs ; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
My care is loss of care, by old care done ;
Your care is gain of care, by new care won ;
The cares I give I have, though given away ;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown ?

K. Rich. Ay, no ;—no, ay ;—for I must nothing be ;
Therefore no, no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself :—

I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd;
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthly pit!
God save king Henry unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!
What more remains?

North.

No more, but that you read

[Offering a paper.]

These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies! Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou would'st,
There should'st thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:—
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Shewing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, despatch; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest:
For I have given here my soul's consent,
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Make glory base, and sovereignty a slave;
Proud majesty a subject; state a peasant.

North. My Lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught, insulting man,
 Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—
 No, not that name was given me at the font,—
 But 't is usurp'd :—Alack the heavy day,
 That I have worn so many winters out,
 And know not now what name to call myself !
 O, that I were a mockery king of snow,
 Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
 To melt myself away in water-drops !—
 Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly good,)
 An if my word be sterling yet in England,
 Let it command a mirror hither straight,
 That it may shew me what a face I have,
 Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend ! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied : I'll read enough.
 When I do see the very book indeed
 Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.
 No deeper wrinkles yet ? Hath sorrow struck
 So many blows upon this face of mine,
 And made no deeper wounds ?—O flattering glass,
 Like to my followers in prosperity,
 Thou dost beguile me ! Was this face the face
 That every day under his household roof
 Did keep ten thousand men ? Was this the face
 That, like the sun, did make beholders wink ?
 Was this the face that fac'd so many follies,
 And was at last outfac'd by Bolingbroke ?
 A brittle glory shineth in this face :
 As brittle as the glory is the face ;

[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*]

For there it is, crack'd in an hundred shivers.
 Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—
 How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
 The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
 The shadow of my sorrow ? Ha ! let's see :—
 'T is very true, my grief lies all within ;
 And these external manners of laments
 Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
 That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul ;
 There lies the substance : and I thank thee, king,
 For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st

Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin? I am greater than a king:
For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling. Go, some of you convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! Convey?—Conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt* K. RICHARD, *some* Lords, *and* a Guard.]

Boling. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt all but the* ABBOT, BISHOP OF CARLISLE,
and AUMERLE.]

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise:—
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;
Come home with me to supper; I will lay
A plot shall shew us all a merry day.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street leading to the Tower.*

Enter QUEEN *and* Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter KING RICHARD and Guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither : Yet look up ; behold ;
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand ;
Thou map of honour ; thou king Richard's tomb,
And not king Richard ; thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest ?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden : learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream ;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shews us but this : I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim necessity ; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house :
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd, and weakened ? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect ? Hath he been in thy heart ?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd ; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly ? kiss the rod ;
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts ?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed ; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France :
Think, I am dead ; and that even there thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks ; and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betide :
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compassion, weep the fire out :
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, attended.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd ;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you ;
With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all:
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd another way,
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd?—Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 't was made.
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My queen to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas, or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from
heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.

North. That were some love, but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe,
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off, than near, be ne'er the near'.
Go, count thy way with sighs; I mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. [They kiss.

Queen. Give me mine own again; 't were no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [Kiss again.
So, now I have mine own again, begone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay;
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.*
Enter YORK and his DUCHESS.

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
 When weeping made you break the story off
 Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
 Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,
 Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
 Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
 Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
 With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
 While all tongues cried—God save thee, Bolingbroke!
 You would have thought the very windows spake,
 So many greedy looks of young and old
 Through casements darted their desiring eyes
 Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
 With painted imagery, had said at once,—
 Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
 Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
 Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
 Bespake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:
 And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the whilst?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
 After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
 Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
 Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save him;
 No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
 His face still combating with tears and smiles,
 The badges of his grief and patience,
 That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
 And barbarism itself have pitied him.
 But heaven hath a hand in these events;
 To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
 To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
 Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was;
 But that is lost, for being Richard's friend,
 And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:
 I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
 And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Duch. Welcome, my son : Who are the violets now
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not ;
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.

What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent it not ; I purpose so.

York. What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 't is nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it ;
I will be satisfied,—let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me ;
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—

Duch. What should you fear?
'T is nothing but some bond that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph day.

York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me ; I may not shew it.

York. I will be satisfied ; let me see it, I say.

[*Snatches it, and reads.*

Treason ! foul treason !—villain ! traitor ! slave !

Duch. What is the matter, my lord?

York. Ho ! who is within there? [*Enter a Servant.*]

Saddle my horse.

Heaven for his mercy ! what treachery is here !

Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say ; saddle my horse :—
Now by my honour, by my life, my troth,

I will appeach the villain. [*Exit Servant.*

Duch. What 's the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Duch. I will not peace :—What is the matter, son?

Aum. Good mother, be content ; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Duch. Thy life answer?

Re-enter Servant, with boots.

York. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd :
Hence, villain : never more come in my sight.— [*To the Ser.*

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?

Have we more sons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.

Duch. He shall be none;
We'll keep him here: Then what is that to him?

York. Away,
Fond woman! were he twenty times my son
I would appeach him.

Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman. [Exit.]

Duch. After, Aumerle; mount thee upon his horse;
Spur, post; and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old:
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee: Away;
Begone. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, as King; PERCY, and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son!
'T is full three months since I did see him last:
If any plague hang over us, 't is he.
I would to heaven, my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions—
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stews,
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute as desperate: yet, through both
I see some sparkles of a better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE, hastily.

Aum. Where is the king?

Boling. What means
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.

[Exeunt PERCY and Lords.]

What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth, *[Kneels.]*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If on the first, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire. *[AUMERLE locks the door.]*

York. *[Within.]* My liege, beware; look to thyself;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. *[Drawing.]*

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand;
Thou hast no cause to fear.

York. *[Within.]* Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king;
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[BOLINGBROKE opens the door.]

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me shew.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past:
I do repent me; read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!

O loyal father of a treacherous son !
 Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
 From whence this stream through muddy passages
 Hath held his current, and defil'd himself !
 Thy overflow of good converts to bad ;
 And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
 This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd ;
 And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
 As thriftless sons their scraping father's gold.
 Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
 Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies ;
 Thou kill'st me in his life ; giving him breath,
 The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. [*Within.*] What ho, my liege ! for heaven's sake let
 me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry ?

Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king ; 't is I.
 Speak with me, pity me, open the door :
 A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd—from a serious thing,
 And now chang'd to *The Beggar and the King*.
 My dangerous cousin, let your mother in ;
 I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
 More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.
 This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound ;
 This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter DUCHESS.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man ;
 Love, loving not itself, none other can.

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here ?
 Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear ?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege.
 [*Kneels.*]

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech :
 For ever will I walk upon my knees,
 And never see day that the happy sees,
 Till thou give joy ; until thou bid me joy,
 By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee. [*Kneels.*]

York. Against them both my true joints bended be. [*Kneels.*]
 Ill mayst thou thrive if thou grant any grace !

Duch. Pleads he in earnest ? look upon his face ;
 His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest ;
 His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast :
 He prays but faintly, and would be denied ;
 We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside :
 His weary joints would gladly rise, I know ;
 Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow :

His prayers are full of false hypocrisy ;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his ; then let them have
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say—stand up ;
But pardon, first ; and afterwards, stand up.
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now ;
Say—pardon, king : let pity teach thee how :
The word is short, but not so short as sweet ;
No word like pardon for king's mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king : say, *pardonnez moy*.

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy ?
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That sett'st the word itself against the word !
Speak, pardon, as 't is current in our land ;
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there :
Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear ;
That, hearing how our complaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand,
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon me.

Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee !
Yet am I sick for fear : speak it again ;
Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law, and the abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are :
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell,—and cousin too, adieu :
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son ;—I pray Heaven make thee new.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter EXTON *and* a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake ?
'Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear ?'
Was it not so ?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. 'Have I no friend?' quoth he: he spake it twice.
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And, speaking it, he wistly look'd on me;
As who should say,—I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Pomfret. *The Dungeon of the Castle.*

Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world:
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it;—yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world;
In humours like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,—
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the Word itself
Against the Word.
As thus,—Come, little ones; and then again,—
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,
That many have, and others must sit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented: Sometimes am I king;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: Then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again: and by-and-by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing: But, whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd till he be eas'd

With being nothing. Music do I hear?
Ha, ha! keep time:—How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: So sighs, and tears, and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours:—but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his jack o' the clock.
This music mads me, let it sound no more;
For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 't is a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich.

Thanks, noble peer;

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid;
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly as if he had disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?

Forgiveness, horse ! why do I rail on thee,
 Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
 Wast born to bear ? I was not made a horse ;
 And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
 Spur-gall'd, and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place ; here is no longer stay.
 [To the Groom.]

K. Rich. If thou love me 't is time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not that my heart shall say.
 [Exit.]

Keep. My lord, will 't please you to fall to ?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not ; Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee !
 Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [Beats the Keeper.]

Keep. Help, help, help !

Enter EXTON, and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now ? what means death in this rude assault ?
 Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[Snatching a weapon, and killing one.]

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[He kills another, then EXTON strikes him down.]

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
 That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand
 Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
 Mount, mount, my soul ! thy seat is up on high ;
 Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. [Dies.]

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood :
 Both have I spilt ; O, would the deed were good !
 For now the devil, that told me I did well,
 Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
 This dead king to the living king I'll bear.
 Take hence the rest, and give them burial here. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

Flourish. *Enter BOLINGBROKE and YORK with Lords and Attendants.*

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
 Is, that the rebels have consum'd with fire
 Our town of Cicester in Glostershire ;
 But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord : what is the news ?

North. First to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
 The next news is,—I have to London sent
 The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent :

The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here. [*Presenting a paper.*]

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Seely;
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, with the BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:—
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, with Attendants bearing a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear; herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murtherer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never shew thy head by day nor light.

Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black, incontinent;
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:—
March sadly after; grace my mourning here,
In weeping after this untimely bier.

[*Exeunt.*]

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY IV.	POINS.
HENRY, <i>Prince of Wales</i> , } <i>sons to the</i>	GADSHILL.
PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, } King.	PETO.
EARL OF WESTMORELAND, } <i>friends to the</i>	BARDOLPH.
SIR WALTER BLUNT, } King.	Lady PERCY, <i>wife to Hotspur, and sister to</i>
THOMAS PERCY, <i>Earl of Worcester</i> .	Mortimer.
HENRY PERCY, <i>Earl of Northumberland</i> .	Lady MORTIMER, <i>daughter to Glendower,</i>
HENRY PERCY, <i>surnamed HOTSPUR, his</i>	<i>and wife to Mortimer.</i>
<i>son.</i>	Mrs. QUICKLY, <i>hostess of a tavern in East-</i>
EDMUND MORTIMER, <i>Earl of March</i> .	<i>cheap.</i>
SCROOP, <i>Archbishop of York</i> .	<i>Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamber-</i>
SIR MICHAEL, <i>a friend of the Archbishop</i> .	<i>lain, Drawers, Two Carriers, Travel-</i>
ARCHIBALD, <i>Earl of Douglas</i> .	<i>lers, and Attendants.</i>
OWEN GLENDOWER.	SCENE.—ENGLAND.
SIR RICHARD VERNON.	
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.	

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, WESTMORELAND, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and others.

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood,
No more shall trenching war channel her fields;
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross

We are impressed and engag'd to fight,)
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy ;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And bootless 't is to tell you—we will go ;
Therefore we meet not now :—Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight ; when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news ;
Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered :
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be,
Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

K. Hen. It seems, then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This, match'd with other like, my gracious lord.
Far more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did report :
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour ;
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours ;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news :
The earl of Douglas is discomfited ;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood, did sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains : Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas ; and the earl of Athol,

Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest a son:
A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts:—What think you, coz',
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this:
And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor; and so inform the lords;
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London. *An Apartment of the Prince's.*

Enter HENRY, Prince of WALES, and FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time o' day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata; I see no reason why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me, now, Hal: for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars; and not by Phœbus,—he,

that wandering knight so fair. And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none,)——

P. Hen. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty; let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: And let men say, we be men of good government; being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed as the sea is by the moon. As for proof. Now, a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by; and spent with crying—bring in: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. Thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou when thou art king hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits: whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bag-pipe.

P. Hen. What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascaldest, sweet young prince. But Hal, I prithee trouble me no more with vanity. I would thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought! An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm unto me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now I am, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

Enter POINS, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 't is my vocation, Hal; 't is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a watch. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried Stand, to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says monsieur Remorse? What says sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word,—the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs,—he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief: not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in

thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

P. Hen. Well, then, once in my days, I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: You shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, All-hallown summer! [Exit FALSTAFF.]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself and I will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail: and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but 't is like that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But, I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary and meet me. To-morrow night in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [Exit POINS.]

P. Hen. I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness;
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,

By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
 Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
 If all the year were playing holidays,
 To sport would be as tedious as to work;
 But when they seldom come they wish'd-for come,
 And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
 So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
 And pay the debt I never promised,
 By how much better than my word I am
 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
 And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
 Shall shew more goodly and attract more eyes
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
 I'll so offend to make offence a skill;
 Redeeming time when men think least I will.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER,
 HOTSPUR, *Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
 Unapt to stir at these indignities,
 And you have found me; for, accordingly,
 You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,
 Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;
 Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
 And therefore lost that title of respect
 Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
 The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
 And that same greatness too which our own hands
 Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord,—

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
 Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
 O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
 And majesty might never yet endure
 The moody frontier of a servant brow.
 You have good leave to leave us; when we need
 Your use and counsel we shall send for you.—

[Exit WORCESTER.]

You were about to speak.

[To NORTH.]

North. Yea, my good lord.
 Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
 Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
 Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
 As is deliver'd to your majesty:
 Either envy, therefore, or misprision
 Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.

But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff: and still he smil'd and talk'd;
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or should not;—for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark!)
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not this report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;
But with proviso, and exception,
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, in my soul, hath wilfully betray'd

The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with feres,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war;—To prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him,
He never did encounter with Glendower;
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son:—
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, BLUNT, and Train.]

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them
I will not send them:—I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause awhile;
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?
'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
In his behalf I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

[*To* WORCESTER.]

Wor. Who struck this heat up, after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him: Was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was: I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; Did king Richard then
Proclaim my brother Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountain starv'd.
But shall it be that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And, for his sake, wear the detested blot
Of murd'rous subornation, shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O, pardon, if that I descend so low,
To shew the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle king.
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,

That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
 By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
 No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
 Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
 Into the good thoughts of the world again:
 Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
 Of this proud king; who studies, day and night,
 To answer all the debt he owes unto you,
 Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
 Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more;
 And now I will unclasp a secret book,
 And to your quick-conceiving discontents
 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
 As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
 As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night:—or sink or swim:—
 Send danger from the east unto the west,
 So honour cross it from the north to south,
 And let them grapple;—the blood more stirs
 To rouse a lion than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
 Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap
 To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
 And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
 So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear
 Without corrival, all her dignities:
 But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
 But not the form of what he should attend.—
 Good cousin, give me audience for a while,
 And list to me.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
 That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all;
 By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them;
 No, if a Scot would save his soul he shall not:
 I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
 And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
 Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:—
 He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
 Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
 But I will find him when he lies asleep,
 And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!
 Nay,

I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you,
Cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke;
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-tongue and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood;
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot. Why look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time,—What do you call the place?—
A plague upon 't!—it is in Gloucestershire;—
'T was there the mad-cap duke his uncle kept;
His uncle York;—where I first bowed my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true:—
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look,—*when his infant fortune came to age,*
And,—*gentle Harry Percy,—and, kind cousin,—*
O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!—
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to 't again;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, in sooth.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons,
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd
Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,

[To NORTHUMBERLAND.]

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is 't not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation
As what I think might be, but what I know

Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it.

Upon my life, it will do wond'rous well.

North. Before the game's afoot thou still lett'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:—
And then the power of Scotland and of York,—
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 't is no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head:
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt;
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home:
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell;—No further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly;
I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
(As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short,
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rochester. *An Inn Yard.*

Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged:
Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not
packed. What, ostler!

Ost. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in
the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and this is
the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned
upside down since Robin ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose;
it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think this is the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, you will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

1 *Car.* What, ostler! come away, and be hanged, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing Cross.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkies in my pannier are quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An't were not as good a deed as drink to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged:—Hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that.

Gads. I prithee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[Exeunt Carriers.]

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. *[Within.]* At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good-morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: There's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charges too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I prithee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worship'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for if I hang old Sir John hangs with me; and thou knowest he's no starveling. Tut! there are

other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake make all whole. I am joined with no foot-land-rakers, no long-staff, sixpenny strikers; none of these mad, mustachio, purple-hued malt-worms: but with nobility and tranquillity; burgomasters and great oneyers; such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: And yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith; I think rather you are more beholden to the night than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy knave. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The road by Gadshill.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal; What a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him. [Pretends to seek POINS.

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time these two-and-twenty years; and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—A plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An't were not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well

enough: A plague upon 't, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague light upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I 'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I 'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 't is our setter: I know his voice; Bardolph, what news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 't is going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 't is going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. You four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather: but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. We 'll leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

[*Exeunt P. HENRY and POINS.*]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1 Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we 'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jesu bless us !

Fal. Strike ; down with them ; cut the villains' throats : Ah ! whoreson caterpillars ! bacon-fed knaves ! they hate us youth : down with them ; fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves ; Are ye undone ? No, ye fat chuffs ; I would your store were here ! On, bacons, on ! What, ye knaves, young men must live : You are grand-jurors are ye ? We'll jure ye, i' faith.

[*Here they rob and bind the travellers. Exeunt FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and the others.*]

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men : Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring : there's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money.

[*Rushing out upon them.*]

Poins. Villains.

[*As they are sharing, the PRINCE and POINS set upon them ; they all run away ; and FALSTAFF, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*]

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse : The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear So strongly, that they dare not meet each other ; Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death, And lards the lean earth as he walks along ; Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Warkworth. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter.

— ‘ But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.’—He could be contented,—Why is he not then ? In respect of the love he bears our house :—he shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. ‘ The purpose you undertake is dangerous ;’—Why, that's certain ; 't is dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink : but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. ‘ The purpose you undertake is dangerous ; the friends you have named uncertain ; the time itself unsorted ; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.’—Say you so, say you so ? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind,

and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? I protest, our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! Let him tell the king: We are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady PERCY.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours?

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-eye'd musing and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, Courage!—to the field! And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies and retires; of trenches, tents;
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the current of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream:
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: *Esperancé!*—

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [Exit Servant.]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are toss'd with. In sooth

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title; and hath sent for you,

To line his enterprise: But if you go—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly to this question that I shall ask.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,

Away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee not,

I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world

To play with mamnets and to tilt with lips:

We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,

And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—

What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?

Well, do not then; for, since you love me not,

I will not love myself. Do you not love me?

Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am a horseback, I will swear

I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;

I must not have you henceforth question me

Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:

Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,

This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.

I know you wise; but yet no further wise

Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,

But yet a woman: and for secresy,

No lady closer; for I will believe

Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;

And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate!

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:

Whither I go thither shall you go too;

To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—

Will this content you, Kate?

Lady.

It must of force.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS.

P. Hen. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy: and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dying scarlet: and when you breathe in your watering, they cry—hem! and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker; one that never spake other English in his life, than—*Eight shillings and sixpence*, and *You are welcome*; with this shrill addition,—*Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon*, or so. But, Ned, to drive away time till Falstaff come, I prithee do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll shew thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

[*Exit* POINS.]

Enter Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by 'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and shew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England I could find in my heart—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—About Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the sugar thou gavest me,—'t was a pennyworth, was 't not?

Fran. O lord, sir! I would it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal button, nott-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why then, your brown bastard is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue; Dost thou not hear them call?

*[Here they both call him; the Drawer stands amazed,
not knowing which way to go.]*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! stand'st thou still and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit FRAN.*] My lord, old sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; Shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] *Poins!*

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door. Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; What cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours that have shewed themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter FRANCIS with wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands,

and says to his wife,—‘Fye upon this quiet life! I want work.’ ‘O my sweet Harry,’ says she, ‘how many hast thou killed to-day?’ ‘Give my roan horse a drench,’ says he; and answers, ‘Some fourteen’—an hour after; ‘a trifle, a trifle.’ I prithee, call in Falstaff: I’ll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo* says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I’ll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter (pitiful-hearted Titan) that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here’s lime in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it: a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing: A plague of all cowards, I say still.

P. Hen. How now, woolsack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king’s son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I’ll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man! what’s the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and *Poins* there?

Poins. ’Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I’ll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I’ll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk’st last.

Fal. All’s one for that. A plague on all cowards, still say I.

[*He drinks.*]

P. Hen. What’s the matter?

Fal. What’s the matter? there be four of us here have ta’en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought he with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

P. Hen. Pray Heaven you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid: two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Hen. What, four? thou said'st but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: But I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts; thou knotty-pated fool: thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-ketch,—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason; what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries I would give no man a reason on compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

P. Hen. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four, and bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight. What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack: What trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince,—

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Prithee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [Exit.

P. Hen. Now, sirs; by 'r lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—fye!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven years before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore: Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rann'st away; What instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of Bombast? How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—What, a plague, call you him?—

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs a'horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him: he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running.

Fal. A'horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away by night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Hen. Then 't is like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard, thou being heir apparent? Could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou do love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown.

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyses' vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech:—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. This is excellent sport, i' faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how

thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point;—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher, and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A good portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by 'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poulter's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry? whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

P. Hen. Swarest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years! Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you. Whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence,) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, heaven help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will.

[*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt* Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *running.*

Bard. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, *hastily.*

Host. O, my lord, my lord!—

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick: What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras;—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the* PRINCE *and* PETO.

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.—

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff; what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord; A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here ;
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal,
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord : There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so : if he have robb'd these men
He shall be answerable ; and, so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow ; Is it not ?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*]

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff !—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath : Search his pockets.
[*PETO searches.*] What hast thou found ?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what be they : read them.

Peto. Item, A capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny. Ob.

P. Hen. O monstrous ! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack !—What there is else, keep close ; we'll read it at more advantage : there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning : we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot ; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning ; and so good morrow, Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bangor. *A Room in the Archdeacon's House.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, *and* GLENDOWER.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—
Will you sit down ?——

And, uncle Worcester :—A plague upon it !
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.

Sit, cousin, Percy ; sit, good cousin Hotspur :

For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and, with
A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen
Glendower spoken of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and, at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your
mother's cat had but kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colick pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steeple, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do shew
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there's no man speaks better Welsh: I'll to
dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy: you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I; or so can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command
The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,
By telling truth; Tell truth, and shame the devil.—

If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I 'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Mort. Come, come,
No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too?
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here 's the map; shall we divide our right,
According to our three-fold order ta'en?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east, is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower: and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn:
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A business that this night may execute,)
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:—
Within that space, [*to GLEND.*] you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords.
And in my conduct shall your ladies come:
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave:
For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me, from the best of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I 'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth

Mort. Yea,
But mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent as much

As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I 'll have it so; a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then,
Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you:
For I was train'd up in the English court:
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I 'm glad of 't with all my heart:
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
'T is like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care: I 'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend:
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I 'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by night:
I 'll haste the writer, and, withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

Mort. Fye, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

Hot. I cannot choose: sometimes he angers me,
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies;
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
He held me, last night, at least nine hours,
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys: I cried, hum,—and well,—go to,—
But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As is a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house:—I had rather live

[*Exit.*

With cheese and garlick in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman ;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments ; valiant as a lion,
And wond'rous affable ; and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin ?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour ; 'faith, he does :
I warrant you that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof ;
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame ;
And since your coming hither, have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault.
Though sometimes it shew greatness, courage, blood,—
And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain :
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts ; and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd ; good manners be your speed !
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, *with the Ladies.*

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me,—
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps ; she will not part with you,
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her,—that she, and my aunt Percy,
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[GLENDOWER *speaks to his daughter in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*

Glend. She's desperate here ; a peevish self-will'd harlotry.
One that no persuasion can do good upon.

[*Lady M. speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh.*

Mort. I understand thy looks : that pretty Welsh
Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens,
I am too perfect in ; and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee. [Lady M. *speaks.*
I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation :
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language : for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,

Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she run mad.

[*Lady M. speaks again.*]

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: Come, quick,
quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose.

[*GLENDOWER speaks some Welsh words, and then the music plays.*]

Hot. Now I perceive, the devil understands Welsh;
And 't is no marvel, he's so humorous.
By'r lady, he's a good musician.

Lady P. Then would you be nothing but musical; for you are
altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the
lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in Irish.

Lady P. Would'st have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 't is a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings. [A Welsh song sung by Lady M.]

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear like a com-
fit-maker's wife! Not you, in good sooth; and, As true as I live;
and, As God shall mend me; and, As sure as day:

And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth,
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards, and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'T is the next way to turn tailor, or be redbreast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. [Exit.

Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow, As hot lord Percy is on fire to go. By this our book's drawn; we'll but seal, and then To horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, *and* Lords.

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I Must have some private conference: But be near at hand, For we shall presently have need of you.— [Exeunt Lords. I know not whether God will have it so, For some displeasing service I have done, That, in his secret doom, out of my blood He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me; But thou dost, in thy passages of life, Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven, To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else, Could such inordinate and low desires, Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts, Such barren pleasures, rude society, As thou art match'd withal and grafted to, Accompany the greatness of thy blood, And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would I could Quit all offences with as clear excuse, As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge Myself of many I am charg'd withal: Yet such extenuation let me beg, As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,— Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,— By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers, I may, for some things true, wherein my youth Hath faulty wander'd and irregular, Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry, At thy affections, which do hold a wing Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors. Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost, Which by thy younger brother is supplied; And art almost an alien to the hearts Of all the court and princes of my blood: The hope and expectation of thy time Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man Prophetically does forethink thy fall.

Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession ;
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at :
That men would tell their children,—This is he ;
Others would say,—Where? which is Bolingbroke?
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus I did keep my person fresh, and new ;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast ;
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burn'd: carded his state ;
Mingled his royalty with carping fools,
Had his great name profaned with their scorns:
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative :
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity :
That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey, and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes :
But rather drows'd, and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries ;
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou :
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation ; not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more ;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,

Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg;
And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Than thou, the shadow of succession:
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm:
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ!
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
That thou art like enough,—through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—
To fight against me, under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

P. Hen. Do not think so, you shall not find it so;
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:

For every honour sitting on his helm,
 'Would they were multitudes; and on my head
 My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.
 Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
 To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every glory up,
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
 This, in the name of God, I promise here:
 The which if He be pleas'd I shall perform,
 I do beseech your majesty, may salve
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:—
 Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.
 Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,—
 That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,
 The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury:
 A mighty and a fearful head they are,
 If promises be kept on every hand,
 As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;
 With him my son, lord John of Lancaster;
 For this advertisement is five days old:—
 On Wednesday next, Harry, thou shalt set forward;
 On Thursday, we ourselves will march:
 Our meeting is Bridgnorth: and, Harry, you
 Shall march through Glostershire; by which account,
 Our business valued, some twelve days hence
 Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
 Our hands are full of business: let's away;
 Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action?
 do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me
 like an old lady's loose gown; I am wither'd like an old apple-
 John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some
 liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no
 strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a
 church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse: the inside
 of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it:—come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; diced, not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*: I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, By this fire: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rann'st up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, sir John! what do you think, sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked: Go to, you are a woman, go.

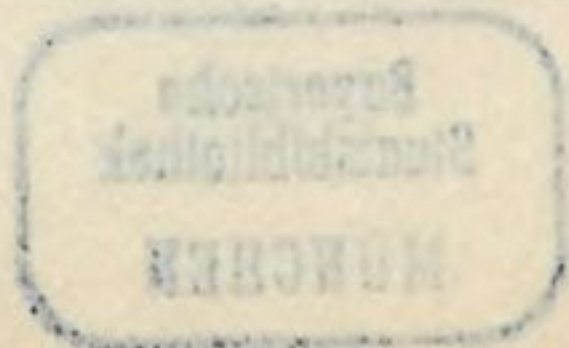
Host. Who, I? I defy thee: I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, sir John; you do not know me, sir John: I know you, sir John; you owe me money, sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.



Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor! he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; What call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Host. I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter PRINCE HENRY, and PETO, marching. FALSTAFF meets the PRINCE, playing on his truncheon, like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank Heaven on.

Host. I am no thing to thank Heaven on, I would thou should'st know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say 'tis copper: Darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest as thou art but a man, I dare: but as thou art a prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: Dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, let my girdle break!

P. Hen. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy, to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong: Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest, in the state of innocence, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you picked my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified.—Still?—Nay, prithee be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: For the robbery, lad,—How is that answered?

P. Hen. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 't is a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do anything.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph.

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster, To my brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland.— Go, Peto, to horse, to horse; for thou and I Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time. Jack, meet me to-morrow i' the Temple-hall, At two o'clock i' the afternoon: There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive Money, and order for their furniture. The land is burning; Percy stands on high; And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE, PETO, and BARDOLPH.]

Fal. Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast; come:—

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: If speaking truth, In this fine age, were not thought flattery, Such attribution should the Douglas have, As not a soldier of this season's stamp Should go so general current through the world. By Heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy The tongues of soothers; but a braver place In my heart's love hath no man than yourself: Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour: No man so potent breathes upon the ground, But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 't is well:—

Enter a Messenger, with letters.

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father,—

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick In such a justling time? Who leads his power? Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

Wor. I prithee tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited:
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise:
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here,—that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a main to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:—
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it:—Were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good: for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope;
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. 'Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion:
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.—

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here.
The quality and air of our attempt
Brooks no division: It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence;
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause:
For, well you know, we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement;
And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:

This absence of your father draws a curtain,
That shews the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.
I, rather, of his absence make this use ;—
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here : for men must think
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think : there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards ; with him, prince John.

Hot. No harm : What more ?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person hath set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass ?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms :
All plum'd, like estridges that with the wind
Bated,—like eagles having lately bath'd ;
Glittering in golden coats, like images ;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more ; worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come ;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them :
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours :—Come, let me take my horse,

Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales :
Harry to Harry shall, not horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.—
O, that Glendower were come !

Ver.

There is more news :

I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto ?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot.

Forty let it be ;

My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily :
Doomsday is near ; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying ; I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half-year.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A public Road near Coventry.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry ; fill me a bottle of sack ; our soldiers shall march through : we'll to Sutton-Cop-hill to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain ?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do take it for thy labour ; and if it make twenty take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain : farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers I am a souced gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons : inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans ; such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lief hear the devil as a drum ; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services ; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores : and such as, indeed, were never soldiers ; but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen ; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace ; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old-faced ancient : and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-

keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat;—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at saint Alban's, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daventry: But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? how now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, sir John, 't is more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all to-night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; Whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss: food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that: and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, sir John; I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, *and* VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd ; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well ;
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas : by my life,
(And I dare well maintain it with my life,)
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives :—
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver.

Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver.

Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition : Certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up :
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day ;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated, and brought low ;
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours :
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*]

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, sir Walter Blunt ; And 'would to God
You were of our determination !
Some of us love you well : and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And heaven defend but still I should stand so,
So long as, out of limit and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty !
But to my charge,—The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs ; and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty : If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs ; and, with all speed,
You shall have your desires, with interest ;
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,

Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind ; and, well we know, the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father, and my uncle, and myself,
Did give him that same royalty he wears :
And,—when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,—
My father gave him welcome to the shore :
And,—when he heard him swear and vow to God,
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery, and beg his peace ;
With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,—
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too,
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee ;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages ;
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs ; as pages follow'd him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh :
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
That lay too heavy on the commonwealth :
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs ; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.
Proceeded further ; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot.

Then, to the point.

In short time after, he depos'd the king ;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life ;
And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state :
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king,) to be engag'd in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited :
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories ;
Sought to entrap me by intelligence ;
Rated my uncle from the council-board ;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court ;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong :

And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and, withal, to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, sir Walter; we'll withdraw awhile.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so, farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. An't may be, so we shall.

Blunt. 'Pray heaven you do!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—York. *A Room in the Archbishop's House.*

Enter the Archbishop of York, and a Gentleman.

Arch. Hie, good sir Michael; bear this sealed brief,
With winged haste, to the lord marshal;
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
To whom they are directed: if you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

Gent. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.

Arch. Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must 'bide the touch: For, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with lord Harry: and I fear, sir Michael,—
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
(Whose power was in the first proportion,)
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
(Who with them was a rated sinew too,
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,)—
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.

Gent. Why, my good lord, you need not fear; there's
Douglas,
And lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Gent. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry Percy,
And there's my lord of Worcester; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together;—
The Prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Gent. Doubt not, my lord, he shall be well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 't is to fear ;
And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed :
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 't is but wisdom to make strong against him ;
Therefore, make haste : I must go write again
To other friends ; and so farewell, Sir Michael.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.— *The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster,
Sir WALTER BLUNT, *and* *Sir* JOHN FALSTAFF.

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill ! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Hen. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes ;
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

K. Hen. Then with the losers let it sympathize ;
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

Trumpet. Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

How now, my lord of Worcester ? 't is not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet : You have deceiv'd our trust ;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel :
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to it ? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-aborred war ?
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light ;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times ?

Wor. Hear me, my liege :
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours ; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not sought it ! how comes it then ?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks
Of favour from myself, and all our house ;

And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you, my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The danger of the time: You swore to us,—
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we sware our aid. But, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
What with our help; what with the absent king;
What with the injuries of a wanton time;
The seeming sufferances that you had borne;
And the contrarious winds, that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead,—
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand:
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And, being fed by us, you used us so
As that ungentle gull the cuckoo's bird
Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself;
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havock and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies there is many a soul

Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: By my hopes,—
This present enterprise set off his head,—
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my father's majesty,—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation;
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite
Do make against it:—No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love,
That are misled upon your cousin's part:
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man,
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do:—But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER and VERNON.]

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their answer, will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt* KING, BLUNT, and PRINCE JOHN.]

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me,
so; 't is a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship.
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest heaven a death. [Exit.]

Fal. 'T is not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before
his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me?
Well, 't is no matter; Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if
honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set
to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a
wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What
is honour? A word. What is that word honour? Air. A trim

reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it :—therefore, I'll none of it : Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*The Rebel Camp.*

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'T were best he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king would keep his word in loving us :
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults :
Suspicion, all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes :
For treason is but trusted like the fox ;
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks ;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood ;
And an adopted name of privilege,—
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen :
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's ;—we did train him on ;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say 't is so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS ; and Officers and Soldiers, behind.

Hot. My uncle is return'd :—Deliver up
My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [Exit.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking ; which he mended thus,—
By now forswearing that he is forsworn :
He calls us rebels, traitors ; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valued with you:
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause. But let me tell the world,—
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured
Upon his follies; never did I hear
Of any prince so wild at liberty:
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.
Arm, arm, with speed: And, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—
O gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
And if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now for our consciences,—the arms are fair,
When the intent for bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare ; the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking ; only this,—
Let each man do his best : and here I draw a sword,
Whose worthy temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now,—Esperancé !—Percy !—and set on.—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace :
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.
[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Plain near Shrewsbury.*

Excursions, and parties fighting. Alarum to the battle. Then enter DOUGLAS and BLUNT, meeting.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me ? What honour dost thou seek
Upon my head ?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas ;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness ; for, instead of thee, king Harry,
This sword hath ended him : so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as a prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born to yield, thou haughty Scot ;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death. [*They fight, and BLUNT is slain.*]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won ; here breathless lies the king.

Hot. Where ?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas ? no, I know this face full well :
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt ;
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes !
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king ?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats ;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up and away ;
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here: here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt;—there's honour for you: Here's no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: Heaven keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they are peppered: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. Hen. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd: Prithee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile.—Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed: and living to kill thee. I prithee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive thou gett'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me: What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 't is hot, 't is hot; there's that will sack a city.
[*The PRINCE draws out a bottle of sack.*

P. Hen. What, is't a time to jest and dally now?
[*Throws it at him, and exit.*

Fal. If Percy be alive I'll pierce him, if he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: Give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarums, Excursions. Enter the KING, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.

K. Hen. I prithee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much;
—Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Hen. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Hen. I will do so:—
My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

P. Hen. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And Heaven forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The prince of Wales from such a field as this;

Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres !

P. John. We breathe too long :—Come, cousin Westmore-
land,
Our duty this way lies ; for God's sake come.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE JOHN and WESTMORELAND.]

P. Hen. By Heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster ;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit :
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John ;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. Hen. I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Hen. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all.

[*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king ! they grow like Hydras' heads :
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them.—What art thou
That counterfeit'st the person of a king ?

K. Hen. The king himself ; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,
So many of his shadows thou hast met
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field :
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee ; so defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit ;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king :
But mine, I am sure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight ; the KING being in danger, enter* PRINCE
HENRY.]

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again ! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms :
It is the prince of Wales that threatens thee ;
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

[*They fight ; DOUGLAS flies.*]

Cheerly, my lord ; How fares your grace ?—
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton ; I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe awhile :
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion ;
And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Hen. O Heaven ! they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you ;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,

And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton, I'll to sir Nicholas Gawsey.
[*Exit* KING HENRY.]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of that name.

I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;

Nor can one England brook a double reign,

Of Harry Percy and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come

To end the one of us; And would to Heaven,

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;

And all the budding honours on thy crest

I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [They fight.]

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter DOUGLAS; he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth:

I better brook the loss of brittle life

Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;

They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:—

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;

And time, that takes survey of all the world,

Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,

But that the earthy and cold hand of death

Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,

And food for—

[Dies.]

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee well, great heart!—

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!

When that this body did contain a spirit,

A kingdom for it was too small a bound;

But now, two paces of the vilest earth

Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee dead,

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

If thou wert sensible of courtesy,

I should not make so great a show of zeal:—

But let my favours hide thy mangled face;

And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself

For doing these fair rites of tenderness.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven !
 Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
 But not remember'd in thy epitaph !—

[*He sees FALSTAFF on the ground.*]

What ! old acquaintance ! could not all this flesh
 Keep in a little life ? Poor Jack, farewell !
 I could have better spar'd a better man.

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
 If I were much in love with vanity.
 Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
 Though many dearer, in this bloody fray :—
 Embowell'd will I see thee by and by :
 Till then, in blood my noble Percy lie.

[*Exit.*]

Fal. [*Rising slowly.*] Embowell'd ! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me to-morrow. 'Sblood, 't was time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit ? I lie, I am no counterfeit : To die is to be a counterfeit ; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man : but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion ; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead : How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise ? I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure : yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise, as well as I ? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, [*stabbing him*] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[*Takes HOTSPUR on his back.*]

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and PRINCE JOHN.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd
 Thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft ! who have we here ?
 Did you not tell me this fat man was dead ?

P. Hen. I did ; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding,
 On the ground.

Art thou alive ? or is it phantasy
 That plays upon our eyesight ? I prithee, speak ;
 We will not trust our eyes without our ears :—
 Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain ; I am not a double man : but if I be
 not Jack Falstaff then am I a Jack. There is Percy : [*throwing
 the body down*] if your father will do me any honour, so ; if not, let
 him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I
 can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou ?—Lord, lord, how the world is given to lying !
 —I grant you I was down, and out of breath ; and so was he : but
 we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury
 clock. If I may be believed, so ; if not, let them that should
 reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon

my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh : if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back :

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,

I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have. [*A retreat is sounded.*]

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.

Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,

To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE HENRY and PRINCE JOHN.]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, Heaven reward him ! If I do grow great, I'll grow less : for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit, bearing off the body.*]

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field.*

The trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and others, with WORCESTER and VERNON, prisoners.

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.

Ill-spirited Worcester ! did we not send grace,

Pardon, and terms of love to all of you ?

And would'st thou turn our offers contrary ?

Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust ?

Three knights upon our party slain to-day,

A noble earl, and many a creature else,

Had been alive this hour,

If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne

Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done my safety urg'd me to ;

And I embrace this fortune patiently,

Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too :

Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER and VERNON, guarded.]

How goes the field ?

P. Hen. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,

The noble Percy slain, and all his men

Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest ;

And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised

That the pursuers took him. At my tent

The Douglas is ; and I beseech your grace

I may dispose of him.

K. Hen.

With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you

This honourable bounty shall belong :

Go to the Douglas, and deliver him

Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free :

His valour, shewn upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our power.
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms :
Myself, and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day :
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[*Exeunt.*]

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY IV.		LORD BARDOLPH,	} <i>enemies to the</i>
HENRY, <i>Prince of Wales, afterwards King Henry V.</i>	} <i>his sons.</i>	SIR JOHN COLEVILLE,	
THOMAS, <i>Duke of Clarence,</i>		TRAVERS and MORTON, <i>domestics of North-</i>	
PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, <i>afterwards created (2 Henry V.) Duke of Bedford,</i>		FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Page.	
PRINCE HUMPHREY of Gloster, <i>afterwards created (2 Henry V.) Duke of Gloster,</i>		POINS and PETO, <i>attendants on Prince Henry.</i>	
EARL OF WARWICK,	} <i>of the King's party.</i>	SHALLOW and SILENCE, <i>country justices.</i>	
EARL OF WESTMORELAND,		DAVY, <i>servant to Shallow.</i>	
GOWER,		MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULL-CALF, <i>recruits.</i>	
HARCOURT,		FANG and SNARE, <i>sheriff's officers.</i>	
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE <i>of the King's Bench.</i>		<i>Rumour.</i>	
<i>A gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.</i>		<i>A Porter.</i>	
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,	} <i>enemies to the King.</i>	<i>A Dancer, speaker of the epilogue.</i>	
SCROOP, <i>Archbishop of York,</i>		Lady NORTHUMBERLAND.	
LORD MOWBRAY,		Lady PERCY.	
LORD HASTINGS,		Hostess QUICKLY.	
		DOLL TEAR-SHEET.	

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. *Before Northumberland's Castle.*

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.

Rum. Open your ears: For which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence,
Whilst the big year, swoll'n with some other griefs,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,

And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
 And of so easy and so plain a stop
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
 The still-discordant wavering multitude,
 Can play upon it. But what need I thus
 My well-known body to anatomize
 Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
 I run before king Harry's victory;
 Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
 Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,
 Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
 Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
 To speak so true at first? my office is
 To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell
 Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
 And that the king before the Douglas' rage
 Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
 This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
 Between the royal field of Shrewsbury
 And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
 Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
 Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
 And not a man of them brings other news
 Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's tongues
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.
 [Exit.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

The Porter before the Gate; Enter LORD BARDOLPH.

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?—
 Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

L. Bard. Tell thou the earl,
 That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard.
 Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
 And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

L. Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute now
 Should be the father of some stratagem:
 The times are wild; contention, like a horse
 Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
 And bears down all before him.

L. Bard. Noble earl,
 I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an heaven will !

L. Bard.

As good as heart can wish :

The king is almost wounded to the death ;
And, in the fortune of my lord, your son,
Prince Harry slain outright ; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas : young prince John,
And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field ;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk sir John,
Is prisoner to your son : O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes !

North.

How is this deriv'd ?

Saw you the field ? came you from Shrewsbury ?

L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence ;
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant, Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way ;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you ?

Trav. My lord, sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings ; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him came, spurring hard,
A gentleman almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse :
He ask'd the way to Chester ; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me, that rebellion had ill luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold :
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head ; and starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

North.

Ha !——Again.

Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold ?
Of Hotspur, coldspur ? that rebellion
Had met ill luck ?

L. Bard.

My lord, I'll tell you what ;—

If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I'll give my barony : never talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman that rode by Travers,
Give then such instances of loss ?

L. Bard.

Who, he ?

He was some hilding fellow, that had stolen

The horse he rode on ; and, upon my life,
Spake at adventure. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume :
So looks the strond whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury ?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord ;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son, and brother ?
Thou tremblest ; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd :
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
This thou would'st say,—Your son did thus and thus :
Your brother thus : so fought the noble Douglas :
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds :
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet :
But, for my lord, your son,—

North. Why, he is dead.
See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath !
He that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton ;
Tell thou thy earl his divination lies ;
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid :
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye :
Thou shak'st thy head ; and hold'st it fear, or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so ;
The tongue offends not that reports his death :
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead ;
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe

That which I would to heaven I had not seen :
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,
To Henry Monmouth ; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death (whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,)
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops :
For, from his metal was his party steel'd ;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed ;
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field : Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner : and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs ; and, in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is, that the king hath won ; and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
And Westmoreland : this is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic ; and these news,
Having been well that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well :
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms : even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themselves : hence, therefore, thou nice crutch ;
A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand : and hence, thou sickly quoif ;
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron : And approach
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring,
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland !
Let heav'n kiss earth ! Now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd ! let order die !
And let the world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a lingering act ;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain

Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead !

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.

L. Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health ; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you said,
Let us make head. It was your presumise,
That in the dole of blows your son might drop :
You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in than to get o'er :
You were advis'd his flesh was capable
Of wounds, and scars ; and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd :
Yet did you say,—Go forth ; and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action : What hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be ?

L. Bard. We all that are engaged to this loss
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
That if we wrought out life 't was ten to one :
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd ;
And, since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth ; body, and goods.

Mor. 'T is more than time : And, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth :
The gentle archbishop of York is up,
With well-appointed powers ; he is a man
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corpse,
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight :
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls ;
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink potions ; that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond : But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion :
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He 's follow'd both with body and with mind ;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones :
Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause ;
Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke ;
And more and less do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before, but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me ; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge :
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed ;
Never so few, nor never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—London. *A Street.*

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water ?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water : but for the party that owed it he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me. The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me : I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow that hath o'erwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now ; but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel ; the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek ; yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal : Heaven may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet : he may keep it still at a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it ; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak and slops ?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph : he would not take his bond and yours ; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned like the glutton ! may his tongue be hotter !—A whoreson Achitophel ! a rascally yea-forsooth knave ! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security ! The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles ; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security ; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it : and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him. Where's Bardolph ?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield, to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: if I could get me a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, and an Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Atten. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Atten. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything good. Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Atten. Sir John,—

Fal. What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels want soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Atten. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave thou wert better be hanged: You hunt counter, hence! avaunt!

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord!—Give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. If it please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty:—You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy; a sleeping of the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain; I have read the cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease: for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I be your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my means were greater and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-healed wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'erposting that action.

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his evil angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but, I hope, he

that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell: Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger times, that true valour is turned bear-herd: Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young: you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fye, fye, fye, sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o' the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it; and the young lion repents: marry, not in ashes and sack-cloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!

Fal. Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and prince Harry: I hear, you are going with Lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yes; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily; if it be a hot day, and I brandish anything but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: Well, I cannot last ever: But it was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing to make it too common. If you will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; And Heaven bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt* CHIEF JUSTICE and Attendant.]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses.—Boy!

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin: About it; you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: A good wit will make use of anything; I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—York. *A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.*

Enter the Archbishop of YORK, the LORD HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and LORD BARDOLPH.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause and know our means;
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

L. Bard. The question then, lord Hastings, standeth thus;
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point;
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand:
For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'T is very true, lord Bardolph; for, indeed,
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

L. Bard. It was, my lord; who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,

Flattering himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts :
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his power to death,
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

L. Bard. Yes ;—if this present quality of war,—
(Indeed the instant action, a cause on foot,)
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds ; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model ;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection :
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices ; or, at least, desist
To build at all ? Much more, in this great work,
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up,) should we survey
The plot of situation, and the model ;
Consent upon a sure foundation ;
Question surveyors ; know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite ; or else,
We fortify in paper, and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men :
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it ; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth,)
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation ;
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

L. Bard. What ! is the king but five and twenty thousand ?

Hast. To us no more ; nay, not so much, lord Bardolph.
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads ; one power against the French,
And one against Glendower ; perforce, a third
Must take up us : So is the unfirm king
In three divided ; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths together,
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh

Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

L. Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?

Hast. The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland:
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on;
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou would'st have him be!
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up;
And howl'st to find it? What trust is in these times?
They that when Richard liv'd would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'st now, 'O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this!' O thoughts of men accurst!
Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

Enter Hostess; FANG, and his Boy, with her; and SNARE following.

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where's your yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman. will he stand to 't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. Ay, ay; good master Snare?

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.

Host. Ay, good master Snare; I have entered him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives; he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine

own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. If I but fist him once; if he come but within my vice;—

Host. I am undone with his going; I warrant he is an infinitive thing upon my score:—Good master Fang, hold him sure;—Good master Snare, let him not 'scape. He comes continuantly to Pie-corner, (saving your manhoods,) to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the lubbar's head in Lumbert-street, to master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose Bardolph with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang, and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue!—Murder, murder! O thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a man queller, and a woman queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue! Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, attended.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, sir John? what, are you brawling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and business?

You should have been well on your way to York.—

Stand from him, fellow. Wherefore hang'st upon him?

Host. O, my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have; he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all

my substance into that fat belly of his;—but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, sir John? Fye! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst not thou, when she was gone down-stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul: and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration. I know you have practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman.

Host. Yes, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Prithee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness; if a man will court'sy and say nothing, he is virtuous: No, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong; but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [Taking her aside.]

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, master Gower: What news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Henry, prince of Wales

Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman:—

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking; and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound if thou canst. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thine action: Come, thou must not be in this humour with me. Come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Prithee, sir John, let it be but twenty nobles. I loath to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper: you'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; [*to BARDOLPH*] hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words, let's have her.

[*Exeunt* Hostess, BARDOLPH, Officers, and Page.]

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: What is the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,
Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland and the archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently;
Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here; I thank you, good sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Street.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS.

P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

P. Hen. 'Faith it doth me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Hen. Belike then my appetite was not princely got; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; *viz.* these, and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones; or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—but that, the tennis court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keep'st not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard you should talk so idly? Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers lying so sick as yours is?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Hen. Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

P. Hen. What would'st thou think of me if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought: and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Poins. Nay, I am well spoken of; I can hear it with my own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. Look, look, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me christian: and see if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH and Page.

Bard. Save your grace!

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. Come, you pernicious ass, [*to the Page*] you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? what a maidenly man at arms are you become! Is it such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Page. He called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spied his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through.

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson, upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

P. Hen. Instruct us, boy: What dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpretation.—There it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*]

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers! —Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall be wronged.

P. Hen. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my good lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect. And how doth the martlemas, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir?

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician: but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for, look you, how he writes.

Poins. [*Reads.*] John Falstaff, knight,—Every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they say, 'There is some of the king's blood spilt:' 'How comes that?' says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap; 'I am the king's poor cousin, sir.'

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, but they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:—

Poins. 'Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest

his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.'—Why, this is a certificate.

P. Hen. Peace!

Poins. 'I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity:—sure he means brevity in breath; short-winded.—'I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell.

Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John, with my brothers and sisters; and sir John with all Europe.'

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord; in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Hen. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Hen. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your master that I am yet in town: There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well: go. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.*]—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen.

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table like drawers.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy declension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine: for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Warkworth. *Before the Castle.*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *Lady* NORTHUMBERLAND, *and Lady* PERCY.

North. I prithee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs :
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more :
Do what you will ; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn ;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet, for Heaven's sake, go not to these wars !
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now ;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers ; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home ?
There were two honours lost ; yours, and your son's.
For yours, may heavenly glory brighten it !
For his, it stuck upon him, as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven : and, by his light,
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts ; he was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
He had no legs that practis'd not his gait :
And speaking thick, which Nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant ;
For those that could speak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him : So that, in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him !
O miracle of men !—him did you leave,
(Second to none, unseconded by you,)
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage ; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible :—so you left him :
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others, than with him : let them alone ;
The marshal and the archbishop are strong :
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter ! you do draw my spirits from me,

With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there;
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves: So did your son;
He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 't is with my mind,
As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back:
I will resolve for Scotland; there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.*

Enter Two Drawers.

1 *Draw.* What hast thou brought there? apple-Johns? thou know'st sir John cannot endure an apple-John.

2 *Draw.* Thou sayest true: The prince once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him, there were five more sir Johns: and, putting off his hat, said, 'I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights.' It angered him to the heart: but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why then, cover, and set them down: And see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; mistress Tear-sheet would fain have some music. Dispatch:—The room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince and master Poins anon: and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* By the mass, here will be old utis: It will be an excellent stratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll see if I can find out Sneak. [*Exit.*

Enter Hostess and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. I' faith, sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulside beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose: But you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous

searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere we can say,—What's this? How do you now?

Doll. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that was well said; a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF, singing.

Fal.

When Arthur first in court—
Empty the jordan.—

And was a worthy king:

[*Exit Drawer.*] How now, mistress Doll?

Host. Sick of a calm; yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect; if they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Doll. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, mistress Doll.

Doll. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Doll. Ay, marry; our chains and our jewels.

Fal.

Your brooches, pearls, and owches

—for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know: To come off the breech with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely:—

Doll. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you: [*to DOLL*] you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Doll. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bordeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack—thou art going to the wars: and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Doll. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best:—Shut the door;—there comes no swaggerers here; I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now:—shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John; there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, sir John, never tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tisick, the deputy, the other day; and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—‘Neighbour Quickly,’ says he;—master Dumb, our minister, was by then;—‘Neighbour Quickly,’ says he, ‘receive those that are civil; for,’ saith he, ‘you are in an ill name;’—now he said so, I can tell whereupon; ‘for,’ says he, ‘you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: Receive,’ says he, ‘no swaggering companions.’—There comes none here;—you would bless you to hear what he said:—no, I’ll no swaggerers.

Fal. He’s no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, he; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any shew of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: But I do not love swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse when one says—swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Doll. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, and were an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

Pist. Save you, sir John!

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I’ll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I’ll drink no more than will do me good, for no man’s pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Doll. Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy.

Doll. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I’ll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, if you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—What, with two points on your shoulder? much!

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Doll. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore’s ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried

cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupy; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—I could tear her:—I'll be revenged on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damned first;—to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down! down, dogs! down faitors! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late. I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall packhorses, And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia, Which cannot go but thirty miles a day, Compare with Cæsars and with Cannibals, And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar. Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient; this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins; have we not Hiren here?

Host. On my word, captain; there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? I pray be quiet.

Pist. Then, feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis: Come, give me some sack.

Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.—

Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:

Give me some sack;—and, sweetheart, lie thou there.

[*Laying down his sword.*]

Come we to full points here; and are *et ceteras* nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif: What! we have seen the seven stars.

Doll. Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?—

[*Snatching up his sword.*]

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds

Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Doll. I prithee, Jack, I prithee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs. [*Drawing, and driving PISTOL out.*]

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons. [*Exeunt PISTOL and BARDOLPH.*]

Doll. I prithee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought, he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turned him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Doll. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face; come on, you whoreson chops:—Ah, rogue! I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies. Ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Doll. Do, if thou darest for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvas thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play;—Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Doll. And thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter behind, PRINCE HENRY and POINS, disguised like Drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Doll. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

Doll. They say Poins hath a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

Doll. Why doth the prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness: and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties he hath, that shew a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let us beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, if the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction; what says the almanac to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lipping to his master's old tables; his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Doll. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Doll. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt thou have a kirtle of? I shall receive money on Thursday; thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we will to-bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Doll. By my troth thou'lt set me a weeping, if thou sayest so: prove that I ever dress myself handsome till thy return. Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

P. Hen. Poins. Anon, anon, sir. [*Advancing.*

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—And art not thou Poins his brother?

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, sir: and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London—Now Heaven bless that sweet face of thine! What, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon DOLL.*

Doll. How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Host. Blessing on your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill: you knew I was at your back; and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no, not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

P. Hen. Not to dispraise me; and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him:—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.

P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is the boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph, irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

P. Hen. For the women,—

Fal. For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul! For the other,—I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that: Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: what is a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman,—

Doll. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door. there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

P. Hen. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the north: and, as I came along,
I met, and overtook, a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for sir John Falstaff.

P. Hen. By Heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the south,
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword, and cloak:—Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE HENRY, POINS, PETO, and BARDOLPH.]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpicked. [*Knocking heard.*] More knocking at the door!

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently;
A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, sirrah. [*To the Page.*]—Farewell, hostess;—farewell, Doll.—You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches: If I be not sent away post I will see you again ere I go.

Doll. I cannot speak;—If my heart be not ready to burst:—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*]

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod time; but an honest and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*Within.*] Mistress Tear-sheet.

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [*Within.*] Bid mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

Host. O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, with a Page.

K. Hen. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them: Make good speed. [*Exit Page.*]
How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,

Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low-lie-down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK and SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!

K. Hen. Is it good morrow, lords?

War. 'T is one o'clock, and past.

K. Hen. Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords.
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege.

K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd,
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice and little medicine:
My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

K. Hen. O heaven! that one might read the book of fate;
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of solid firmness,) melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.

'T is not ten years gone,
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and, in two years after,
Were they at wars: It is but eight years, since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,
(You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember,) [*To WARWICK.*
When Richard,—with his eye brimful of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
'Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;'

Though then, heaven knows, I had no such intent,
 But that necessity so bow'd the state,
 That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:—
 'The time shall come,' thus did he follow it,
 'The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
 Shall break into corruption: '—so went on,
 Foretelling this same time's condition,
 And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
 Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd :
 The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things
 As yet not come to life ; which in their seeds,
 And weak beginnings, lie intreasured.
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time
 And, by the necessary form of this,
 King Richard might create a perfect guess,
 That great Northumberland, then false to him,
 Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness ;
 Which should not find a ground to root upon,
 Unless on you.

K. Hen. Are these things then necessities ?
 Then let us meet them like necessities :
 And that same word even now cries out on us ;
 They say, the bishop and Northumberland
 Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord ;
 Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
 The numbers of the fear'd ; Please it your grace
 To go to bed ; upon my life, my lord,
 The powers that you already have sent forth,
 Shall bring this prize in very easily.
 To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
 A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
 Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill ;
 And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add
 Unto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your counsel :
 And, were these inward wars once out of hand,
 We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Court before Justice Shallow's House in Gloucestershire.*

Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, *meeting*; MOULDY, SHADOW
 WART, FEEBLE, BULL-CALF, and Servants *behind*.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on ; give me your hand, sir,
 give me your hand, sir : an early stirrer, by the rood. And how
 doth my good cousin Silence ?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-fellow ? and your
 fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen ?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar: He is at Oxford, still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court shortly: I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called lusty Shallow, then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called anything; and I would have done anything, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and Black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotswold man,—you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were; and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate, when he was a crack, not thus high; and the very same day did I fight with one Samson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. O, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 't is certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die.—How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good bow; And dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft at fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him.

Sil. Here come two of sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you: my captain, sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good backswordman: How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir ; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated !—it is good ; yea, indeed is it : good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated ?—it comes of *accommodo* : very good ; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon, sir : I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it ? By this day, I know not the phrase : but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated ; That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated : or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated ; which is an excellent thing.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Shal. It is very just :—Look, here comes good sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand : Trust me, you look well, and bear your years very well : welcome, good sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow :—Master Sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, sir John ; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fye ! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen of sufficient men ?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit ?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where 's the roll ? where 's the roll ? where 's the roll ?—Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so : Yea, marry, sir :—Ralph Mouldy :—let them appear as I call ; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see ; Where is Mouldy ?

Moul. Here, if it please you.

Shal. What think you, sir John ? a good-limbed fellow : young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy ?

Moul. Yea, if it please you.

Fal. 'T is the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha ! most excellent, i' faith ! things that are mouldy lack use : Very singular good !—Well said, sir John ; very well said.

Fal. Prick him. [To SHALLOW.

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, if you could have let me alone : my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery : you need not to have pricked me ; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to ; peace, Mouldy, you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent !

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace ; stand aside ; Know you where you are ?—For the other, sir John :—let me see ;—Simon Shadow !

Fal. Ay, marry, let me have him to sit under : he 's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow; so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: It is often so, indeed; but not of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him;—for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart?

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor; that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is the next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. Trust me, a likely fellow!—Come prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

Bull. O, good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull. O, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir, which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have

away thy cold ; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all ?

Shal. There is two more called than your number ; you must have but four here, sir ;—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

Shal. O, sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in St. George's field ?

Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive ?

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never : she would always say she could not abide master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well ?

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old ; she cannot choose but be old ; certain, she's old ; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork, before I came to Clement's-inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five years ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen !—Ha, sir John, said I well ?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have ; in faith, sir John, we have ; our watchword was '*Hem, boys !*'—Come, let's to dinner : come, let's to dinner :—O, the days that we have seen !—Come, come. [Exeunt FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, and SILENCE.

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend ; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go : and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care : but, rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends ; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to ; stand aside.

Moul. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend : she has nobody to do anything about her, when I am gone ; and she is old, and cannot help herself : you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to ; stand aside.

Fee. I care not ;—a man can die but once : We owe a death ;—I will never bear a base mind :—if it be my destiny, so ; if it be not, so : No man's too good to serve his prince ; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said ; thou art a good fellow.

Fee. Nay, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF, and Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have ?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you :—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to ; well.

Shal. Come, sir John, which four will you have ?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf:—For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service ; and, for your part, Bull-calf, grow till you come unto it ; I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong ; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man ? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man ! Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart ; you see what a ragged appearance it is : he shall charge you and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer ; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man ; he presents no mark to the enemy ; the foe-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife : And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off ? O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse ; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot.—Well said, Wart ; thou'rt a good scab : hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green, (when I lay at Clement's-inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,) there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus : and he would about, and about, and come you in : *rah, tah, tah*, would he say ; *bounce*, would he say ; and away again would he go, and again would he come :—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—Farewell, master Silence ; I will not use many words with you:—Fare you well, gentlemen both : I thank you : I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace ! As you return, visit my house ; let our old acquaintance be renewed : peradventure I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, master Shallow.

Shal. Go to ; I have spoke at a word. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW and SILENCE.]

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph ; lead the men away. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH, Recruits, &c.] As I return, I will fetch off these justices : I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. How subject we old men are to this vice of lying ! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street ; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring : when he was naked, he was, for

all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible: he was the very genius of famine; he came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the over-scuthed huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies, or his good-nights.—And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have truss'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court: and now hath he land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me: If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Forest in Yorkshire.*

Enter the Archbishop of YORK, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, and others.

Arch. What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'T is Gualtree forest, an 't shall please your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords: and send discoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'T is well done.

My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus:—
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality;
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may overlive the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Arch. What well appointed leader fronts us here?

Mowb. I think it is my lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, lord John and duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace;
What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands.
Briefly to this end:—We are all diseas'd;
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it: of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician;
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men:
But, rather, shew a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness;
And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere

By the rough torrent of occasion :
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to shew in articles ;
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience :
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
(Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples
Of every minute's instance, (present now,)
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms :
Not to break peace, or any branch of it ;
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied ?
Wherein have you been galled by the king ?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you ?
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge ?

Arch. My brother, general ! the commonwealth !
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress ;
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part ; and to us all,
That feel the bruises of the days before ;
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours ?

West. O my good lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed,—it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the king, or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on : Were you not restor'd
To all the duke of Norfolk's seigniories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's ?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me ?
The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
Was force perforce compell'd to banish him :
And then, that Harry Bolingbroke, and he,
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together ;

Then, then, when there was nothing could have staid
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw:
Then threw he down himself; and all their lives,
That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know not
what:

The earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman;
Who knows on whom fortune would then have smil'd?
But, if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers, and love,
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And bless'd, and grac'd indeed, more than the king.
But this is mere digression from my purpose.—
Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience: and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them; everything set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween, to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
For, lo! within a ken, our army lies:
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason wills our hearts should be as good:—
Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

West. That is intended in the general's name:
I muse you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this schedule;
For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redress'd;
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form;

And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our purposes, consign'd :
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I shew the general. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet :
And either end in peace, which heaven so frame,
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so. [*Exit WEST.*

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that : if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall, to the king, taste of this action :
That were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord ; Note this,—the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances :
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean ;
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance : for full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion :
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement :
So that this power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'T is very true :—
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand : Pleaseth your lordship
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies ?

Mowb. Your grace of York, in Heaven's name then forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace :—my lord, we come.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the ARCHBISHOP, HASTINGS, and others : from the other side, PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, Officers, and Attendants.

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray.
Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop :
And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.
My lord of York, it better shew'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might be set abroad,
In shadow of such greatness ! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so :—Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of God ?
To us, the speaker in his parliament ;
To us the imagin'd voice of Heaven itself ;
The very opener and intelligencer,
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings : O, who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place ;
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable ? You have taken up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father ;
And, both against the peace of heaven and him,
Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace :
But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
(The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,)

Whereon this Hydra son of war is born :
 Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,
 With grant of our most just and right desires ;
 And true obedience, of this madness cured,
 Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
 To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
 We have supplies to second our attempt ;
 If they miscarry, theirs shall second them :
 And so, success of mischief shall be born ;
 And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
 Whiles England shall have generation.

P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
 To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly,
 How far-forth you do like their articles ?

P. John. I like them all, and do allow them well :
 And swear here by the honour of my blood,
 My father's purposes have been mistook ;
 And some about him have too lavishly
 Wrested his meaning and authority.
 My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd ;
 Upon my life, they shall. If this may please you,
 Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
 As we will ours : and here, between the armies,
 Let 's drink together friendly, and embrace ;
 That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
 Of our restored love and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word :
 And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain, [*to an Officer*] and deliver to the army
 This news of peace ; let them have pay, and part :
 I know it will well please them ; Hie thee, captain. [*Exit Officer.*]

Arch. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your grace : and, if you knew what pains
 I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,
 You would drink freely : but my love to ye
 Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it :—
 Health to my lord, and gentle cousin Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season :
 For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances, men are ever merry ;
 But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz ; since sudden sorrow
 Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

[*Shouts within.*]

P. John. The word of peace is render'd; Hark, how they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

P. John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.—

[*Exit WESTMORELAND.*

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.

Arch. Go, good lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[*Exit HASTINGS.*

P. John. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

P. John. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already:
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they took their course
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries towards his home, and sporting-place.

West. Good tidings, my lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:
And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Mowbray,
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

West. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

P. John. I pawn'd thee none:
I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most christian care.
But for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray;
Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.
Some guard these traitors to the block of death;
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and COLEVILE, meeting.

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you; and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir ; and my name is Colevile of the dale.

Fal. Well then, Colevile is your name ; a knight is your degree ; and your place, the dale : Colevile shall still be your name ; a traitor your degree ; and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough ; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

Cole. Are not you sir John Falstaff ?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir ? or shall I sweat for you ? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death ; therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are sir John Falstaff ; and, in that thought, yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine ; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe : My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

Enter PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, *and others.*

P. John. The heat is past, follow no farther now ;—

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland. [*Exit* WEST.
Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while ?

When everything is ended then you come :

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,

One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus ; I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet ? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought ? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility ; I have foundered nine-score and odd posts : and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy : But what of that ? he saw me, and yielded ; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and overcame.

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not ; here he is, and here I yield him : and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds ; or, I swear, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kissing my foot : To the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all shew like gilt twopences to me, and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which shew like pins' heads to her, I believe not the word of the noble : Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Colevile ?

Cole.

It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. John. Send Colevile, with his confederates,
To York, to present execution:—
Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.

[*Exeunt some with COLEVILE.*

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords;
I hear, the king my father is sore sick:
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—
Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Glostershire: and, when you come to court, stand my good lord, 'pray, in your good report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve. [*Exit.*

Fal. I would you had but the wit: 't were better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards; which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a twofold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it: makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which delivered o'er to the voice, (the tongue,) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illuminateth the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris: So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack; for that sets it a-work: and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil; till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like

lean, steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris; that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first principle I would teach them should be,—to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Glostershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire; I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY, WARWICK, and others.

K. Hen. Now, lords, if heaven doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And everything lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother?

P. Humph. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

P. Humph. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

Cla. What would my lord and father?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;
Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;
And noble offices thou may'st effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:
Therefore, omit him not; blunt not his love:
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold, or careless of his will.
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd;
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
But, being moody, give him line and scope;
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends.
A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in;
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion,
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,)
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Cla. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

Cla. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: Therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death;
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
And rotten times, that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon and learn'd: which once attain'd,
Your highness knows comes to no further use,
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers: and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live
By which his grace must mete the lives of others;
Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.—Who's here? Westmoreland?

Enter WESTMORELAND.

West. Health to my sovereign! and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!

Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand :
 Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
 Are brought to the correction of your law ;
 There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
 But peace puts forth her olive everywhere.
 The manner how this action hath been borne
 Here at more leisure may your highness read ;
 With every course, in his particular.

K. Hen. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
 Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
 The lifting up of day. Look ! here's more news.

Enter HARCOURT.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty ;
 And, when they stand against you, may they fall
 As those that I am come to tell you of !
 The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
 With a great power of English and of Scots,
 Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown :
 The manner and true order of the fight,
 This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news make me
 sick ?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
 But write her fair words still in foulest letters ?
 She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
 Such are the poor, in health ; or else a feast,
 And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
 That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
 I should rejoice now at this happy news ;
 And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy :—
 O me ! come near me, now I am much ill.

[*Swoons.*]

P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty !

Cla. O my royal father !

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up !

War. Be patient, princes ; you do know, these fits
 Are with his highness very ordinary.
 Stand from him, give him air ; he'll straight be well.

Cla. No, no ; he cannot long hold out these pangs ;
 The incessant care and labour of his mind
 Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,
 So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

P. Humph. The people fear me ; for they do observe
 Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature :
 The seasons change their manners, as the year
 Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between :
 And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
 Say it did so, a little time before
 That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

P. Humph. This apoplexy will, certain, be his end.

K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, pray.

*[They convey the KING into an inner part of the room, and
place him on a bed.]*

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. Hen. Who saw the duke of Clarence?

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!
How doth the king?

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If he be sick
With joy, he will recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords;—sweet prince, speak
low;

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along with us?

P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.

[Exeunt all but P. HENRY.]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow, with homely biggin bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my father!
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
So many English kings. Thy due, from me,
Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,

Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

[*Putting it on his head.*

Which heaven shall guard: And put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force

This lineal honour from me: This from thee

Will I to mine leave, as 't is left to me.

[*Exit.*

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest.

Cla.

Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Hen. The prince of Wales? Where is he? let me see
him.

He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where we
stay'd.

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence;—go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?

Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

[*Exit WARWICK.*

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt

When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry;

For this they have engrossed and pil'd up

The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;

For this they have been thoughtful to invest

Their sons with arts, and martial exercises:

When, like the bee, culling from every flower

The virtuous sweets;

Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,

We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,

Are murther'd for our pains. This bitter taste

Yields his engrossments to the ending father.

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long

Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks.

With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,

That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,

Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry.

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY, Lords, &c.]

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,

That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours

Before thy hour be? O foolish youth!

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.

Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity

Is held from falling with so weak a wind,

That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.

Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,

Were thine without offence; and, at my death,

Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:

Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,

And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,

To stab at half an hour of my life.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?

Then get thee gone; and dig my grave thyself;

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear

That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse

Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:

Only compound me with forgotten dust;

Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;

For now a time is come to mock at form.

Harry the fifth is crown'd:—Up, vanity!

Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!

And to the English court assemble now,

From every region, apes of idleness!

Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:

Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,

Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit

The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?

Be happy, he will trouble you no more:

England shall double gild his treble guilt:

England shall give him office, honour, might:

For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks

The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog

Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.

O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!

When that my care could not withhold thy riots,

What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
[Kneeling.

The moist impediments unto my speech,
 I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
 The course of it so far. There is your crown:
 And He that wears the crown immortally,
 Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
 Than as your honour, and as your renown,
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,—
 (Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
 Teacheth,)—this prostrate and exterior bending!
 Heaven witness with me, when I here came in
 And found no course of breath within your majesty,
 How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
 O, let me in my present wildness die;
 And never live to shew the incredulous world
 The noble change that I have purposed!
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
 (And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,)
 I spake unto the crown as having sense,
 And thus upbraided it:—‘The care on thee depending
 Hath fed upon the body of my father;
 Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
 Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
 Preserving life in med’cine potable;
 But thou, most fine, most honour’d, most renown’d,
 Hast eat thy bearer up.’—Thus, my most royal liege,
 Accusing it, I put it on my head,
 To try with it, as with an enemy,
 That had before my face murder’d my father,
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.
 But if it did infect my blood with joy,
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
 Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
 Give entertainment to the might of it,
 Let Heaven for ever keep it from my head,
 And make me as the poorest vassal is,
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it.

K. Hen. O my son!
 Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,
 That thou might’st win the more thy father’s love,
 Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
 Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
 That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
 By what by-paths, and indirect crook’d ways,
 I met this crown; and I myself know well

How troublesome it sat upon my head :
 To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
 Better opinion, better confirmation ;
 For all the soil of the achievement goes
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
 But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand ;
 And I had many living, to upbraid
 My gain of it by their assistances ;
 Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,
 Wounding supposed peace : all these bold fears,
 Thou seest, with peril I have answered :
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene
 Acting that argument ; and now my death
 Changes the mood : for what in me was purchas'd,
 Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort ;
 So thou the garland wear'st successfully.
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green ;
 And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out ;
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
 To be again displac'd : which to avoid,
 I cut them off ; and had a purpose now
 To lead out many to the Holy Land ;
 Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
 Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
 Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
 With foreign quarrels ; that action, hence borne out,
 May waste the memory of the former days.
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
 That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
 How I came by the crown, O Heaven, forgive !
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live !

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me ;
 Then plain and right must my possession be :
 Which I, with more than with a common pain,
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WARWICK, Lords, and others.

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

P. John. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father !

K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John ;
 But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
 From this bare, wither'd trunk : upon thy sight,
 My worldly business makes a period.
 Where is my lord of Warwick ?

P. Hen. My lord of Warwick !

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
 Unto the lodging where I first did swoon ?

War. 'T is call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Hen. Laud be to heaven!—even there my life must end.
 It hath been prophesied to me many years,
 I should not die but in Jerusalem;
 Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land:—
 But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
 In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Glostershire. *A Hall in Shallow's House.*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pye, sir, you shall not away to-night. What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see:—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus;—those precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir,—Shall we sow the head-land with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook;—Are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid:—sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had:—And, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. He shall answer it:—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well. A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir: but, yet,

Heaven forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, these eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit DAVY.*] Where are you, sir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [*To the Page.*] Come, sir John.

[*Exit SHALLOW.*]

Fal. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.*] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's-staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving man; their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms or two actions,) and he shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much, that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [*Within.*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow.

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

SCENE II.—Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter WARWICK and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

War. How now, my lord chief justice? whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his majesty had call'd me with him:
The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think the young king loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not; and do arm myself,
To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter PRINCE JOHN, PRINCE HUMPHREY, CLARENCE,
WESTMORELAND, *and others.*

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry;
O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just. Alas! I fear all will be overturn'd.

P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

P. Humph. Cla. Good morrow, cousin.

P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

P. Humph. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend, indeed:
And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow; it is, sure, your own.

P. John. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation:
I am the sorrier; 'would 't were otherwise.

Cla. Well, you must now speak sir John Falstaff fair;
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did I did in honour,
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.
If truth and upright innocence fail me,
I'll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter KING HENRY V.

Ch. Just. Good morrow; and heaven save your majesty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;
This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry, Harry: Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you;
Sorrow so royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad:
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burthen laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,

I'll be your father and your brother too ;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
Yet weep, that Harry's dead ; and so will I ;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
By number, into hours of happiness.

P. John, &c. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me :—and you most ;
[*To the CHIEF JUSTICE.*

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No !

How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me ?
What ! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England ! Was this easy ?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten ?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father ;
The image of his power lay then in me :
And, in the administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment ;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought ;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench ;
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person :
Nay, more ; to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours ;
Be now the father, and propose a son :
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd ;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, soft silencing your son :
After this cold considerance, sentence me ;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well ;
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword :
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words :—

Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
 That dares do justice on my proper son :
 And no less happy, having such a son,
 That would deliver up his greatness so
 Into the hands of justice.—You did commit me :
 For which, I do commit into your hand
 The unstain'd sword that you have us'd to bear ;
 With this remembrance,—That you use the same
 With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand ;
 You shall be as a father to my youth :
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear ;
 And I will stoop and humble my intents
 To your well practis'd, wise directions.
 And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you ;
 My father is gone wild into his grave,
 For in his tomb lie my affections ;
 And with his spirit sadly I survive,
 To mock the expectation of the world ;
 To frustrate prophecies ; and to raze out
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
 After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now :
 Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea ;
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
 Now call we our high court of parliament :
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
 That the great body of our state may go
 In equal rank with the best govern'd nation ;
 That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us ;—
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.

[To the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.]

Our coronation done, we will accite,
 As I before remember'd, all our state :
 And (Heaven consigning to my good intents,)
 No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,
 Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Glostershire. *The Garden of Shallow's House.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, the Page, and DAVY.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of caraways, and so forth ;—come, cousin Silence ;—and then to bed.

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren ; beggars all, beggars all, sir John :—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy ; spread, Davy ; Well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man, and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, sir John.—By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper.—A good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down:—come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a,—we shall [Singing.

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
And praise heaven for the merry year,
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there,
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit; [*seating BARDOLPH and the Page at another table*] I'll be with you anon:—most sweet sir, sit.—Master Page, good master page, sit: proface! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear; the heart's all. [*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. [Singing.]

Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;
For women are shrews, both short and tall;
'T is merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There's a dish of leather-coats for you.

[*Setting them before BARDOLPH.*

Shal. Davy,—

Davy. Your worship?—I'll be with you straight. [*To BARD.*]—A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. [Singing.]

A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, master Silence.

Sil. If we shall be merry now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, master Silence.

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come;
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: If thou want'st anything, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief; [*to the Page*] and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. You'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thank thee:—The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry.
[*Knocking heard.*] Look who's at door there: Ho! who knocks?
[*Exit DAVY.*

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To SILENCE, who drinks a bumper.*

Sil. [*Singing.*]

Do me right,
And dub me knight:
Samingo.

Is 't not so?

Fal. 'T is so.

Sil. Is 't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. If it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in.

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. Sir John! save you, sir.

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows none to good.—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think he be; but goodman Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—

Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,

And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;

And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,

And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I prithee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. [*Sings.*]

And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament, therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir;—If, sir, you come with news from

the court, I take it there is but two ways ; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian ? speak or die.

Shal. Under king Harry.

Pist. Harry the fourth ? or fifth ?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office !—

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king ;
Harry the fifth 's the man. I speak the truth ;
When Pistol lies, do this ; and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What ! is the old king dead ?

Pist. As nail in door : the things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph ; saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 't is thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day !—I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What ? I do bring good news ?

Fal. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots : we'll ride all night :—O, sweet Pistol !—Away, Bardolph. [*Exit BARD.*]—Come, Pistol, utter more to me ; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, master Shallow : I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses ; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends ; and woe unto my lord chief justice !

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also !

Where is the life that late I led ? say they ;

Why, here it is ; Welcome these pleasant days.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London. *A Street.*

Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess QUICKLY and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. No, thou arrant knave ; I would I might die that I might have thee hanged : thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

Bead. The constables have delivered her over to me : and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her ; there hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Doll. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on ; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal ; an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O that sir John were come ! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I would the fruit of her womb might miscarry !

Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again ; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me ; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

Doll. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer ! I will have you as soundly swung for this, you blue-bottle rogue ! you

filthy famished correctioner: if you be not swung, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

1 *Bead.* Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O, that right should thus o'ercome might! well; of sufferance comes ease.

Doll. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Host. Yes; come, you starved blood-hound.

Doll. Goodman death! goodman bones!

Host. Thou anatomy thou!

Doll. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!

1 *Bead.* Very well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A public Place near Westminster Abbey.*

Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.

1 *Groom.* More rushes, more rushes.

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 *Groom.* It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation. [Exeunt Grooms.]

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him, as he comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. Bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me.—O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. [*To SHALLOW.*] But 't is no matter; this poor shew doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shews my earnestness in affection.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pist. 'T is *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*:

'T is all in every part.

Shal. 'T is so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance, and contagious prison;
Haul'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand:—

Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,
For Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*]

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter the KING and his Train, the CHIEF JUSTICE among them.

Fal. Save thy grace, king Hal! my royal Hal!

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame.

Fal. Save thee, my sweet boy.

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits; know you what 't is you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men:
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;
Presume not that I am the thing I was:
For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strength and qualities,
Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenor of our word.

Set on. [Exeunt KING and his Train.]

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how; unless you should give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol;—come, Bardolph:—I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter PRINCE JOHN, *the* CHIEF JUSTICE, Officers, &c.

Ch. Just. Go, carry sir John Falstaff to the Fleet;
Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.
Take them away.

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.*

[*Exeunt* FAL., SHAL., PIST., BARD., Page, and Officers.

P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the king's:
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

P. John. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

P. John. I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords, and native fire,
As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence?

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

[*Spoken by a DANCER.*]

First, my fear; then, my court'sy: last, my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my court'sy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what, indeed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you, (as it is very well,) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katherine of France: where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you;—but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

KING HENRY V.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY V.	<i>A Herald.</i>
DUKE OF GLOSTER, } <i>brothers to the King.</i>	<i>Chorus.</i>
DUKE OF BEDFORD, }	CHARLES VI., <i>King of France.</i>
DUKE OF EXETER, <i>uncle to the King.</i>	LEWIS, <i>the Dauphin.</i>
DUKE OF YORK, <i>cousin to the King.</i>	DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and
EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND,	BOURBON.
and WARWICK.	<i>The CONSTABLE of France.</i>
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.	RAMBURES and GRANDPRE, <i>French lords.</i>
BISHOP OF ELY.	<i>Governor of Harfleur.</i>
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE, }	MONTJOY, <i>a French herald.</i>
LORD SCROOP, }	<i>Ambassadors to the King of England.</i>
SIR THOMAS GREY, }	ISABEL, <i>Queen of France.</i>
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUEL-	KATHARINE, <i>daughter of Charles and</i>
LEN, MACMORRIS, JAMY, <i>officers in</i>	<i>Isabel.</i>
<i>King Henry's army.</i>	ALICE, <i>a lady attending on the Princess</i>
BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, <i>soldiers in the</i>	<i>Katharine.</i>
<i>same.</i>	QUICKLY, <i>Pistol's wife, an hostess.</i>
NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, <i>formerly ser-</i>	<i>Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and</i>
<i>vants to Falstaff, now soldiers in the</i>	<i>English Soldiers, Messengers, and</i>
<i>same.</i>	<i>Attendants.</i>
Boy, <i>servant to them.</i>	

CHORUS.

O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
 The brightest heaven of invention !
 A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
 And monarchs to behold the swelling scene !
 Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
 Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
 Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
 Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
 The flat unraised spirit, that hath dared,
 On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
 So great an object: Can this cockpit hold
 The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
 Within this wooden O the very casques
 That did affright the air at Agincourt?
 O, pardon ! since a crooked figure may
 Attest, in little place, a million ;
 And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
 On your imaginary forces work :
 Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
 Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
 Whose high upreared and abutting fronts

The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.
 Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts :
 Into a thousand parts divide one man,
 And make imaginary puissance :
 Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
 Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth :
 For 't is your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
 Carry them here and there ; jumping o'er times ;
 Turning the accomplishment of many years
 Into an hour-glass ; For the which supply,
 Admit me chorus to this history ;
 Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
 Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *An Ante-chamber in the King's Palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, and BISHOP OF ELY.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you,—that self bill is urg'd,
 Which, in the eleventh year o' the last king's reign
 Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
 But that the scrambling and unquiet time
 Did push it out of further question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now ?

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
 We lose the better half of our possession :
 For all the temporal lands, which men devout
 By testament have given to the church,
 Would they strip from us ; being valued thus,—
 As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
 Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights ;
 Six thousand and two hundred good esquires ;
 And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,
 Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
 A hundred alms-houses, right well supplied ;
 And to the coffers of the king beside
 A thousand pounds by the year : Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'T would drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention ?

Cant. The king is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
 The breath no sooner left his father's body,
 But that his wildness, mortified in him,
 Seem'd to die too : yea, at that very moment,
 Consideration like an angel came,
 And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him ;
 Leaving his body as a paradise,

To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made :
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currance, scouring faults :
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate :
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say it hath been all-in-all his study :
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music :
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter ; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences ;
So that the art and practick part of life
Must be the mistress to this theorick :
Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain :
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow ;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports ;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle ;
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality :
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness ; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so ; for miracles are ceas'd ;
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons ? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no ?

Cant. He seems indifferent ;
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,
Than cherishing the exhibitors against us :
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
Upon our spiritual convocation ;
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France,—to give a greater sum

Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save, that there was not time enough to hear
(As I perceiv'd his grace would fain have done,)
The severals, and unhidden passages,
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms;
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The French ambassador, upon that instant,
Crav'd audience: and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing: Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then we go in, to know his embassy;
Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you; and I long to hear it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the same.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK,
WESTMORELAND, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?

Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.

West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin; we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, and BISHOP OF ELY.

Cant. God and his angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed:
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know, how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to:
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war:
We charge you in the name of God, take heed:

For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood ; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord :
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign ; and you peers
That owe yourselves, your lives, and services,
To this imperial throne :—There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France,
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—
'In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,'
'No woman shall succeed in Salique land :'
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe :
Where Charles the great, having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French ;
Who, holding in disdain the German women,
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law,—to wit, no female
Should be inheretrix in Salique land ;
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear, the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France ;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of king Pharamond,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law ;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six ; and Charles the great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also,—who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Loraine, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the great,—
To find his title, with some shews of truth,
(Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,)
Convey'd himself as th' heir to th' lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son

To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
 Of Charles the great : Also king Lewis the tenth,
 Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
 Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
 Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
 That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,
 Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,
 Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Loraine :
 By the which marriage, the line of Charles the great
 Was re-united to the crown of France.
 So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
 King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
 King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
 To hold in right and title of the female ;
 So do the kings of France unto this day :
 Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,
 To bar your highness claiming from the female ;
 And rather choose to hide them in a net,
 Than amply to imbar their crooked titles
 Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I, with right and conscience, make this claim ?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign !
 For in the book of Numbers is it writ,—
 When the man dies, let the inheritance
 Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
 Stand for your own ; unwind your bloody flag ;
 Look back into your mighty ancestors :
 Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
 From whom you claim ; invoke his warlike spirit,
 And your great uncle's, Edward the black prince ;
 Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
 Making defeat on the full power of France ;
 Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
 Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
 Forage in blood of French nobility.
 O noble English, that could entertain
 With half their forces the full pride of France ;
 And let another half stand laughing by,
 All out of work, and cold for action !

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
 And with your puissant arm renew their feats :
 You are their heir, you sit upon their throne ;
 The blood and courage, that renowned them,
 Runs in your veins ; and my thrice-puissant liege
 Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
 Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprizes.

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
 Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
 As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know your grace hath cause, and means, and
 might :
 So hath your highness : never king of England

Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects ;
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your right :
In aid whereof, we of the spirituality
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us ;
For you shall read, that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force ;
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays ;
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns :
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at th' ill-neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege :
For hear her but exempl'd by herself,—
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a stray,
The king of Scots ; whom she did send to France,
To fill king Edward's fame with prisoner kings ;
And make your chronicles as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wrack and sumless treasures.

West. But there's a saying, very old and true,—

If that you will France win
Then with Scotland first begin ;

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs ;
Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,
To taint and havock more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows, then, the cat must stay at home :
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity ;
Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.

While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home :
For government, through high, and low, and lower
Put into parts, doth keep in one concent ;
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion ;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience : for so work the honey bees ;
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts :
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home ;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor :
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold ;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey ;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate ;
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
That many things, having full reference
To one concent, may work contrariously ;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark ; as many ways meet in one town ;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea ;
As many lines close in the dial's centre ;
So many a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore, to France, my liege,
Divide your happy England into four ;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried ; and our nation lose
The name of hardiness, and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.

[*Exit an Attendant. The KING ascends his throne.*]

Now are we well resolv'd ; and, by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces : Or, there we'll sit,
Ruling, in large and ample empery,
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,

Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them :
Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts ; or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin ; for, we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

Amb. May 't please your majesty, to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge ;
Or shall we sparingly shew you far off
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy ?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king ;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons :
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

Amb. Thus then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, king Edward the third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says, that you savour too much of your youth ;
And bids you be advis'd, there 's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won :
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure ; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you, let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle ?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us ;
His present, and your pains, we thank you for ;
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard :
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chases. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England ;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous license ; as 't is ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state ;
Be like a king, and shew my sail of greatness
When I do rouse me in my throne of France :

For that I have laid by my majesty,
 And plodded like a man for working-days ;
 But I will rise there with so full a glory,
 That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
 Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
 And tell the pleasant prince, this mock of his
 Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones ; and his soul
 Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
 That shall fly with them : for many a thousand widows
 Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands ;
 Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down :
 And some are yet ungotten and unborn,
 That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
 But this lies all within the will of God,
 To whom I do appeal ; and in whose name,
 Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on
 To venge me as I may, and to put forth
 My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
 So get you hence in peace ; and tell the Dauphin,
 His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
 When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.
 Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* Ambassadors.]

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.

[*Descends from his throne.*]

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
 That may give furtherance to our expedition :
 For we have now no thought in us but France ;
 Save those to God, that run before our business.
 Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
 Be soon collected ; and all things thought upon,
 That may, with reasonable swiftness, add
 More feathers to our wings ; for, God before,
 We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
 Therefore, let every man now task his thought,
 That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[*Exeunt.*]

CHORUS.

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
 And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies ;
 Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man :
 They sell the pasture now to buy the horse ;
 Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
 With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
 For now sits Expectation in the air ;
 And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
 With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
 Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
 The French, advis'd by good intelligence
 Of this most dreadful preparation,

Shake in their fear ; and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England ! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural !
But see thy fault ! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns ; and three corrupted men,—
One, Richard earl of Cambridge ; and the second,
Henry lord Scroop of Masham ; and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,—
Have, for the guilt of France, (O guilt, indeed !)
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France ;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
(If hell and treason hold their promises,)
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on, and we'll digest
The abuse of distance ; force a play.
The sum is paid ; the traitors are agreed ;
The king is set from London ; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton :
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit :
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass ; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the king come forth, and not till then
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Eastcheap.

Enter NYM, and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Well met, corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet ?

Nym. For my part, I care not : I say little ; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles ; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight : but I will wink, and hold out mine iron : It is a simple one ; but what though ? It will toast cheese ; and it will endure cold as another man's sword will : and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends ; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France ; let it be so, good corporal Nym.

Nym. 'Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it ; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may : that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly : and, certainly, she did you wrong ; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL, *and* Mrs. QUICKLY.

Bard. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife:—good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host Pistol?

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host?

Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [*Nym draws his sword.*] O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not here. Now we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed. Good lieutenant Bardolph—

Bard. Good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-eared cur of Iceland.

Quick. Good corporal Nym, shew thy valour, and put up thy sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*.

[*Sheathing his sword.*]

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels;
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason, you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well: If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may say, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may say; and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale.

[*PISTOL and NYM draw.*]

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say:—he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*Draws.*]

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

Pist. *Coupe le gorge*, that's the word?—I thee defy again.
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No; to the spital go,

And from the powdering tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have and I will hold the *quondam* Quickly
For the only she: and—*Pauca*, there's enough. Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you, hostess;—he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan; 'faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the king has killed his heart.—Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exeunt Mrs. QUICKLY and Boy.*

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together. Why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound: push home. [*They draw.*

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up.

Nym. I shall have the eight shillings I won from you at betting.

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;—
Is not this just?—for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to sir John: Ah, poor heart! he is so shaken of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fractured, and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king : but it must be as it may ; he passes some humours, and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight ; for lambkins we will live.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Southampton. *A Council Chamber.*

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves !
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dall'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,—
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery !

Trumpet sounds. Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE,
GREY, Lords, *and* Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My lord of Cambridge, and my kind lord of Masham,
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts :
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France ;
Doing the execution, and the act,
For which we have in head assembled them ?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that : since we are well persuaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair concent with ours ;
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd
Than is your majesty ; there's not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True : those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey ; and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness ;
And shall forget the office of our hand
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,

That rail'd against our person: we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And, on his more advice, we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir, you shew great mercy if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes;
Who are the late commissioners?

Cam. I, one, my lord;
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there is yours;
There yours, lord Scroop of Masham: and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.
My lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen?
What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion?—look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Hen. The mercy, that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge here,—
You know how apt our love was, to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which,
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us

Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But O!
What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop; thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,
Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use?
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 't is so strange,
That though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murther ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not whoop at them:
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder, to wait on treason, and no murther:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
And other devils, that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From glistening semblances of piety;
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou should'st do treason
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same dæmon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions, I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Shew men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: Seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: Come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: Seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: Or are they spare in diet;
Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger;
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither—
Such, and so finely bolted, didst thou seem;
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man and best indued,
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man.—Their faults are open,
Arrest them to the answer of the law;
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd;
And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me,—the gold of France did not seduce;
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God, and you, to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.
You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt* Conspirators, guarded.]

Now, Lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war;
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings; we doubt not now
But every rub is smoothed on our way.
Then forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—London. *Mrs. Quickly's House in Eastcheap.*

Enter PISTOL, *Mrs. QUICKLY*, NYM, BARDOLPH, *and* Boy.

Quick. Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.

Bardolph, be blithe;—Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;

Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,

And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven, or in hell!

Quick. Nay, sure he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. How now, sir John? quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: So, 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack.

Quick. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said they were devils incarnate.

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation: 't was a colour he never liked.

Boy. 'A said once the devil would have him about women.

Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women: but then he was rheumatick; and talked of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose; and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hell?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire; that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels, and my moveables:

Let senses rule; the word is, *Pitch and pay*;

Trust none:

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;

Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms,

Let us to France! like horse-leeches, my boys;

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess.

[*Kissing her.*]

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear; keep close, I thee command.

Quick. Farewell; adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—France. *A Room in the French King's Palace.*

Enter the French KING, attended; the DAUPHIN, the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, the CONSTABLE, and others.

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us;
And more than carefully it us concerns,
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you, prince Dauphin,—with all swift despatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war,
With men of courage, and with means defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe:
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
(Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,)
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say, 't is meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France;
And let us do it with no shew of fear;
No, with no more, than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king:
Question, your grace, the late ambassadors,—
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and withal
How terrible in constant resolution,—
And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly:
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots

That shall first spring and be most delicate.

Dau. Well 't is not so, my lord high constable,
But though we think it so, it is no matter :
In cases of defence, 't is best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems :
So the proportions of defence are fill'd ;
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth like a miser spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we king Harry strong ;
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us :
And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
That haunted us in our familiar paths :
Witness our too much memorable shame,
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales ;
Whiles that his mountain sire,—on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—
Saw his heroical seed, and smiled to see him
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock ; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry king of England
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go, and
bring them. [*Exeunt Mess. and certain Lords.*]
You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit : for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short ; and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head :
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and Train.

Fr. King. From our brother of England ?

Exe. From him ; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long
To him, and to his heirs ; namely, the crown,
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,
By custom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know

'T is no sinister nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line, [Gives a paper.
In every branch truly demonstrative ;
Willing you, overlook this pedigree :
And, when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows ?

Exe. Bloody constraint ; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel ;
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown ; and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws : and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message ;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further ;
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother of England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him : What to him from England ?

Exe. Scorn and defiance ; slight regard, contempt
And anything that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king : and, if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordnance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will : for I desire
Nothing but odds with England ; to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe ;
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,
(As we, his subjects, have in wonder found,)

Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters now; now he weighs time,
Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Exe. Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon despatch'd, with fair conditions:

A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence.

[*Exeunt.*]

CHORUS.

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing:
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy;
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
Either past, or not arrived to, pith and puissance:
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work, your thoughts, and therein see a siege.
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose, the ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry, that the king doth offer him
Katharine, his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches.

[*Alarum; and chambers (small cannon) go off.*]

And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before Harfleur.**Alarums. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers, with scaling ladders.*

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height!—On, on, you nobless English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you!
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, shew us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!

*[Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.]*SCENE II.—*The same.**Forces pass over; then enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Boy.**Bard.* On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!*Nym.* 'Pray thee, corporal, stay; the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just ; for humours do abound ;
Knocks go and come ; God's vassals drop and die ;

And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. 'Would I were in an alehouse in London ! I would give
all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I :

If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Up to the preach, you dogs ! avaunt, you cullions.

[*Driving them forward.*]

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould !

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage !

Abate thy rage, great duke !

Good bawcock, bate thy rage ! use lenity, sweet chuck !

Nym. These be good humours !—your honour wins bad humours.

[*Exeunt NYM, PISTOL, and BARDOLPH,
followed by FLUELLEN.*]

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three : but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me ; for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-liver'd, and red-faced ; by the means whereof 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword ; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard that men of few words are the best men ; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward : but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds ; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post, when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it—purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case ; bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching ; and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel : I knew, by that piece of service, the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchers : which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine ; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service : their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Exit Boy.*]

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines ; the duke of Gloster would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines ! tell you the duke it is not so good to come

to the mines: For, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you,) is digged himself four yards under the countermines; by Cheshu, I think 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass as in the 'orld: I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY, at a distance.

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge, in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orld, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say, gud-day, captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, goot captain Jamy.

Gow. How now, captain Macmorris? have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish la, tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over; I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath; and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion, that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me; the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet calls us to the breach; and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing: 't is shame for us all: so God sa' me, 't is shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

Jamy. By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gude service, or aile ligge i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sal I

surely do, that is the breff and the long: Mary, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation——

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation, ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal.

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Famy. Au! that's a foul fault. [A parley sounded.]

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The same. Before the gates of Harfleur.*

The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the English Forces below. Enter KING HENRY and his Train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
 This is the latest parle we will admit:
 Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves;
 Or like to men proud of destruction,
 Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,
 (A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,)
 If I begin the battery once again,
 I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
 Till in her ashes she lie buried.
 The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;
 And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
 In liberty of bloody hand shall range
 With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass
 Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.
 What is it then to me, if impious war,
 Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,
 Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
 Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
 What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
 If your pure maidens fall into the hand
 Of hot and forcing violation?
 What rein can hold licentious wickedness
 When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
 We may as bootless spend our vain command
 Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,
 As send precepts to the Leviathan
 To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,

Take pity of your town, and of your people,
 Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command ;
 Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
 O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
 Of headly murther, spoil, and villainy.
 If not, why, in a moment, look to see
 The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
 Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters ;
 Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
 And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls ;
 Your naked infants spitted upon pikes ;
 Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
 Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
 At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
 What say you ? will you yield, and this avoid ?
 Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd ?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end :
 The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated,
 Returns us—that his powers are yet not ready,
 To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
 We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy :
 Enter our gates ; dispose of us and ours ;
 For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter,
 Go you and enter Harfleur ; there remain,
 And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French :
 Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—
 The winter coming on, and sickness growing
 Upon our soldiers,—we will retire to Calais.
 To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest ;
 To-morrow for the march are we address.

[*Flourish.* The KING, &c. enter the town.]

SCENE IV.—Rouen. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.

Kath. *Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le language.*

Alice. *Un peu, madame.*

Kath. *Je te prie, m'enseignes ; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez vous la main, en Anglois ?*

Alice. *La main ? elle est appelée, de hand.*

Kath. *De hand. Et les doigts ?*

Alice. *Les doigts ? ma foy, je oublie les doigts ; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts ? je pense, qu'ils sont appelés de fingres ; ouy, de fingres.*

Kath. *La main, de hand ; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagné deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appelez vous les ongles ?*

Alice. *Les ongles ? les appellons, de nails.*

Kath. *De nails. Escoutez ; dites moy, si je parle bien : de hand, de fingres, de nails.*

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame ; il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude.

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. Je m'en faitz la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez moy, Alice ; escoutez : De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu ! je m'en oublie ; De elbow. Comment appelez vous les col ?

Alice. De nick, madame.

Kath. De nick : Et le menton ?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick : le menton, de sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur : en verité vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grâce de Dieu ; et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas deja oublié ce que je vous ay enseignée ?

Kath. Non, je reciteray à vous promptement. De hand, de fingre, de mails,—

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arme, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf vostre honneur, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis je ; de elbow, de nick, et de sin : Comment appelez vous le pied et la robe ?

Alice. De foot, madame ; et de coun.

Kath. De foot, et de coun ? O Seigneur Dieu ! ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user : Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut de foot, et de coun, neant-mois. Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble : De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

Alice. Excellent, madame !

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois ; allons nous à disner. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter the French KING, the DAUPHIN, DUKE OF BOURBON, the CONSTABLE of France, and others.

Fr. King. 'T is certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France ; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant ! shall a few sprays of us,—
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spurt up so suddenly into the clouds,

And overlook their grafters ?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards !
Mort de ma vie ! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Con. *Dieu de batailles !* where have they this mettle ?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull ?
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns ? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat ?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty ? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields ;
Poor, we may call them, in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us ; and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out ; and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us—to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high, and swift corantos ;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy, the herald ? speed him hence ;
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes ; and, with spirit of honour edg'd,
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field ;
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France ;
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy ;
Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois ;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
For your great seats, now quit you of great shames,
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur :
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the vallies ; whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon :
Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march ;
For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He 'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,

And, for achievement, offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy;
And let him say to England, that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all;
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The English Camp in Picardy.*

Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN.

Gow. How now, captain Fluellen? come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not (God be praised and plessed!) any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent disciplines. There is an ancient there at the pridge,—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the 'orld: but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called ancient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours: The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart,
Of buxom valour, hath,—by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler before her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is plind: And she is painted also with a wheel; to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls;—In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stol'n a pax, and hanged must 'a be.
A damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,

And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate :
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For pax of little price.

Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice ;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach :
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why, then rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at : for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his goot pleasure, and put him to executions ; for disciplines ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd ; and *figo* for thy friendship.

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain !

[*Exit* PISTOL.]

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal ; I remember him now ; a bawd ; a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave 'ords at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day : But it is very well ; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 't is a gull, a fool, a rogue ; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in great commanders' names : and they will learn you by rote where services were done ;—at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy ; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on ; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths : And what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on ! But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain Gower,—I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make shew to the 'orld he is ; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming ; and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

Flu. Got pless your majesty !

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen ? camest thou from the bridge ?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge : the French is gone off, look you ; and there is gallant and most prave passages : Marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge ; but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the pridge : I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen ?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great : marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost

never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off:—and we give express charge, that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; For when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket sounds. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then, I know thee: What shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: Advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur: but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe:—now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom: which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add—defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master, so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back, And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now; But could be willing to march on to Calais Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth, (Though 't is no wisdom to confess so much Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,) My people are with sickness much enfeebled; My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have Almost no better than so many French, Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald, I thought upon one pair of English legs Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me, God, That I do brag thus!—this your air of France Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent. Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am; My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk; My army but a weak and sickly guard;

Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There 's for thy labour, Montjoy.
Go bid thy master well advise himself :
If we may pass, we will ; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour : and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this :
We would not seek a battle as we are :
Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it ;
So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.

[*Exit* MONTJOY.]

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge ; it now draws toward night,—
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves ;
And on to-morrow bid them march away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The French camp, near Agincourt.*

Enter the CONSTABLE of France, *the* LORD RAMBURES, *the* DUKE OF ORLEANS, DAUPHIN, *and others.*

Con. Tut ! I have the best armour of the world.—'Would it were day !

Orl. You have an excellent armour ; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning ?

Dau. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour.

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this !—I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ca, ha !* He bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs ; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu !* When I bestride him I soar, I am a hawk : he trots the air ; the earth sings when he touches it ; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus : he is pure air and fire ; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him : he is, indeed, a horse ; and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys ; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey : it is a theme as fluent as the sea ; turn the sands into

eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 't is a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on: and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown,) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus:—'Wonder of nature,'—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser: for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Nay, for methought, yesterday, your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O! then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your straight trossers.

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warned by me then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears her own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au borbier*: thou makest use of anything.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously; and 't were more honour some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. 'Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'T is midnight, I'll go arm myself. [Exit.]

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is, simply, the most active gentleman in France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never anybody saw it, but his lackey: 't is a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with—There is flattery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that with—Give the devil his due.

Con. Well placed; there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with—A pox of the devil.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much—A fool's bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'T is not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge.

Con. If the English had any apprehension they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples: You may as well say,—that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming-on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow, they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: Come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock : but, let me see,—by ten,
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. *[Exeunt.]*

CHORUS.

Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch :
Fire answers fire : and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face :
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice ;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger ; and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head !
For forth he goes, and visits all his host ;
Bids them good-morrow, with a modest smile :
And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him ;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night :
But freshly looks, and overbears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty ;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks :
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
Behold (as may unworthiness define)
A little touch of Harry in the night :
And so our scene must to the battle fly ;

Where, (O for pity!) we shall much disgrace—
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,—
The name of Agincourt: Yet, sit and see;
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The English Camp at Agincourt.*

Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, *and* GLOSTER.

K. Hen. Gloster, 't is true, that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our courage be.
Good-morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Th'is may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lie I like a king.

K. Hen. 'T is good for men to love their present pains,
Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them; and, anon,
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* BEDFORD.]

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[*Exit* ERPINGHAM.]

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speakest cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. *Qui va là?*

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; Art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so: What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Hen. Harry *le Roy*.

Pist. *Le Roy!* a Cornish name; art thou of Cornish crew?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Knowest thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon Saint Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that
day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The *figo* for thee, then!

K. Hen. I thank you: God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol called.

[*Exit.*

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER, severally.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak fewer. It is the
greatest admiration in the universal 'orld, when the true and auncient
prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the
pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find,
I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, nor pibble pabble, in
Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of
the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety
of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb,
is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a
fool, and a prating coxcomb; in your own conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt* GOWER and FLUELLEN.]

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

*Enter three soldiers, JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT,
and MICHAEL WILLIAMS.*

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wracked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor is it not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am; the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shews to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing; therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by shewing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will: but, I believe, as cold a night as 't is, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king; I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds: Methinks, I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company; his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough if we know we are the king's subjects; if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—We died at such a place; some, swearing; some, crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king

that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him; or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation:—But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death they have borne life away; and where they would be safe they perish: Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's: but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes it were not sin to think that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill the ill is upon his own head, the king is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then! That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 't is a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round; I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my

bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap; if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, 'This is my glove,' by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it I will challenge it.

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns; and, to-morrow, the king himself will be a clipper. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,

Our debts, our careful wives,

Our children, and our sins, lay on the king:

We must bear all.

O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,

Subject to the breath of every fool, whose sense

No more can feel but his own wringing!

What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,

That private men enjoy?

And what have kings that privates have not too,

Save ceremony, save general ceremony?

And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?

What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more

Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?

What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?

O ceremony, shew me but thy worth!

What is thy soul of adoration?

Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,

Creating awe and fear in other men?

Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd

Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,

But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,

And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!

Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out

With titles blown from adulation?

Will it give place to flexure and low bending?

Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,

Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;

I am a king that find thee; and I know,

'T is not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,

The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,

The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,

The farced title running 'fore the king,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
 That beats upon the high shore of this world,
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave
 Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread :
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell ;
 But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium ; next day, after dawn,
 Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse ;
 And follows so the ever-running year
 With profitable labour, to his grave :
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,
 Enjoys it ; but in gross brain little wots
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
 Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen. Good old knight,
 Collect them all together at my tent :
 I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do 't, my lord. *[Exit.]*

K. Hen. O God of battles ! steel my soldiers' hearts !
 Possess them not with fear ! take from them now
 The sense of reckoning of the opposed numbers !
 Pluck their hearts from them not to-day, O Lord,
 O not to-day ! Think not upon the fault
 My father made in compassing the crown !
 I Richard's body have interred new ;
 And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
 Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
 Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
 Toward heaven, to pardon blood ; and I have built
 Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
 Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do ;
 Though all that I can do is nothing worth ;
 Since that my penitence comes after all,
 Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. My liege !

K. Hen. My brother Gloster's voice ?—Ay ;

I know thy errand, I will go with thee :—
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The French Camp.*

Enter DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, *and others.*

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour ; up, my lords.

Dau. *Montez à cheval* :—My horse ! *valet ! lacquay !* ha !

Orl. O brave spirit !

Dau. *Via !—les eaux et la terre—*

Orl. *Rien puis ? l'air et le feu—*

Dau. *Ciel !* cousin Orleans.—

Enter CONSTABLE.

Now, my lord Constable !

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides ;
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout them with superfluous courage : Ha !

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood ?
How shall we then behold their natural tears ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes ! straight to horse !
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands ;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport : let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'T is positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,—
Who, in unnecessary action, swarm
About our squares of battle,—were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe :
Though we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation :
But that our honours must not. What's to say ?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket-sonaunce and the note to mount :
For our approach shall so much dare the field
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter GRANDPRÉ.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France ?
Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field :

Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
 And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
 Big Mars seems bankrout in their beggar'd host,
 And faintly through a rustic beaver peeps.
 The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks
 With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
 Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips;
 The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes;
 And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit
 Lies foul with chaw'd grass, still and motionless;
 And their executors, the knavish crows,
 Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.
 Description cannot suit itself in words,
 To demonstrate the life of such a battle,
 In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,
 And give their fasting horses provender,
 And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guidon. To the field:
 I will the banner from a trumpet take,
 And use it for my haste. Come, come away!
 The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The English Camp.*

*Enter the English Host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER,
 SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND.*

Glo. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 't is a fearful odds.
 God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:

If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
 Then, joyfully;—my noble lord of Bedford,
 My dear lord Gloster, and my good lord Exeter,
 And my kind kinsman, warriors all—adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord, fight valiantly to-day;
 And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
 For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit SALISBURY.*]

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness;
 Princely in both.

West. O that we now had here

Enter KING HENRY.

But one ten thousand of those men in England
 That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so?
 My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:

If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more:
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall see this day, and live old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, to-morrow is saint Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve and shew his scars:
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day: Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,—
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd:
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered:
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon St. Crispin's day.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now !

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz ?

West. God's will, my liege, 'would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle !

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men ;
Which likes me better than to wish us one.—
You know your places : God be with you all !

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow :
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The constable desires thee— thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance ; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where (wretches) their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now ?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back ;
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God ! why should they mock poor fellows thus ?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast lived, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves ; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work :
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dung-hills,
They shall be fam'd : for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven ;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then abounding valour in our English ;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly :—Tell the Constable,
We are but warriors for the working day :
Our gayness, and our gilt, are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field ;
There's not a piece of feather in our host,
(Good argument, I hope, we will not fly,)
And time hath worn us into slovenry :
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim :
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes ; or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do this,

(As, if God please, they shall,) my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald;
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints:
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, king Harry. And so fare thee well:
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. I fear thou 'lt once more come again for ransom.

Enter the DUKE OF YORK.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers, march
away:—

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Field of Battle.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter French Soldier, PISTOL, and Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je pense que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

Pist. Quality! Calen o Custure me. Art thou a gentleman?
What is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. *O seigneur Dieu!*

Pist. O signieur Dew should be a gentleman:—
Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark!—
O signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. *O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitié de moy!*

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;
For I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat,
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. *Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?*

Pist. Brass, cur!
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moy.*

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?
Come hither, boy: Ask me this slave in French,
What is his name.

Boy. *Escoutez; Comment estes vous appelé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says his name is master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firke him, and ferret him:
—discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firke.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, monsieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prest;
car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.*

Pist. Ouy, couper gorge, par ma foy, pesant.
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. O, je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner!
*Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison; gardez ma vie, et je vous
donneray deux cent escus.*

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit monsieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun
prisonnier; neantmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il
est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciemens: et
je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un che-
valier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, et tres distingué seigneur
d'Angleterre.*

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks: and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy shew.—

Follow me.

[Exit PISTOL.]

Boy. *Suivez vous le grand capitaine.* [Exit French Soldier.]
I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true,—the empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal anything adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field of Battle.*

Alarums. Enter DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, BOURBON, CONSTABLE,
RAMBURES, and others.

Con. O diable!

Orl. O seigneur!—le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!

Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes.—O meschante fortune!—

Do not run away.

[A short alarum.]

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame!—let's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let's die in honour : Once more back again ;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,
Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminate.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now !
Let us, on heaps, go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow, yet living in the field,
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now ! I'll to the throng ;
Let life be short ; else shame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter KING HENRY and Forces ; EXETER, and others,
with prisoners.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen :
But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle ? thrice within this hour
I saw him down ; thrice up again, and fighting ;
From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, (brave soldier,) doth he lie,
Larding the plain : and by his bloody side,
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,)
The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died : and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard ; kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face ;
And cries aloud,—'Tarry, my cousin Suffolk !
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven :
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast ;
As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry !'

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up :
He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe, says,—'Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign.'

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips ;
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd ;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not ;
For hearing this, I must perforce compound

With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.—
 But, hark ! what new alarum is this same ?—
 The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men :—
 Then every soldier kill his prisoners ;
 Give the word through.

[*Alarum.*[*Exeunt.*SCENE VII.—*Another Part of the Field.**Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.*

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage ! 't is expressly against the law of arms : 't is as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offered. In your conscience now, is it not ?

Gow. 'T is certain there's not a boy left alive ; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle have done this slaughter : besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent ; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 't is a gallant king !

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, captain Gower : What call you the town's name where Alexander the pig was porn ?

Gow. Alexander the great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great ? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the great was born in Macedon ; his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon, where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain,—If you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant, you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon ; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth : it is called Wye, at Monmouth ; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river ; but 't is all one, 't is alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well ; for there is figures in all things. Alexander (God knows, and you know,) in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that ; he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it : As Alexander killed his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups ; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet : he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks ; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he : I'll tell you there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY with a part of the English forces;
WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER, and others.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill;
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight:
If they 'll do neither, we will come to them;
And make them skirr away as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
Besides, we 'll cut the throats of those we have;
And not a man of them, that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy:—Go, and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald? knowest
thou not

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king,
I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men:
For many of our princes (woe the while!)
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
(So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes;) and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage,
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours, or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength for it!
What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your
majesty, and your great uncle Edward the plack prince of Wales,
as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in
France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true: if your majesties is remem-

bered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty knows, to this hour is an honourable padge of the service; and, I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour:

For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it: I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so!—Our heralds go with him;
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to WILLIAMS. Exeunt MONTJOY, and others.*

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An 't please your majesty, 't is the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An 't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night: who, if 'a live and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap, (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive,) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath.

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an 't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack sauce, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who serv'st thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain; and is goot knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege.

[*Exit.*

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap: When Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm; if any man challenge this, he is a

friend to Alençon and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once: an please Got of his grace that I might see it.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

H. Hen. My lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloster,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:

The glove which I have given him for a favour

May, haply, purchase him a box o' the ear;

It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:

If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge

By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,)

Some sudden mischief may arise of it;

For I do know Fluellen valiant,

And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,

And quickly will return an injury:

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*Before King Henry's Pavilion.*

Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I peseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it. [*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, sir? you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be Got for it!) a

most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter KING HENRY and EXETER.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain, and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap; I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, (saving your majesty's manhood,) what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowsy knave it is: I hope your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier! Look, here's the fellow of it.

'T was I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, there is any martial law in the 'orld.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape I beseech you, take it for your own fault and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:—
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly:—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will; I can tell you it will serve you to mend your shoes: Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot: 't is a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald; are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

[*Delivers a paper.*]

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;
John duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords and barons, knights and 'squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, 'squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures;
Great master of France, the brave sir Guischard Dauphin;
John duke of Alençon; Antony duke of Brabant,
The brother to the duke of Burgundy;
And Edward duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!
Where is the number of our English dead?

[Herald *presents another paper.*

Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, David Gam, esquire:
None else of name; and of all other men,
But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all.—When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss,
On one part and on the other?—Take it, God,
For it is none but thine!

Exe. 'T is wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from God
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many
is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung *Non Nobis*, and *Te Deum*;
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay:

And then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men. [*Exeunt.*]

CHORUS.

Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the sea: Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king,
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land;
And, solemnly, see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath:
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,
Before him, through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:
As, by a lower but by loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress
(As in good time he may,) from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit
To welcome him! much more, (and much more cause,)
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
(As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the king of England's stay at home
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them;) and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France:
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you, 't is past.
Then brook abridgement; and your eyes advance
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—France. *An English Court of Guard.**Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.*

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower: The rascally, scald, beggarly, lowsy, pragging knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contentions with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter PISTOL.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'T is no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, ancient Pistol! you scurvy, lowsy knave, Got pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan, To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?

Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lowsy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it. [*Striking him again.*] You called me yesterday, mountain-squire, but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain; you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days:—Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly; and out of doubt, and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat—and eat—I swear.

Flu. Eat, I pray you: Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, 'pray you, throw none away; the skin is good for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at them; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot:—Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. Got be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [Exit.

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [Exit.

Pist. Doth fortune play the huswife with me now?

News have I that my Nell is dead i' the spital
Of malady of France;

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.

Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs

Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn,

And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.

To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:

And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,

And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Troyes in Champagne. *An Apartment in the French King's Palace.*

Enter at one door, KING HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords; at another the French KING, QUEEN ISABEL, the PRINCESS KATHARINE, Lords, Ladies, &c., the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, and his Train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!

Unto our brother France, and to our sister,

Health and fair time of day:—joy and good wishes

To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;

And (as a branch and member of this royalty,

By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,)

We do salute you, duke of Burgundy;—

And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great kings of France and England! That I have labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
That face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted; let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment, there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd;
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleached,
Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts
That should deracinate such savagery:
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility:
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness;
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—

To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour
You are assembled ; and my speech entreats
That I may know the let, why gentle peace
Should not expel these inconveniences,
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands ;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them ; to the which, as yet,
There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well then, the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursory eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles : pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will, suddenly,
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—
And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloster,—
Warwick,—and Huntington,—go with the king :
And take with you free power, to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our demands ;
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us ?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them ;
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us ;
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but HENRY, KATHARINE,
and her Gentlewoman.*]

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair !
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart ?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me ; I cannot speak your
England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your
French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with
your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate ?

Kath. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is—like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate ; and you are like an angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il ? que je suis semblable à les anges ?*

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment, (sauf vostre grace) ainsi dit-il.*

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine ; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu ! les langues des hommes sont pleines des tromperies.*

K. Hen. What says she, fair one ? that the tongues of men are full of deceits ?

Alice. *Ouy ; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits : dat is de princess.*

K. Hen. The princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding : I am glad thou canst speak no better English ; for, if thou could'st, thou would'st find me such a plain king, that thou would'st think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you : then, if you urge me further than to say—Do you in faith ? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer : i' faith, do ; and so clap hands and a bargain : How say you, lady ?

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur, me understand well.*

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me : for the one, I have neither words nor measure ; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off : but, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation ; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sunburning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier : If thou canst love me for this, take me : if not, to say to thee—that I shall die, is true : but—for thy love, by the lord, no ; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy ; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places : for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What ! a speaker is but a prater ; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall ; a straight back will stoop ; a black beard will turn white ; a curled pate will grow bald ; a fair face will wither ; a full eye will wax hollow ; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon ; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon ; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me : And take me, take a soldier ; take a soldier, take a king : And what sayest thou then to my love ? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France ?

K. Hen. No ; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate : but, in loving me, you should love the friend of

France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moy*, (let me see, what then? Saint Dennis be my speed!)—*donc vostre est France, et vous estes mienne*. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle*.

K. Hen. No, 'faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt,) I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, between Saint Dennis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 't is hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and, for my English moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon tres chere et divine déesse*?

Kath. Your *majesté*'ave *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage demoiselle* dat is *en France*.

K. Hen. Now, fye upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax the better I shall appear: my comfort is that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your

heart with the looks of an empress ; take me by the hand, and say —Harry of England, I am thine : which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine ; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music ; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken : therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, Wilt thou have me ?

Kath. Dat is, as it shall please de *roy mon père*.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate ; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it sall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez : ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaissiez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure ; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon tres puissant seigneur.*

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames et demoiselles pour estre baissées devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le coûtume de France.*

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she ?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les ladies* of France,—I cannot tell what is, *baiser*, en English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entendre* better *que moy*.

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say ?

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment.*

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs curt'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion ; we are the makers of manners, Kate ; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-faults ; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss : therefore, patiently, and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate : there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council : and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French KING and QUEEN, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, and other French and English Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty ! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English ?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her ; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt ?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz ; and my condition is not smooth : so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her you must make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind: Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield; as love is blind, and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so; and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness; who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way of my wish shall shew me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article:

His daughter, first; and then, in sequel, all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:—Where your majesty demands,—That the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French,—*Notre tres cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, héritier de France*; and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ*.

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Henry. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest:
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up
Issue to me: that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale

With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred ; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen !

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate :—and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [*Flourish.*

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one !
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league ;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other !—God speak this Amen !

All. Amen !

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage ;—on which day,
My lord of Burgundy, we 'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me ;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be ! [*Exeunt.*

CHORUS.

Thus far, with rough and all unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story ;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small, most greatly liv'd
This star of England : fortune made his sword ;
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
Of France and England, did this king succeed ;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed :
Which oft our stage hath shewn ; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY VI.	VERNON, <i>of the White Rose, or York faction,</i>
DUKE OF GLOSTER, <i>uncle to the King, and Protector.</i>	BASSET, <i>of the Red Rose, or Lancaster faction.</i>
DUKE OF BEDFORD, <i>uncle to the King, and regent of France.</i>	CHARLES, <i>Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.</i>
THOMAS BEAUFORT, <i>Duke of Exeter, great uncle to the King.</i>	REIGNIER, <i>Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.</i>
HENRY BEAUFORT, <i>great uncle to the King, bishop of Winchester, and afterwards cardinal.</i>	DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
JOHN BEAUFORT, <i>Earl of Somerset; afterwards duke.</i>	DUKE OF ALENÇON.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, <i>eldest son of Richard late Earl of Cambridge; afterwards Duke of York.</i>	<i>Governor of Paris.</i>
EARL OF WARWICK.	BASTARD OF ORLEANS.
EARL OF SALISBURY.	<i>Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his son.</i>
EARL OF SUFFOLK.	<i>General of the French forces in Bourdeaux.</i>
LORD TALBOT, <i>afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.</i>	<i>A French Sergeant.</i>
JOHN TALBOT, <i>his son.</i>	<i>A Porter.</i>
EDMUND MORTIMER, <i>Earl of March. Mortimer's Keeper, and a Lawyer.</i>	<i>An old Shepherd, father to Joan La Pucelle.</i>
SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.	MARGARET, <i>daughter to Reignier; afterwards married to King Henry.</i>
SIR WILLIAM LUCY.	COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.
SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.	JOAN LA PUCELLE, <i>commonly called Joan of Arc.</i>
SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.	<i>Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, Lords, Warders of the Tower, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French.</i>
<i>Mayor of London.</i>	SCENE.— <i>Partly in ENGLAND, and partly in FRANCE.</i>
WOODVILLE, <i>Lieutenant of the Tower.</i>	

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Westminster Abbey.

Dead march. Corpse of KING HENRY V. discovered, lying in state; attended on by the DUKES OF BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and EXETER; the EARL OF WARWICK, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, Herald, &c.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky;
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death!
King Henry the fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king until his time.

Virtue he had, deserving to command :
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams ;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings :
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech :
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black : Why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive :
Upon a wooden coffin we attend ;
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What ! shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contriv'd his end?

Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment day
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of Hosts he fought :
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church ! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd ;
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector ;
And lookest to command the prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud ; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God or religious churchmen may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh ;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace !
Let's to the altar :—Heralds, wait on us.—
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms ;
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moisten'd eyes babes shall suck ;
Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.
Henry the fifth ! thy ghost I invoke ;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils !
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens !
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright——

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all !
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,

Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture :
 Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
 Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
 Speak softly ; or the loss of those great towns
 Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
 If Henry were recall'd to life again,
 These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

Mess. No treachery ; but want of men and money.
 Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,—
 That here you maintain several factions ;
 And, whilst a field should be despatch'd and fought,
 You are disputing of your generals.
 One would have ling'ring wars, with little cost ;
 Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings ;
 A third man thinks, without expense at all,
 By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
 Awake, awake, English nobility!
 Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot ;
 Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms ;
 Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
 These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern ; regent I am of France :
 Give me my steeled coat, I'll fight for France.
 Away with these disgraceful wailing robes !
 Wounds will I lend the French, instead of eyes,
 To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance:
 France is revolted from the English quite ;
 Except some petty towns of no import :
 The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims ;
 The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd ;
 Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part ;
 The duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exe. The Dauphin crowned king ! all fly to him !
 O, whither shall we fly from this reproach ?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats :—
 Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
 An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
 Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 Mess. My gracious lords,—to add to your laments
 Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearse,—
 I must inform you of a dismal fight,
 Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What? wherein Talbot overcame? is 't so?

3 Mess. O, no; wherein lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon:
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and everywhere, enrag'd he flew:
The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him:
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! A Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward;
He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them,)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wrack and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies:
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here, in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.

3 Mess. O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,—
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 Mess. So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd;
The English army is grown weak and faint:

The earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation. [Exit.]

Glo. I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [Exit.]

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [Exit.]

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office;
The king from Eltham I intend to steal,
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [Exit. Scene closes.]

SCENE II.—France. *Before Orleans.*

Enter CHARLES, with his Forces; ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and others.

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;
Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves:
Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege: Why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum; we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn French:—
Him I forgive my death that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly. [Exeunt.]

Alarums. They are beaten back by the English, with great loss.

Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and others.

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I?—
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide ;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred
During the time Edward the third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified ;
For none but Samsons, and Goliasses,
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten !
Lean raw-bon'd rascals ! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity ?

Char. Let's leave this town ; for they are hair-brain'd
slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager :
Of old I know them ; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmicks or device,
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on ;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent we'll even let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the BASTARD OF ORLEANS.

Bast. Where's the prince Dauphin ? I have news for him.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd ;
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence ?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand :
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome ;
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in ? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.

Char. Go, call her in : [*Exit BASTARD*] But, first, to try
her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place :
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern :—
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath. [*Retires.*]

Enter LA PUCELLE, BASTARD OF ORLEANS, and others.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wond'rous feats ?

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me ?
Where is the Dauphin ?—come, come from behind ;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me :
In private will I talk with thee apart ;—
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate :
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me ;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity ;
Her aid she promis'd and assur'd success :
In complete glory she reveal'd herself ;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infused on me,
That beauty am I bless'd with which you may see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated :
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this : Thou shalt be fortunate
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms :
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,—
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me :
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true ;
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepar'd : here is my keen-edg'd sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side ;
The which, at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come o' God's name, I fear no woman.

Puc. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*They fight, and LA PUCELLE overcomes.*]

Char. Stay, stay thy hands ; thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 't is thou that must help me :
Impatiently I burn with thy desire :
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be ;
'T is the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above :
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

Char. Meantime, look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless, he shrives this woman to her smock ;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean ?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know :
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight to the last gasp; I will be your guard.

Char. What she says I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.

Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise :
Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

Char. Presently we'll try:—Come, let's away about it:
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—London. *Hill before the Tower.*

*Enter, at the gates, the DUKE OF GLOSTER, with his Serving-men,
in blue coats.*

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day :
Since Henry's death, I fear there is conveyance.
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates; 't is Gloster that calls. [Servants knock.

1 *Ward.* [Within.] Who's there that knocks so im-
periously?

1 *Serv.* It is the noble duke of Gloster.

2 *Ward.* [Within.] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 *Serv.* Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

1 *Ward.* [Within.] The Lord protect him! so we answer
him:

We do no otherwise than we are willed.

Glo. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There's none protector of the realm but I.
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize :
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

Servants *rush at the Tower gates. Enter to the gates, WOODVILLE, the Lieutenant.*

Wood. [*Within.*] What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's Gloster that would enter.

Wood. [*Within.*] Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;

The cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandment,
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

I Serv. Open the gates unto the lord protector;
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter WINCHESTER, attended by a train of Servants in tawny coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey? what means this?

Glo. Peel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator;
Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;
Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot;
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing cloth
I'll use, to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy face.

Glo. What! am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?—
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware your beard;
[GLOSTER and his men attack the Bishop.]

I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly;
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat;
In spite of pope, or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.

Glo. Winchester goose! I cry—a rope! a rope!
Now beat them hence: Why do you let them stay?—
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—
Out, tawny-coats!—out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here a great tumult. In the midst of it, enter the Mayor of London, and Officers.

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates, Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, mayor; thou know'st little of my wrongs. Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king, Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloster, too, a foe to citizens; One that still motions war, and never peace, O'ercharging your free purses with large fines; That seeks to overthrow religion, Because he is protector of the realm; And would have armour here out of the Tower, To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[Here they skirmish again.]

May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife, But to make open proclamation: Come, officer, as loud as e'er thou canst, cry.

Off. All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day, against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law: But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloster, we'll meet; to thy dear cost, be sure: Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away;— This cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou may'st.

Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head; For I intend to have it, ere long. *[Exeunt.]*

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.— Good God! that nobles should such stomachs bear! I myself fight not once in forty year. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—France. Before Orleans.

Enter, on the walls, the Master-Gunner and his Son.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd, And how the English have the suburbs won.

Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them, Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me: Chief master-gunner am I of this town; Something I must do to procure me grace. The prince's espials have informed me, How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd, Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars In yonder tower, to overpeer the city;

And thence discover, how, with most advantage,
 They may vex us, with shot, or with assault.
 To intercept this inconvenience,
 A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
 And fully even these three days have I watch'd
 If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch,
 For I can stay no longer.
 If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
 And thou shalt find me at the governor's.

[Exit.]

Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
 I'll never trouble you if I may spy them.

Enter, in an upper chamber of a tower, the LORDS SALISBURY and TALBOT, Sir WILLIAM GLANSDALE, Sir THOMAS GARGRAVE, and others.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
 How wert thou handled, being prisoner?
 Or by what means gott'st thou to be releas'd?
 Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
 Called the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles;
 For him was I exchang'd and ransomed.
 But with a baser man of arms by far,
 Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me;
 Which I, disdainingly, scorn'd; and craved death,
 Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.
 In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
 But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart!
 Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
 If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.
 In open market-place produc'd they me,
 To be a public spectacle to all:
 Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
 The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
 Then broke I from the officers that led me;
 And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
 To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
 My grisly countenance made others fly;
 None durst come near, for fear of sudden death.
 In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
 So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
 That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,
 And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
 Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
 That walk'd about me every minute-while;
 And if I did but stir out of my bed,
 Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd;
 But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
 Now it is supper-time in Orleans:

Here, through this grate, I count each one,
 And view the Frenchmen how they fortify;
 Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee.
 Sir Thomas Gargrave, and sir William Glansdale,
 Let me have your express opinions,
 Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
 Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Shot from the town. SALISBURY and Sir
 THO. GARGRAVE fall.*]

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woeful man!

Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?
 Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak;
 How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
 One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off!—
 Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand,
 That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!
 In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
 Henry the fifth he first train'd to the wars;
 Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
 His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.
 Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
 One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:
 The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.
 Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
 If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hand!
 Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.
 Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
 Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
 Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
 Thou shalt not die, whiles——
 He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me;
 As who should say, 'When I am dead and gone,
 Remember to avenge me on the French.'—
 Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,
 Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
 Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*Thunder heard; afterwards an alarum.*]

What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?
 Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head:
 The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—
 A holy prophetess, new risen up,—
 Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[*SALISBURY groans.*]

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!
 It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.—

Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:—
 Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
 Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
 And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
 Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
 And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.
[Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.]

SCENE V.—*The same. Before one of the gates.*

Alarum. Skirmishings. Enter TALBOT pursuing the Dauphin, drives him in and exit; then enter LA PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her, and exit after them. Then re-enter TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
 Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
 A woman, clad in armour, chaseth them.

Enter LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes:—I'll have a bout with thee;
 Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
 Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
 And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Puc. Come, come, 't is only I that must disgrace thee.

[They fight.]

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
 My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
 And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
 But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
 I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
 O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
 Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;
 Help Salisbury to make his testament:
 This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[PUCELLE enters the Town, with Soldiers.]

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
 I know not where I am, nor what I do:
 A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
 Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:
 So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
 Are from their hives and houses driven away.
 They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;
 Now, like to whelps, we crying run away. *[A short alarum.]*
 Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
 Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
 Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
 Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf,
 Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,
 As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

[Alarum. Another skirmish.]

It will not be:—Retire into your trenches:
 You all consented unto Salisbury's death,

For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—

Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,

In spite of us, or aught that we could do.

O, would I were to die with Salisbury!

The shame hereof will make me hide my head!

[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt TALBOT and his Forces, &c.*

SCENE VI.—*The same.*

Enter, on the walls, PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, and Soldiers.

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls;

Rescued is Orleans from the English wolves:—

Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Char. Divinest creature, bright Astræa's daughter,

How shall I honour thee for this success?

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,

That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—

France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!

Recover'd is the town of Orleans:

More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,

And feast and banquet in the open streets,

To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,

When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Char. 'T is Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;

For which, I will divide my crown with her:

And all the priests and friars in my realm

Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.

A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,

Than Rhodope's, or Memphis', ever was:

In memory of her, when she is dead,

Her ashes, in an urn more precious

Than the rich jewell'd coffer of Darius,

Transported shall be at high festivals

Before the kings and queens of France.

No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,

But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.

Come in: and let us banquet royally,

After this golden day of victory.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Orleans.

Enter to the gates, a French Sergeant, and Two Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:

If any noise, or soldier, you perceive

Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

I *Sent.* Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit Sergeant.*] Thus are
poor servitors
(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and Forces, with scaling ladders: their drums beating a dead march.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,—
By whose approach, the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,—
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted :
Embrace we then this opportunity;
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France !—how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell.

Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid ! and be so martial?

Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long ;
If underneath the standard of the French,
She carry armour, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits :
God is our fortress ; in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot ; we will follow thee.

Tal. Not all together : better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways ;
That if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed ; I'll to yon corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.
Now, Salisbury ! for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English scale the walls, crying St. George !
a Talbot ! and all enter by the Town.*]

Sent. [*Within.*] Arm, arm ! the enemy doth make assault !

The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, BASTARD, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, half ready, and half unready.

Alen. How now, my lords ? what, all unready so ?

Bast. Unready ? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.

Reig. 'T was time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.

Alen. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous or desperate than this.

Bast. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens sure favour him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles; I marvel how he sped.

Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE.

Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping, or waking, must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default;
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels:
Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How, or which way; 't is sure, they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this,—
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarum. *Enter an English Soldier, crying a Talbot! a Talbot!*
They fly, leaving their clothes behind.

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Orleans. *Within the Town.*

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain, and others.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.

Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[*Retreat sounded.*]

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And, that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans;
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'T is thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself (as far as I could well discern,
For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night)
Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin, and his trull;
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou would'st vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies;
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for, when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd:
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;

And in submission will attend on her.

Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said,—Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, (since there's no remedy,)
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.

Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*—You perceive my mind.

Capt. I do, my lord; and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Auvergne. *Court of the Castle.*

Enter the COUNTESS and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And when you have done so, brings the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam,
According as your ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now? Go ask him whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot: for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter, with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
 And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
 Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
 For in my gallery thy picture hangs :
 But now thy substance shall endure the like ;
 And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
 That hast by tyranny, these many years,
 Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
 And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha !

Count. Laughest thou, wretch ? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,
 To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,
 Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man ?

Tal. I am, indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself :
 You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here ;
 For what you see is but the smallest part
 And least proportion of humanity :
 I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here
 It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
 Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce ;
 He will be here, and yet he is not here :
 How can these contrarieties agree ?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

[*He winds a horn. Drums heard ; then a Peal of
 Ordnance. The gates being forced, enter Soldiers.*]

How say you, madam ? are you now persuaded
 That Talbot is but shadow of himself ?
 These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
 With which he yoketh your rebellious necks ;
 Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
 And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot ! pardon my abuse :
 I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
 And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
 Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath ;
 For I am sorry, that with reverence
 I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady ; nor misconster
 The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
 The outward composition of his body.
 What you have done hath not offended me :
 Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
 But only (with your patience) that we may
 Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have ;
 For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart ; and think me honoured
 To feast so great a warrior in my house. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—London. *The Temple Garden.*

Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, and another Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once, If I maintain the truth;
Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?

Suf. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-tied, and so loath to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours; and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen; and pluck no more,
Till you conclude—that he upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected;
If I have fewest I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,

Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on; Who else?

Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you; [To SOMERSET.
In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Meantime, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,
'T is not for fear, but anger,—that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him and thee.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole!
We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward king of England;
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom:
Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted;
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,

Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
 For your partaker Poole, and you yourself,
 I'll note you in my book of memory,
 To scourge you for this apprehension:
 Look to it well; and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still:
 And know us, by these colours, for thy foes;
 For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
 As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
 Will I for ever, and my faction, wear;
 Until it wither with me to my grave,
 Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition!
 And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [Exit.

Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. [Exit.

Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!

War. This blot, that they object against your house,
 Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
 Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster:
 And, if thou be not then created York,
 I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
 Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
 Against proud Somerset and William Poole,
 Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
 And here I prophesy,—This brawl to-day,
 Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
 Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
 A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
 That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.
 Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say
 This quarrel will drink blood another day. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—*The same. A room in the Tower.*

Enter MORTIMER, brought in a chair by two Keepers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
 Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
 Even like a man new haled from the rack,
 So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:
 And these gray locks, the pursuivants of death,
 Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
 Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
 These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
 Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:
 Weak shoulders, overborne with burd'ning grief;
 And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine

That droops his sapless branches to the ground :
 Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
 Unable to support this lump of clay,
 Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
 As witting I no other comfort have.

But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come ?

I Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come :
 We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber ;
 And answer was return'd, that he will come.

Mor. Enough ; my soul shall then be satisfied.
 Poor gentleman ! his wrong doth equal mine.
 Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
 (Before whose glory I was great in arms,)
 This loathsome sequestration have I had ;
 And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
 Depriv'd of honour and inheritance :
 But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
 Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
 With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence ;
 I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
 That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

I Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend ? Is he come ?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
 Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
 And in his bosom spend my latter gasp :
 O, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
 That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.
 And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
 Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despis'd ?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm ;
 And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.
 This day, in argument upon a case,
 Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me :
 Among which terms, he us'd his lavish tongue,
 And did upbraid me with my father's death ;
 Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
 Else with the like I had requited him :
 Therefore, good uncle,—for my father's sake,
 In honour of a true Plantagenet,
 And for alliance' sake,—declare the cause
 My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
 And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,
 Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
 Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was ;
 For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

Mor. I will ; if that my fading breath permit,

And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew Richard,—Edward's son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent :
During whose reign, the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne :
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was—for that (young king Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body)
I was the next by birth and parentage,
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son
To king Edward the third, whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark ; as, in this haughty great attempt,
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the fifth,
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
Thy father, earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army ; weening to redeem,
And have install'd me in the diadem :
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True ; and thou seest that I no issue have ;
And that my fainting words do warrant death :
Thou art my heir ; the rest, I wish thee gather ;
And yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me :
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic ;
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence ;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age !

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me ; as the slaught'rer doth,
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good ;
Only, give order for my funeral ;
And so farewell ; and fair be all thy hopes !

And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war ! [Dies.

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul !
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast ;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.
Keepers, convey him hence : and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.

[*Exeunt* Keepers, *bearing out* MORTIMER.

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort :
And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress :
And therefore haste I to the parliament ;
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—London. *The Parliament-House.*

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK ; the Bishop of WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and others. GLOSTER offers to put up a bill ; WINCHESTER snatches it, and tears it.

Win. Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Gloster ? if thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly ;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest ! this place commands my
patience,
Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen :
No, prelate ; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer ;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace ;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree ;
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest ?
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,

As well at London bridge, as at the Tower?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do,—except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know, I am as good——

Glo. As good?

Thou bastard of my grandfather!—

Win. Ay, lordly sir: For what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not protector, saucy priest?

Win. And am I not a prelate of the church?

Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!

Glo. Thou art reverent,
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. Rome shall remedy this.

War. Roam thither then.

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

Som. Methinks, my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks, his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?

Plan. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;
Lest it be said, 'Speak, sirrah, when you should;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?'
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

[*Aside.*

K. Hen. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,

Civil dissension is a viperous worm
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—

[*A noise within; 'Down with the tawny coats!'*
What tumult's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

[*A noise again; 'Stones! Stones!'*

Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

May. O, my good lords,—and virtuous Henry,—
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;
And banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

*Enter, skirmishing, the Retainers of GLOSTER and WINCHESTER,
with bloody pates.*

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1 Serv. Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our
teeth.

2 Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute. [*Skirmish again.*

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3 Serv. My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his majesty:
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

1 Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field, when we are dead. [*Skirmish again.*

Glo. Stay, stay, I say!
And, if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!
Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. Yield, my lord protector;—yield, Winchester;—
Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.

You see what mischief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
Or I would see his heart out ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern and tragical?

Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. Hen. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach
That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly gird.—
For shame, my lord of Winchester! relent;
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo. Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce,
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. So help me God, as I intend it not! [Aside.

K. Hen. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contract!
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content; I'll to the surgeon's.

2 *Serv.* And so will I.

3 *Serv.* And I will see what physic the tavern affords.

[Exeunt Servants, Mayor, &c.

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign;
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick;—for, sweet prince,
An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right:
Especially, for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is
That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of York,

From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.

K. Hen. Stoop then, and set your knee against my foot:
And, in reguerdon of that duty done,
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York:
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;
And rise created princely duke of York.

Plan. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York!

Som. Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York! [*Aside.*]

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends;
As it disanimates his enemies.

K. Hen. When Gloster says the word, king Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but EXETER.*]

Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France.
Not seeing what is likely to ensue:
This late dissension, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degree,
Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which, in the time of Henry nam'd the fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—
That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all;
And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all:
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—France. *Before Rouen.*

Enter LA PUCELLE disguised, and Soldiers dressed like Country-men, with sacks upon their backs.

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach:
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, (as I hope we shall,)
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

1 Sold. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,

And we be lords and rulers over Rouen ;

Therefore we'll knock.

[Knocks.

Guard. [Within.] *Qui est là ?*

Puc. *Paisans, pauvres gens de France :*
Poor market-folks that come to sell their corn.

Guard. Enter, go in ; the market-bell is rung.

[Opens the gates.

Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.

[PUCELLE, &c. enter the city.

Enter CHARLES, BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENÇON, and Forces.

Char. Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem !
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants ;
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in ?

Alen. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower ;
Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is,—
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter LA PUCELLE on a battlement : holding out a torch burning.

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen ;
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Bast. See, noble Charles ! the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes !

Alen. Defer no time : Delays have dangerous ends ;
Enter, and cry—'The Dauphin !'—presently,
And then do execution on the watch.

[They enter.

Alarums. *Enter TALBOT, and certain English.*

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.

Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France.

[Exeunt to the town.

Alarum : Excursions. *Enter, from the town, BEDFORD, brought in sick, in a chair, with TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and the English Forces. Then, enter on the walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, BASTARD, ALENÇON, and others.*

Puc. Good morrow, gallants ! want ye corn for bread ?
I think the duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate :
'T was full of darnel : Do you like the taste ?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtesan !
I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Char. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.

Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason !

Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard ? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair ?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead ?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are you so hot, sir ? Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace ;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.

[TALBOT, and the rest, consult together.]

God speed the parliament ! who shall be the speaker ?

Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field ?

Puc. Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest ;
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out ?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang !—base muleteers of France !
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Away, captains : let's get us from the walls ;
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.
God be wi' you, my lord ! we came but to tell you
That we are here. [*Exeunt LA PUCELLE, &c. from the walls.*]

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame !
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
(Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,)
Either to get the town again, or die :
And I, as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror ;
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried ;
So sure I swear, to get the town or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant duke of Bedford :—Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me :
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,
And will be partner of your weal or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence ; for once I read,
That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes :
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast !—

Then be it so :—Heavens keep old Bedford safe !—
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt* BURGUNDY, TALBOT, and *Forces*, leaving
BEDFORD, and *others*.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE, and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight.

We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?

Fast.

All the Talbots in the world, to save my life.

Ay,

[*Exit.*

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!

[*Exit.*

Retreat: Excursions. Enter, from the town, LA PUCELLE,
ALENÇON, CHARLES, &c., and *exeunt* flying.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please;
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Dies, and is carried off in his chair.*

Alarum: Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and *others*.

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:
Yet heavens have glory for this victory!

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monuments.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep:
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?
What, all a-mort? Rouen hangs her head for grief
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers;
And then depart to Paris, to the king;
For there young Henry with his nobles lies.

Bur. What wills lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen;
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court:
But kings, and mightiest potentates, must die;
For that's the end of human misery.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. The Plains near the City.*

Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint;
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end. *[Drums heard.]*
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

*An English March. Enter, and pass over at a distance,
TALBOT and his Forces.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread;
And all the troops of English after him.

A French March. Enter the DUKE OF BURGUNDY and Forces.

Now, in the rearward, comes the duke, and his;
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him. *[A parley sounded.]*

Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle; and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast!
O, turn thy edged sword another way:
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots!

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then, but English Henry, will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof;—
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.
See then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughtermen.
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished; these haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours;
So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Paris. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, *and other* Lords, VERNON, BASSET, &c. *To them* TALBOT, *and one of his* Officers.

Tal. My gracious prince, and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm,—that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Besides five hundred prisoners of esteem,—
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet;
And, with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. Hen. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,
That hath so long been resident in France?

Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord!
When I was young, (as yet I am not old,)
I do remember how my father said
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, GLOSTER, TALBOT, *and* Nobles.]

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of York,—
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness take ye that.

[*Strikes him.*]

Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such,
That whoso draws a sword 't is present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Paris. *A Room of State.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TALBOT, *the Governor of Paris, and others.*

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save king Henry, of that name the sixth !

Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,—

[*Governor kneels.*]

That you elect no other king but him :

Esteem none friends but such as are his friends ;

And none your foes but such as shall pretend

Malicious practices against his state :

This shall ye do, so help you righteous God !

[*Exeunt Gov. and his Train.*]

Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,

To haste unto your coronation,

A letter was deliver'd to my hands,

Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee !

I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,

To tear the garter from thy craven's leg, [Plucking it off.]

(Which I have done) because unworthily

Thou wast installed in that high degree.

Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest :

This dastard, at the battle of Patay,

When but in all I was six thousand strong,

And that the French were almost ten to one,

Before we met, or that a stroke was given,

Like to a trusty squire, did run away ;

In which assault we lost twelve hundred men ;

Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,

Were there surpris'd and taken prisoners.

Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss ;

Or whether that such cowards ought to wear

This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous

And ill-beseeming any common man ;

Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,

Knights of the garter were of noble birth ;

Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty courage,

Such as were grown to credit by the wars ;

Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,

But always resolute in most extremes.

He then that is not furnish'd in this sort

Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
 Profaning this most honourable order ;
 And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
 Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
 That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen ! thou hear'st thy doom :
 Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight ;
 Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death.—

[*Exit* FASTOLFE.]

And now, lord protector, view the letter
 Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his style ?
 [Viewing the superscription.]

No more but, plain and bluntly,—‘To the king?’

Hath he forgot he is his sovereign ?

Or doth this churlish superscription

Pretend some alteration in good will ?

What's here?—‘I have, upon especial cause,—

[*Reads.*

Mov'd with compassion of my country's wrack,

Together with the pitiful complaints

Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—

Forsaken your pernicious faction,

And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France.’

O monstrous treachery ! Can this be so ;

That in alliance, amity, and oaths,

There should be found such false dissembling guile ?

K. Hen. What ! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt ?

Glo. He doth, my lord ; and is become your foe.

K. Hen. Is that the worst this letter doth contain ?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

K. Hen. Why then, lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
 And give him chastisement for this abuse :—

How say you, my lord ? are you not content ?

Tal. Content, my liege ? Yes ; but that I am prevented,
 I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight :
 Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason ;
 And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord ; in heart desiring still
 You may behold confusion of your foes.

[*Exit.*

Enter VERNON and BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign !

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too !

York. This is my servant : Hear him, noble prince !

Som. And this is mine : Sweet Henry, favour him !

K. Hen. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak.—
 Say, gentlemen, What makes you thus exclaim ?
 And wherefore crave you combat ? or with whom ?

Ver. With him, my lord ; for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him ; for he hath done me wrong.

K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain ?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying—the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth,
About a certain question in the law,
Argued betwixt the duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Hen. Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men;
When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise:
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd,
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lords,—methinks you do not well,
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves;
Let me persuade you, take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his highness:—Good my lords, be friends.

K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants:
Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.
And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissension in our looks,

And that within ourselves we disagree,
 How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
 To wilful disobedience, and rebel !
 Beside, what infamy will there arise,
 When foreign princes shall be certified
 That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,
 King Henry's peers and chief nobility
 Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France !
 O, think upon the conquest of my father,
 My tender years ; and let us not forego
 That for a trifle that was bought with blood !
 Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
 I see no reason, if I wear this rose, [*Putting on a red rose.*
 That any one should therefore be suspicious
 I more incline to Somerset than York :
 Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both :
 As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
 Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
 But your discretions better can persuade
 Than I am able to instruct or teach :
 And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
 So let us still continue peace and love.
 Cousin of York, we institute your grace
 To be our regent in these parts of France :
 And good my lord of Somerset, unite
 Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot ;
 And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
 Go cheerfully together, and digest
 Your angry choler on your enemies.
 Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
 After some respite, will return to Calais ;
 From thence to England, where I hope ere long
 To be presented, by your victories,
 With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[*Flourish. Exeunt* KING HENRY, GLO.,
 SOM., WIN., SUF., and BASSET.

War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
 Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did ; but yet I like it not,
 In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush ! that was but his fancy, blame him not ;
 I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. And, if I wist he did,—But let it rest ;
 Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt* YORK, WARWICK, and VERNON.

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice :
 For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
 I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
 More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
 Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
 But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
 This jarring discord of nobility,

This should ring of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'T is much, when sceptres are in children's hands :
But more, when envy breeds unkind division ;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

[*Exit.*SCENE II.—France. *Before Bourdeaux.**Enter TALBOT with his Forces.*

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter ;
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the General of the French Forces, and others.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England ;
And thus he would,—Open your city gates ;
Be humble to us ; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects ;
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power :
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire ;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of our love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge !
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter, but by death :
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight :
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee :
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight ;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo ! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit :
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, due thee withal ;
For ere the glass that now begins to run
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

[*Drum afar off.*

Hark ! hark ! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul,
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Exeunt* General, &c., *from the walls.*]

Tal. He fables not, I hear the enemy ;—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—
O, negligent and heedless discipline !
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale ;
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs !
If we be English deer, be then in blood :
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch ;
But rather moody-mad and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay :
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
God, and Saint George ! Talbot, and England's right !
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Plains in Gascony.*

Enter YORK, *with Forces ; to him a Messenger.*

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin ?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord : and give it out
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot : As he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led ;
Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege !
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid ;
And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier :
God comfort him in this necessity !
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot ;
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction :
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke ! to Bourdeaux, York !
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God ! that Somerset, who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place !
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.

Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!
And on his son, young John; whom, two hours since,
I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?

Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.

Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.
Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset, and his delay.

[*Exit.*

Lucy. Thus while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglectation doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the fifth:—Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Other Plains of Gascony.*

Enter SOMERSET, with his Forces; an Officer of TALBOT's with him.

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted; all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,
By this unheeded, desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Off. Here is sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'ermatch'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now? sir William, whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold lord
Talbot;

Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,

And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for rescue,
 You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
 Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
 Let not your private discord keep away
 The levied succours that should lend him aid,
 While he, renowned noble gentleman,
 Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
 Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
 Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
 And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
 Swearing that you withhold his levied horse,
 Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent and had the horse;
 I owe him little duty and less love;
 And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
 Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:
 Never to England shall he bear his life;
 But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come go; I will despatch the horsemen straight:
 Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en, or slain:
 For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
 And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The English Camp near Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT and JOHN his Son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee,
 To tutor thee in stratagems of war;
 That Talbot's name might be in thee revived,
 When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
 Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
 But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars!—
 Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
 A terrible and unavoided danger:
 Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
 And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
 By sudden flight: come, dally not, begone.

John.—Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
 And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
 Dishonour not her honourable name,
 To make a bastard, and a slave of me:
 The world will say,—He is not Talbot's blood,
 That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so, will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
 Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
 My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
 Upon my death the French can little boast;
 In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
 Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
 But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
 You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
 But, if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.
 There is no hope that ever I will stay,
 If the first hour I shrink, and run away.
 Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
 Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name: Shall flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight and die?
 My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
 No more can I be sever'd from your side,
 Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
 Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
 For live I will not if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
 Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
 Come, side by side together live and die;
 And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Field of Battle.*

*Alarum: Excursions, wherein TALBOT's Son is hemmed about, and
 TALBOT rescues him.*

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:
 The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
 And left us to the rage of France his sword.
 Where is John Talbot?—pause, and take thy breath;
 I gave thee life, and rescued thee from death.

John. O twice my father! twice am I thy son:
 The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done;
 Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
 To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
 It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
 Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,

Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
 Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
 And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.
 The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood
 From thee, my boy ; and had the maidenhood
 Of thy first fight—I soon encountered ;
 And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
 Some of his bastard blood ; and, in disgrace,
 Bespoke him thus : ' Contaminated, base,
 And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
 Mean and right poor ; for that pure blood of mine,
 Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy : '—
 Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
 Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care ;
 Art thou not weary, John ? How didst thou fare ?
 Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
 Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry ?
 Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead ;
 The help of one stands me in little stead.
 O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
 To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
 If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
 To-morrow I shall die with mickle age :
 By me they nothing gain an if I stay,
 'T is but the short'ning of my life one day :
 In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
 My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame :
 All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay ;
 All these are sav'd if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart :
 These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart ;
 On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
 (To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,)
 Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
 The coward horse that bears me fall and die :
 And like me to the peasant boys of France ;
 To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance.
 Surely, by all the glory you have won,
 An if I fly I am not Talbot's son :
 Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot ;
 If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
 Thou Icarus ; thy life to me is sweet :
 If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side ;
 And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*Another Part of the same.*

Alarum: Excursions. Enter TALBOT, wounded, supported by a
Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life ?—mine own is gone ;—
 O, where's young Talbot ? where is valiant John ?

Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience ;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tend'ring my ruin, and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring battle of the French :
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His over-mounting spirit ; and there died
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of JOHN TALBOT.

Serv. O my dear lord ! lo, where your son is borne !

Tal. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.
O thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath :
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no ;
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.
Poor boy ! he smiles, methinks ; as who should say,
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms ;
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu ! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. [Dies.

Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant, leaving the two bodies.
Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, BASTARD, LA PUCELLE,
and Forces.

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging wood,
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood !

Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,
'Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid :'
But, with a proud, majestical high scorn,
He answer'd thus : 'Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglot wench :'
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight :
See, where he lies inersed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder ;
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no; forbear: for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY, attended; a French Herald preceding.

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent;
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin? 't is a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. But where 's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice-victorious lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael, and the Golden Fleece;
Great mareshal to Henry the sixth,
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.
Him, that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain? the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but this picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies; that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Puc. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but stink and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence:
But from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phoenix that shall make all France afeard.

Char. So we be rid of them do with 'em what thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein;
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and EXETER.

K. Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?

Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this,—
They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And 'stablish quietness on every side.

K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Beside, my lord,—the sooner to effect,
And surer bind, this knot of amity,—
The earl of Armagnac—near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,—
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. Hen. Marriage, uncle! alas! my years are young;
And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

*Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors, with WINCHESTER, in a
Cardinal's habit.*

Exe. What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then, I perceive that will be verified,
Henry the fifth did sometime prophesy,—
'If once he come to be a cardinal,
He 'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.'

K. Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your master,—
I have inform'd his highness so at large,

As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,—
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

K. Hen. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, [*to the Amb.*] pledge of my affection.
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt KING HENRY and Train; GLOSTER,
EXETER, and Ambassadors.*]

Win. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first receive
The sum of money, which I promised
Should be delivered to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. Now, Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That, neither in birth, or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—France. *Plains in Anjou.*

*Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, and Forces,
marching.*

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
'T is said the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!

Char. What tidings send our scouts? I prithee, speak.

Mess. The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one;
And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd:—
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Before Angiers.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.
Now help, ye charming spells, and periapts;
And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents! [*Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprise!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful legions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

[*They walk about and speak not.*

O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit;
So you do condescend to help me now.—

[*They hang their heads.*

No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

[*They shake their heads.*

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil. [*They depart.*
See! they forsake me. Now the time is come
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting. LA PUCELLE and YORK fight hand to hand. LA PUCELLE is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.

York. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and thee!

And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds !

York. Fell, banning hag ! enchantress, hold thy tongue.

Puc. I prithee, give me leave to curse a while.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, leading in Lady MARGARET.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

[*Gazes on her.*]

O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly ;
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.
I kiss these fingers [*kissing her hand*] for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou ? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples ; whosoe'er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me :
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.
Yet if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.

[*She turns away as going.*]

O, stay !—I have no power to let her pass ;
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak :
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind
Fie, De la Poole ! disable not thyself ;
Hast not a tongue ? is she not here thy prisoner ?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight ?
Ay ; beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say, earl of Suffolk, if thy name be so,
What ransom must I pay before I pass ?
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell, she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love ?

[*Aside.*]

Mar. Why speak'st thou not ? what ransom must I pay ?

Suf. She's beautiful ; and therefore to be woo'd :
She is a woman ; therefore to be won.

[*Aside.*]

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no ?

Suf. Fond man ! remember that thou hast a wife ;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour ?

[*Aside.*]

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. There all is marr'd ; there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talks at random ; sure, the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suf. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: Tush! that's a wooden thing.

Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too:
For though her father be the king of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match.

[*Aside.*

Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me.

[*Aside.*

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescued by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy.

[*Aside.*

Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

Mar. Tush! women have been captivate ere now. [*Aside.*

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 't is but *quid* for *quo*.

Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suf. I'll undertake to made thee Henry's queen;
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—

Mar. What?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam; are you so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our captains, and our colours, forth:
And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

[*Troops come forward.*

A Parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER on the walls.

Suf. See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier; and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, (and for thy honour, give consent,)
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suf. Fair Margaret knows
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend,
To give thee answer of thy just demand. [*Exit from the walls.*]

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, below.

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories;
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
To be the princely bride of such a lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the county Maine, and Anjou,
Free from oppression, or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
And those two counties, I will undertake,
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king:
And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case.

[*Aside.*]

I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd;
So, farewell, Reignier! set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord! Good wishes, praise, and prayers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret.

[*Going.*]

Suf. Farewell, sweet madam! But hark you, Margaret,
No princely commendations to my king?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again,—

No loving token to his majesty ?

Mar. Yes, my good lord ; a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*]

Mar. That for thyself ; I will not so presume,
To send such peevish tokens to a king.

[*Exeunt* REIGNIER and MARGARET.]

Suf. O, wert thou for myself !—But, Suffolk, stay ;
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth ;
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wond'rous praise :
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount ;
And natural graces that extinguish art ;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Camp of the Duke of York, in Anjou.*

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan ! this kills thy father's heart outright !
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death ?

Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee !

Puc. Decrepit miser ! base ignoble wretch !
I am descended of a gentler blood ;
Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

Shep. Out, out !—My lords, an please you, 't is not so ;
I did beget her all the parish knows :
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless ! wilt thou deny thy parentage !

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been ;
Wicked and vile ; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan ! that thou wilt be so obstacle !
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh ;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear :
Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avaunt !—You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'T is true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop ? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity ! I would, the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake !
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,

I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee !

Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab ?

O, burn her, burn her ; hanging is too good.

[Exit.]

York. Take her away ; for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd :
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issued from the progeny of kings ;
Virtuous, and holy ; chosen from above
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits :
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No, misconceived ! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought ;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay ;—away with her to execution.

War. And hark ye, sirs ; because she is a maid,
Spare for no fagots, let there be enow ;
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts ?
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity ;
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides :
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heaven forefend ! the holy maid with child ?

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought :
Is all your strict preciseness come to this ?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling :
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to ; we will have no bastards live ;
Especially since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceiv'd ; my child is none of his ;
It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon ! that notorious Machiavel !
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you ;
'T was neither Charles nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A married man ! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl ! I think she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

York. And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee :
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence ;—with whom I leave my curse :
May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode !
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you ; till mischief, and despair,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves !

[*Exit, guarded.*]

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell !

Enter CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *attended.*

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French ;
And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect ?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace ?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered ?
O, Warwick, Warwick ! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York : if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, *attended* ; ALENÇON, BASTARD, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester ; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my prison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus :
That, in regard king Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liegemen to his crown :

And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet;
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'T is known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Used intercession to obtain a league;
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility:
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

[*Aside, to CHARLES.*

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

Char. It shall:

Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—

[*CHARLES, and the rest, give tokens of fealty.*

So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, *in conference with* SUFFOLK; GLOSTER *and*
EXETER *following.*

K. Hen. Your wond'rous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me :
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart :
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwrack, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush ! my good lord ! this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise :
The chief perfections of that lovely dame
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.

And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command ;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem ;
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach ?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths ;
Or one that at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds :
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that ?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my lord, her father is a king,
The king of Naples and Jerusalem ;
And of such great authority in France
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

Suf. A dower, my lords ! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich :
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship ;
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed :
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife ?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king ?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king :
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
(More than in women commonly is seen,)
Will answer our hope in issue of a king ;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords ; and here conclude with me,
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of Suffolk ; or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell ; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping ; post, my lord, to France ;
Agree to any covenants ; and procure
That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen :
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say ; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.
And you, good uncle, banish all offence :
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.

And so conduct me, where, from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief.

[*Exit.*

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and EXETER.*

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd : and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece ;
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king ;
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.

[*Exit.*

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY VI.	BOLINGBROKE, a conjurer; and a Spirit raised by him.
HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloster, his uncle.	THOMAS HORNER, an armourer; and PETER, his man.
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, great uncle to the King.	Clerk of Chatham.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.	Mayor of Saint Alban's. SIMPCOX, an impostor.
EDWARD and RICHARD, his sons.	Two Murderers.
DUKE OF SOMERSET,	JACK CADE, a rebel; and GEORGE, JOHN, DICK; SMITH, the weaver; MICHAEL, &c., his followers.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK,	ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish gentleman.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,	MARGARET, Queen to King Henry.
LORD CLIFFORD,	ELEANOR, Duchess of Gloster.
Young CLIFFORD, his son,	MARGERY JOURDAIN, a witch.
EARL OF SALISBURY,	Wife to Simpcox.
EARL OF WARWICK,	Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.
LORD SCALES, governor of the Tower.	
LORD SAY.	
Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and his Brother.	
Sir JOHN STANLEY.	
A Sea-Captain, Master, and Master's Mate, and WALTER WHITMORE.	
Two gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.	
A Herald. VAUX.	
HUME and SOUTHWELL, two priests.	

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Flourish of Trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, on one side, KING HENRY, Duke of GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and CARDINAL BEAUFORT; on the other, QUEEN MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, and others following.

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,—

In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
 The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon,
 Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,—
 I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd :
 And humbly now upon my bended knee,
 In sight of England and her lordly peers,
 Deliver up my title in the queen
 To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
 Of that great shadow I did represent ;
 The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
 The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret :
 I can express no kinder sign of love,
 Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,
 Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness !
 For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
 A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
 If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my gracious lord,
 The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
 By day, by night,—waking, and in my dreams,—
 In courtly company, or at my beads,—
 With you mine alder-liefest sovereign,
 Makes me the bolder to salute my king
 With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,
 And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Hen. Her sight did ravish ; but her grace in speech,
 Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
 Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys ;
 Such is the fulness of my heart's content.
 Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. [*Kneeling.*] Long live queen Margaret, England's
 happiness !

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*]

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
 Here are the articles of contracted peace,
 Between our sovereign, and the French king Charles,
 For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [*Reads.*] 'Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king,
 Charles, and William de la Poole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador
 for Henry king of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the
 lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and
 Jerusalem ; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of
 May next ensuing.—Item,—That the duchy of Anjou and the
 county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her
 father'—

K. Hen. Uncle, how now ?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord ;
 Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
 And dimmed mine eyes ; that I can read no further.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Car. 'Item,—It is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father ; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.'

K. Hen. They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel down ;
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword. Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
In the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd. Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick ;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in ; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, and SUFFOLK.]

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief ;
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What ! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars ?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance ?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got ?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy ?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe ?
And hath his highness in his infancy
Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes ?
And shall these labours, and these honours, die ?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die ?
O peers of England, shameful is this league !
Fatal this marriage ! cancelling your fame ;
Blotting your names from books of memory ;
Razing the characters of your renown ;
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France ;
Undoing all, as all had never been !

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,—
This peroration with such circumstance ?
For France, 't is ours ; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can ;
But now it is impossible we should :

Suffolk, the new-made duke, that rules the roast,
Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy:—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

War. For grief, that they are past recovery:
For were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities that I got with wounds
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!

York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives:
And our king Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd in France,
Before——

Car. My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot,
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glo. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.
Rancour will out: Proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied—France will be lost ere long.

[*Exit.*

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy:
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords,—he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown;
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your heart; be wise, and circumspect.
What, though the common people favour him,
Calling him—'Humphrey, the good duke of Gloster;'

Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—
 'Jesu maintain your royal excellence !'
 With—' God preserve the good duke Humphrey !'
 I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
 He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our sovereign,
 He being of age to govern of himself ?
 Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
 And all together with the duke of Suffolk,
 We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay ;
 I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. [Exit.]

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride,
 And greatness of his place, be grief to us,
 Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal ;
 His insolence is more intolerable
 Than all the princes in the land beside ;
 If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,
 Despite duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.

[Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.]

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
 While these do labour for their own preferment,
 Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
 I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster
 Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
 Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—
 More like a soldier than a man o' the church,
 As stout and proud as he were lord of all,—
 Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
 Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.
 Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age !
 Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
 Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
 Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.
 And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
 In bringing them to civil discipline ;
 Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,
 When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
 Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people :
 Join we together for the public good,
 In what we can, to bridle and suppress
 The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,
 With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition ;
 And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds
 While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
 And common profit of his country !

York. And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main ! O father, Maine is lost ;

That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept, so long as breath did last :
Main chance, father, you meant ; but I meant Maine ;
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt* WARWICK and SALISBURY.

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French ;
Paris is lost ; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone :
Suffolk concluded on the articles ;
The peers agreed ; and Henry was well pleas'd
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all : What is 't to them ?
'T is thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtesans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone :
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away ;
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own.
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.
Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood
As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French !
Cold news for me ; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own ;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a show of love to proud duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that 's the golden mark I seek to hit :
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve :
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state ;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars :
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd ;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster ;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke of Gloster's House.*

Enter GLOSTER and the DUCHESS.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What see'st thou there? king Henry's diadem,
Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:
What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine:
And, having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heav'n;
And never more abase our sight so low
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
And, on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,
And William de la Poole first duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.

Duch. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm:
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,

To tumble down thy husband and thyself,
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 't is his highness' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto St. Alban's,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

Duch. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

[Exeunt GLOSTER and Messenger.]

Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks:
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.
Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesu preserve your royal majesty!

Duch. What say'st thou, majesty! I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised,—to show your highness
A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to such questions,
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Duch. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:
When from St. Alban's we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause. *[Exit DUCHESS.]*

Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold:
Marry, and shall. But how now, sir John Hume?
Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum!
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:

I dare not say from the rich cardinal,
 And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;
 Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
 They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
 Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
 And buzz these conjurations in her brain.
 They say, A crafty knave does need no broker;
 Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
 Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
 To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
 Well, so it stands: And thus, I fear, at last,
 Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wrack;
 And her attainure will be Humphrey's fall:
 Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.**Enter PETER, and others, with petitions.*

1 *Pet.* My masters, let's stand close; my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK and QUEEN MARGARET.

1 *Pet.* Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him: I'll be the first, sure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool; this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow? would'st anything with me?

1 *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye for my lord protector.

Q. Mar. [*Reading the superscription.*] 'To my lord protector!' are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: What is thine?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too? that is some wrong, indeed.—What's yours?—What's here? [*Reads.*] 'Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.'—How now, sir knave?

2 *Pet.* Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [*Presenting his petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, That the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What say'st thou? Did the duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was? No, forsooth: my master said, That he was; and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter Servants.*—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently :—we'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exeunt Servants, with PETER.*

Q. Mar. And as for you that love to be protected
Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him. [*Tears the petition.*
Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*

Q. Mar. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What, shall king Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Gloster's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
Thou rann'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,
I thought king Henry had resembled thee,
In courage, courtship, and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number Ave-Marias on his beads:
His champions are the prophets and apostles;
His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
I would the college of the cardinals
Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head;
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the haughty protector, have we Beaufort,
The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York: and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the king.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of all
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than duke Humphrey's wife;
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty:
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,

She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day,
The very train of her worst wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her;
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest: And, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this:
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter KING HENRY, YORK, and SOMERSET; *Duke and Duchess of*
GLOSTER, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY,
and WARWICK.

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be denay'd the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent, I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,
Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

Sal. Peace, son; and show some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

Q. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure; these are no women's matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And at his pleasure will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king, (as who is king but thou?)
The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack:
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortion.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution,
Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices, and towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[*Exit GLOSTER. The QUEEN drops her fan.*
Give me my fan : What, minion ! can you not?

[*Gives the DUCHESS a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, madam ; was it you?

Duch. Was't I ? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman :
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet ; 't was against her will.

Duch. Against her will ! Good king, look to 't in time ;
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby.
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.

[*Exit DUCHESS.*

Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds :
She's tickled now : her fume needs no spurs,
She'll gallop far enough to her destruction.

[*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown,
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law :
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country !
But, to the matter that we have in hand :
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride :
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My lord of Somerset will keep me here.
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

War. That can I witness ; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, bringing in HORNER and PETER.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason:
Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

K. Hen. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? Tell me: What are these?

Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason:
His words were these;—that Richard, duke of York,
Was rightful heir unto the English crown;
And that your majesty was an usurper.

K. Hen. Say, man, were these thy words?

Hor. An't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought
any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the
villain.

Pet. By these ten bones, my lords, [*holding up his hands*] he
did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring
my lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech:—
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My
accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault
the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with
me: I have good witness of this; therefore, I beseech your majesty,
do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge.
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion:
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat, in convenient place;
For he hath witness of his servant's malice:
This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake, pity my
case! the spite of man prevaieth against me. O Lord, have
mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord,
my heart!

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

K. Hen. Away with them to prison: and the day
Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. The Duke of Gloster's Garden.*

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, and BOLINGBROKE.

Hume. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided: Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay: What else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: But it shall be convenient, master Hume, that you be by her aloft while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit HUME.*] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth:—John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter DUCHESS, *above.*

Duch. Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this gear; the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:
Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies appertaining, and make the circle; BOLINGBROKE, or SOUTHWELLO, reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath,
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For, till thou speak thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt: That I had said and done!

Boling. 'First, of the king. What shall of him become?'
[*Reading out of a paper.*

Spir. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks, SOUTHWELL writes the answer.*

Boling. 'What fates await the duke of Suffolk?'

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. 'What shall befall the duke of Somerset?'

Spir. Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness and the burning lake:
False fiend, avoid! [*Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.*

Enter YORK and BUCKINGHAM, hastily, with their Guards, and others.

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.
Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.—
What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke; that threat'st where is no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all. What call you this?

[Showing her the papers.]

Away with them; let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder:—You, madam, shall with us:—
Stafford, take her to thee. *[Exit DUCHESS from above.]*
We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming;
All, away! *[Exeunt Guards, with SOUTH., BOLING., &c.]*

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd he
well:

A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon:
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here?

[Reads.]

'The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.'

Why, this is just,

Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.

Well, to the rest:

'Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?

By water shall he die, and take his end.—

What shall betide the duke of Somerset?

Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,

Than where castles mounted stand.'

Come, come, my lords;

These oracles are hardly attain'd

And hardly understood.

The king is now in progress toward St. Alban's,

With him the husband of this lovely lady:

Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;

A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord.—
Who's within there, ho?

Enter a Servant.

Invite my lords of Salisbury and Warwick
To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away!

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Saint Alban's.

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOSTER, CARDINAL,
and SUFFOLK, *with Falconers hollaing.*

Q. Mar. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And ten to one old Joan had not gone out.

K. Hen. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

Glo. My lord, 't is but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much; he would be above the clouds.

Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal: How think you by that?
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven.

K. Hen. The treasury of everlasting joy!

Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!

Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?
Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?

Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it?

Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

Glo. As who, my lord?

Suf. Why, as you, my lord;
An 't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.

K. Hen. I prithee, peace,
Good queen; and whet not on these furious peers,
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector with my sword!

Glo. 'Faith, holy uncle, 'would 't were come to that

[*Aside to the CARDINAL.*

Car. Marry, when thou dar'st.

[*Aside.*

Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the matter,
In thy own person answer thy abuse.

[*Aside.*

Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep : an if thou dar'st,
This evening on the east side of the grove. [*Aside.*

K. Hen. How now, my lords ?

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport.—Come with thy two-hand sword.
[*Aside to Glo.*

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. Are you advis'd ?—the east side of the grove ?

Glo. Cardinal, I am with you. [*Aside.*

K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster !

Glo. Talking of hawking ; nothing else, my lord.—
Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown for this,
Or all my fence shall fail. [*Aside.*

Car. *Medice teipsum ;*
Protector, see to 't well, protect yourself. [*Aside.*

K. Hen. The winds grow high ; so do your stomachs, lords.
How irksome is this music to my heart !
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony ?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter One, crying, A Miracle !

Glo. What means this noise ?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim ?

One. A miracle ! a miracle !

Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

One. Forsooth, a blind man at St. Alban's shrine,
Within this half-hour, hath receiv'd his sight ;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. Hen. Now, God be prais'd ! that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair !

*Enter the Mayor of St. Alban's, and his brethren ; and SIMPCOX,
borne between two persons in a chair ; his wife and a great
multitude following.*

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.

K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

Glo. Stand by, my masters, bring him near the king ;
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd ?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this ?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.

Glo. Hadst thou been his mother thou could'st have better
told.

K. Hen. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.

K. Hen. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times, and oftener, in my sleep
By good Saint Alban; who said,—'Simpcox, come;
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.'

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What, and would'st climb a tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. 'Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that would'st venture so.

Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—
Let me see thine eyes:—wink now; now open them:—
In my opinion yet thou seest not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God and St. Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said: What colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.

K. Hen. Why then thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Glo. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom.
If thou hadst been born blind, thou might'st as well have known all
our names, as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight
may distinguish of colours; but suddenly to nominate them all, it is
impossible.—My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and

would ye not think that cunning to be great that could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of St. Alban's, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. [*A stool brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone; you go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, with the Beadle.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand. [*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the people follow, and cry, A Miracle!*]

K. Hen. O God, seest thou this, and bear'st so long?

Q. Mar. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipped through every market town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

[*Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.*]

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I;
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,—
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,—
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches, and with conjurers:
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of king Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy council,
As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.

This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge ;
'T is like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

[*Aside to GLOSTER.*

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart ;
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers :
And vanquish'd as I am I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

K. Hen. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones ;
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby !

Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest ;
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my king and commonweal :
And for my wife, I know not how it stands ;
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard ;
Noble she is ; but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company ;
And give her as a prey to law, and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

K. Hen. Well, for this night we will repose us here :
To-morrow toward London, back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers ;
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London. *The Duke of York's Garden.*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin : and if thy claim be good
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus—
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons :
The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales ;
The second, William of Hatfield ; and the third,
Lionel, Duke of Clarence ; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster :
The fifth was Edmund Langley, duke of York ;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster ;
William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father ;
And left behind him Richard, his only son,

Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as king ;
 Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
 The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
 Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
 Seiz'd on the realm ; depos'd the rightful king ;
 Sent his poor queen to France from whence she came,
 And him to Pomfret ; where, as all you know,
 Harmless Richard was murdered traitorously.

War. Father, the duke hath told the truth ;
 Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right ;
 For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
 The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

York. The third son, duke of Clarence, (from whose line
 I claim the crown,) had issue—Philippe, a daughter,
 Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March :
 Edmund had issue—Roger, earl of March :
 Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
 As I have read, laid claim unto the crown ;
 And but for Owen Glendower had been king,
 Who kept him in captivity till he died.
 But, to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
 My mother, being heir unto the crown,
 Married Richard earl of Cambridge ; who was son
 To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
 By her I claim the kingdom : she was heir
 To Roger earl of March ; who was the son
 Of Edmund Mortimer ; who married Philippe,
 Sole daughter unto Lionel duke of Clarence :
 So if the issue of the elder son
 Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceedings are more plain than this ?
 Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
 The fourth son ; York claims it from the third.
 Till Lionel's issue fails his should not reign :
 It fails not yet ; but flourishes in thee,
 And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
 Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together ;
 And, in this private plot, be we the first
 That shall salute our rightful sovereign,
 With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king !

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
 Till I be crown'd ; and that my sword be stain'd
 With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster ;
 And that 's not suddenly to be perform'd ;
 But with advice, and silent secrecy.
 Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,

Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,
 At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
 At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
 Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
 That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey:
 'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
 Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.

War. My heart assures me that the earl of Warwick
 Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,—
 Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick
 The greatest man in England but the king.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Hall of Justice.*

Trumpets sounded. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY; the Duchess of GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard.

K. Hen. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife:

In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great;
 Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
 Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.
 You four, from hence to prison back again; [*To JOURD., &c.*]
 From thence, unto the place of execution:
 The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
 And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.
 You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
 Despoiled of your honour in your life,
 Shall, after three days' open penance done,
 Live in your country here in banishment,
 With sir John Stanley, in the isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment, welcome were my death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee;
 I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—

[*Exeunt the DUCHESS, and the other prisoners, guarded.*]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
 Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
 Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!
 I beseech your majesty give me leave to go;
 Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster: ere thou go
 Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
 Protector be: and God shall be my hope,
 My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet;
 And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd
 Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.
God and king Henry govern England's helm:
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glo. My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign,
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne. [Exit.

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
And Humphrey duke of Gloster scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once,—
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;
This staff of honour raught:—There let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

York. Lords, let him go:—Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

K. Hen. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit;
Here let them end it, and God defend the right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter, on one side, HORNER, and his neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; a drum before him: at the other side, PETER, with a drum and a similar staff; accompanied by prentices drinking to him.

1 Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack. And fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

3 Neigh. And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

1 Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2 Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have. O

Lord, bless me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and myself an honest man: and touching the duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: And therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.

York. Despatch;—this knave's tongue begins to double.

Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum.* *They fight, and PETER strikes down his master.*

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. [*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon:—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God! have I overcome mine enemy in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;

For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt:

And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us

The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,

Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER and Servants, in mourning cloaks.

Glo. Thus, sometimes, hath the brightest day a cloud;
And after summer ever more succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound as seasons fleet.
Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess;
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face,
With envious looks still laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of GLOSTER, in a white sheet, with papers pinned upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; Sir JOHN STANLEY, a Sheriff, and Officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!
See, how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks;
And in thy closet pent up rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself:
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back;
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And when I start the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world;
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife;
And he a prince, and ruler of the land:
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing stock,
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will.
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all
With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:
But fear not thou until thy foot be snar'd,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry;
I must offend before I be attainted:
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scath,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.

Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!
This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there. [*Exit Herald.*
My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

Sher. An 't please your grace, here my commission stays:
And sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the isle of Man.

Glo. Must you, sir John, protect my lady here?

Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well:
The world may laugh again; and I may live
To do you kindness, if you do it her,
And so, sir John, farewell.

Duch. What, gone, my lord; and bid me not farewell?

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and Servants.*

Duch. Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee,
For none abides with me: my joy is—death;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afeard,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—
Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence:
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the isle of Man;
There to be used according to your state.

Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be used reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and duke Humphrey's lady,
According to that state you shall be used.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare;
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame!

Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell: thy office is discharg'd.
Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.

Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Abbey at Bury.*

Enter to the Parliament, KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, and others.

K. Hen. I muse, my lord of Gloster is not come:
'T is not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, peremptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time since he was mild and affable;
And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admir'd him for submission;
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin;
But great men tremble when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First, note, that he is near you in descent;
And should you fall he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then, it is no policy,—
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,—
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' heart;
And, when he please to make commotion,
'T is to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 't is the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear, if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say—I wrong'd the duke.
My lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham,—and York,—
Reprove my allegation, if you can;
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
And had I first been put to speak my mind,

I think I should have told your grace's tale.
The duchess, by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices,
Or, if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputed of his high descent,
(As next the king he was successive heir,)
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess,
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm,
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut! These are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Humphrey.

K. Hen. My lords, at once. The care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise: But shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove:
The duke is virtuous, mild; and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance!
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposed as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf,
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter SOMERSET.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

K. Hen. Welcome, lord Somerset. What news from France?

Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

K. Hen. Cold news, lord Somerset: But God's will be done!

York. Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away;
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

[*Aside*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king !
Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloster, know that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art :
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest ;
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign :
Who can accuse me ? wherein am I guilty ?

York. 'T is thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay ;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so ? What are they that think it ?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—
Ay, night by night,—in studying good for England !
That do it that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial day !
No ! many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dis-pursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God !

York. In your protectorship, you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 't is well known, that whiles I was protector
Pity was all the fault that was in me ;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief, that fleec'd poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment :
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd :
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name ;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Hen. My lord of Gloster, 't is my special hope,
That you will clear yourself from all suspects ;
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous.
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your highness' land.
I know their complot is to have my life;
And, if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness:
But mine is made the prologue to their play;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life:
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head;
And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy:
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together.
Myself had notice of your conventicles,
And all to make away my guiltless life:
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effected,—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable:
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'T will make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here,
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose, indeed;—
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day:
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.

Ah, that my fear were false ! ah, that it were !
For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt Attendants, with GLOSTER.*]

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your highness leave the parliament ?

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret ; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes ;
My body round engirt with misery ;
For what 's more miserable than discontent ?
Ah, uncle Humphrey ! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty ;
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life ?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong :
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house ;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss ;
Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
With sad unhelpful tears ; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good ;
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep ; and, 'twixt each groan,
Say—' Who's a traitor, Gloster he is none.'

[*Exit.*]

Q. Mar. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot
beams.

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity : and Gloster's show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers ;
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,
(And yet, herein I judge mine own wit good,)
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die is worthy policy :
But yet we want a colour for his death :
'T is meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy :
The king will labour still to save his life ;
The commons haply rise to save his life ;
And yet we have but trivial argument,

More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

York. So that by this you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.

York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.

But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,—

Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,—

Wer't not all one, an empty eagle were set

To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,

As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true: and wer't not madness then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?

Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,

His guilt should be but idly posted over,

Because his purpose is not executed.

No; let him die, in that he is a fox,

By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,

(Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,)

As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.

And do not stand on quilllets, how to slay him:

Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,

Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,

So he be dead; for that is good deceit

Which mates him first that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;

For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:

But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—

Seeing the deed is meritorious,

And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—

Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,

Ere you can take due orders for a priest:

Say, you consent, and censure well the deed,

And I'll provide his executioner,

I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,

To signify, that rebels there are up,

And put the Englishmen unto the sword:

Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,

Before the wound do grow incurable;

For being green there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!

What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither;

'T is meet that lucky ruler be employ'd ;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have staid in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all as thou hast done :
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin :
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.

Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with :
No more, good York ;—sweet Somerset, be still :
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What, worse than naught? nay, then a shame take all!

Som. And in the number, thee, that wishest shame!

Car. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil Kernes of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen :
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suf. Why, our authority is his consent ;
And what we do establish he confirms :
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content : Provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.

Car. No more of him ; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off ; the day is almost spent :
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
At Bristol I expect my soldiers ;
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.

[*Exeunt all but YORK.*]

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution :
Be that thou hop'st to be ; or what thou art
Resign to death, it is not worth the enjoying :
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought ;
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.

Well, nobles, well, 't is politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men :
I fear me you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'T was men I lack'd, and you will give them me :
I take it kindly ; yet, be well assur'd
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell :
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of Kernes ;
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine :
And, in the end being rescued, I have seen him
Caper upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty Kerne,
Hath he conversed with the enemy ;
And undiscover'd come to me again,
And given me notice of their villainies.
This devil here shall be my substitute ;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble :
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortur'd ;
I know no pain they can inflict upon him,
Will make him say—I mov'd him to those arms.
Say, that he thrive, (as 't is great like he will,)
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd :
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—Bury. *A Room in the Palace.**Enter certain Murderers, hastily.*

1 *Mur.* Run to my lord of Suffolk ; let him know
We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

2 *Mur.* O, that it were to do !—What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent ?

Enter SUFFOLK.

I Mur. Here comes my lord.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?

I Mur. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

Suf. Why that's well said. Go, get you to my house ;
I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The king and all the peers are here at hand :—
Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
According as I gave directions?

I Mur. 'T is, my good lord.

Suf. Away, be gone ! [*Exeunt Murderers.*]

*Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAUFORT,
SOMERSET, Lords, and others.*

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight :
Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 't is published.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*]

K. Hen. Lords, take your places :—And, I pray you all
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman !
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion !

K. Hen. I thank thee, Margaret ; these words content me
much.—

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord ; Gloster is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend !

Car. God's secret judgment :—I did dream to-night
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[*The KING swoons.*]

Q. Mar. How fares my lord?—Help, lords ! the king is dead.

Som. Rear up his body ; wring him by the nose.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help !—O Henry, ope thine eyes !

Suf. He doth revive again :—Madam, be patient.

K. Hen. O heavenly God !

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord ?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign ! gracious Henry, comfort !

K. Hen. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers ;
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words ;

Lay not thy hands on me ; forbear, I say ;
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight !
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding :
Yet do not go away :—Come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight :
For in the shade of death I shall find joy ;
In life but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus ?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death :
And for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me ?
For it is known we were but hollow friends ;
It may be judg'd I made the duke away ;
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death : Ah me, unhappy !
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy !

K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man !

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face ?
I am no loathsome leper, look on me.
What, art thou like the adder waxen deaf ?
Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb ?
Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy :
Erect his statua then, and worship it,
And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I for this nigh wrack'd upon the sea ;
And twice by awkward wind from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime ?
What boded this, but well-forewarning wind
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore ?
What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,
And he that loos'd them forth their brazen caves ;
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock ?
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee :
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me ;
Knowing that thou would'st have me drown'd on shore,
With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness :

The splitting rocks cow'd in the sinking sands,
 And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
 Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
 Might in thy palace perish Margaret.
 As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
 When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
 I stood upon the hatches in the storm:
 And when the dusky sky began to rob
 My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
 I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
 A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
 And threw it towards thy land;—the sea receiv'd it;
 And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:
 And even with this I lost fair England's view,
 And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
 And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
 For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
 How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
 (The agent of thy foul inconstancy,)
 To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
 When he to madding Dido would unfold
 His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?
 Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
 Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!
 For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY. The Commons press to the door.

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
 That good duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
 By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.
 The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
 That want their leader, scatter up and down,
 And care not who they sting in his revenge.
 Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
 Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 't is too true;
 But how he died, God knows, not Henry:
 Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
 And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That shall I do, my liege:—Stay, Salisbury,
 With the rude multitude, till I return.

[WARWICK goes into an inner room, and
 SALISBURY retires.]

K. Hen. O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts;
 My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
 Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
 If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
 For judgment only doth belong to thee!
 Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
 With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain

Upon his face an ocean of salt tears :
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling :
But all in vain are these mean obsequies ;
And to survey his dead and earthly image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater ?

The folding doors of an inner chamber are thrown open, and GLOSTER is discovered dead in his bed : WARWICK and others standing by it.

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

K. Hen. That is, to see how deep my grave is made :
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace :
For seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King, that took our state upon him
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue !
What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow ?

War. See, how the blood is settled in his face !
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart ;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy ;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black, and full of blood ;
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man :
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling ;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued.
Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking ;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here ;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death ?
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection ;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd duke Humphrey's foes ;
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep :
'T is like you would not feast him like a friend ;
And t' is well seen he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,

But will suspect 't was he that made the slaughter?
 Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
 But may imagine how the bird was dead,
 Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
 Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk; where's your knife?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite; where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;
 But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
 That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart
 That slanders me with murder's crimson badge:
 Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
 That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt* CARDINAL, SOM., and others.]

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
 Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
 Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still, with reverence may I say;
 For every word you speak in his behalf
 Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
 If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
 Thy mother took into her blameful bed
 Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
 Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
 And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
 And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
 Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
 And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
 I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
 Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
 And say—It was thy mother that thou mean'st,
 That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:
 And, after all this fearful homage done,
 Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
 Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men!

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
 If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
 Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
 And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt* SUFFOLK and WARWICK.]

K. Hen. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
 Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
 And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted. [*A noise within.*]

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their weapons drawn.

K. Hen. Why, how now, lords? your wrathful weapons
drawn

Here in our presence? dare you be so bold?—

Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.—

[Speaking to those within.]

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless lord Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love, and loyalty,—
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,—
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slily glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd;
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you whe'r you will or no
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [Within.] An answer from the king, my lord
of Salisbury.

Suf. 'T is like, the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
Is, that he was the lord ambassador,
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [Within.] An answer from the king, or we will
all break in.

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,

I thank them for their tender loving care ;
 And had I not been 'cited so by them,
 Yet did I purpose as they do entreat ;
 For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
 Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
 And therefore, by His majesty I swear,
 Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
 He shall not breathe infection in this air
 But three days longer, on the pain of death. [*Exit* SALISBURY.]

Q. Mar. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk !

K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.
 No more, I say ; if thou dost plead for him
 Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
 Had I but said, I would have kept my word ;
 But when I swear, it is irrevocable :
 If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found,
 On any ground that I am ruler of,
 The world shall not be ransom for thy life.
 Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me :
 I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt* K. HENRY, WARWICK, Lords, &c.]

Q. Mar. Mischance and sorrow go along with you !
 Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
 Be playfellows to keep you company !
 There's two of you ; the devil make a third !
 And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps !

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
 And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch !
 Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies ?

Suf. A plague upon them ! wherefore should I curse them ?
 Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
 I would invent as bitter searching terms,
 As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
 Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
 With full as many signs of deadly hate,
 As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave :
 My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words ;
 Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint ;
 My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract ;
 Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban :
 And even now my burden'd heart would break,
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink !
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste !
 Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees ;
 Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks !
 Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings !
 Their music frightful as the serpents' hiss ;
 And boding screech-owls make the concert full !
 All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk ; thou torment'st thyself ;

And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. O, let me entreat thee, cease! Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woeful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand, [*Kisses his hand.*
That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee!
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'T is but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself:
And banished I am, if but from thee.

Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.—
O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'T is not the land I care for, wert thou thence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world;
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more:—Live thou to joy thy life;
Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I prithee?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime, he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime, he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his overcharged soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go tell this heavy message to the king.

[*Exit VAUX.*

Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears;
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?
Now, get thee hence: The king, thou know'st, is coming?
If thou be found by me thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee I cannot live:
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
So should'st thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee were but to die in jest;
From thee to die were torture more than death;
O, let me stay, befall what may befall.

Q. Mar. Away! though parting be a fretful corsive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: Let me hear from thee;
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the woeful'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—London. Cardinal Beaufort's *Bedchamber.*

Enter KING HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and others. *The*
CARDINAL in bed; Attendants with him.

K. Hen. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?

Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?—
 O! torture me no more, I will confess.—
 Alive again? then show me where he is;
 I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—
 He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—
 Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
 Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—
 Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
 Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Hen. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
 Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
 O, beat away the busy meddling fiend
 That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
 And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
 Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
 Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
 He dies, and makes no sign; O God, forgive him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—
 Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
 And let us all to meditation.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Kent. *The Sea-shore, near Dover.*

Firing heard at sea. Then enter from a boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, and others; with them SUFFOLK, and other Gentlemen, prisoners.

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
 Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
 And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
 That drag the tragic melancholy night;
 Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
 Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
 Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
 Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
 For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
 Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
 Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.
 Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—
 And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
 The other, [*pointing to SUFFOLK*] Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

I Gent. What is my ransom, master? let me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Cap. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—
Cut both the villains' throats,—for die you shall.—
The lives of those which we have lost in fight
Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum?

1 *Gent.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it shalt thou die; [To SUFFOLK
And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

Suf. Look on my George, I am a gentleman;
Rate me at what thou wilt thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by *Water* I should die,
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.

Whit. *Gualtier*, or *Walter*, which it is I care not;
Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

[Lays hold on SUFFOLK.]

Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The duke of Suffolk, William de la Poole.

Whit. The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke;
Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy, when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Poole.

Suf. Poole?

Cap. Poole! Sir Poole! lord!

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground:
And thou that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's death,
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again:
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France:
The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,
Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick and the Nevils all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee are rising up in arms:
And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,
By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,—
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ *Invitis nubibus*.
The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee:—Away! convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee waft me safely cross the channel.

Cap. Walter,——

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. *Penè gelidus timor occupat artus*:—'t is thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

I Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,

Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.

Far be it we should honour such as these

With humble suit: no, rather let my head

Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any,

Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;

And sooner dance upon a bloody pole

Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.

True nobility is exempt from fear:—

More can I bear than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,

That this my death may never be forgot!—

Great men oft die by vile bezonians:

A Roman sworder and banditto slave

Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand

Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders,

Pompey the great: and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit Suf., with Whit. and others.*]

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,

It is our pleasure one of them depart:—

Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the first Gentleman.*]

Re-enter WHITMORE, with SUFFOLK's body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,

Until the queen his mistress bury it.

[*Exit.*]

I Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!

His body will I bear unto the king:

If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;

So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[*Exit, with the body.*]

SCENE II.—Blackheath.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND.

Geo. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath; they have been up these two days.

John. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 't is threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

Geo. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handicraftsmen.

John. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Geo. Nay more, the king's council are no good workmen.

John. True. And yet it is said, Labour in thy vocation : which is as much to say as, let the magistrates be labouring men ; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Geo. Thou hast hit it : for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

John. I see them ! I see them ! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham ;—

Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher,—

Geo. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

John. And Smith the weaver.

Geo. *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK *the butcher*, SMITH *the weaver*, and others in great number.

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings. [*Aside.*

Cade. —for our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,—Command silence.

Dick. Silence !

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer. [*Aside.*

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick. I knew her well, she was a midwife. [*Aside.*

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces. [*Aside.*

Smith. But, now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home. [*Aside.*

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable ; and there was he born, under a hedge ; for his father had never a house but the cage. [*Aside.*

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. 'A must needs ; for beggary is valiant. [*Aside.*

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that ; for I have seen him whipped three market days together. [*Aside.*

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof. [*Aside.*

Dick. But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep. [*Aside.*

Cade. Be brave then ; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England, seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny : the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops ; and I will make it felony to drink small beer ; all the realm shall be in common,

and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And, when I am king, (as king I will be)——

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings: but I say 't is the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now? who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. H' as a book in his pocket with red letters in 't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for 't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters;—'T will go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone:—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him; he's a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck. *[Exeunt some with the Clerk.]*

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down: He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: He is but a knight, is 'a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently: Rise up sir John Mortimer. Now have at him.

Enter Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM his brother, with drum and Forces.

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down,
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom;
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

W. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward: Therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not;
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
Over whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plasterer;
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,
Married the duke of Clarence' daughter:—Did he not?

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but, I say, 't is true:
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stolen away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age:
His son am I; deny it if you can.

Dick. Nay, 't is too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the
bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore, deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it myself. [*Aside.*—Go to, sirrah:
Tell the king from me, that, for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth,
in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am
content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we'll have the lord Say's head, for
selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason, for thereby is England maimed, and
fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow
kings, I tell you, that that lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth,
and made it an eunuch; and more than that, he can speak French,
and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies:
go to then. I ask but this,—can he that speaks with the tongue of
an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

W. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away: and, throughout every town,
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those which fly before the battle ends
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors:
And you that be the king's friends follow me.

[*Exeunt the two STAFFORDS, and Forces.*]

Cade. And you that love the commons follow me.
Now show yourselves men, 't is for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon;
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order.
Come, march forward. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of Blackheath.*

Alarum. *The two parties enter and fight, and both the STAFFORDS
are slain.*

Cade. Where 's Dick the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou
behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-
house: therefore thus will I reward thee,—The Lent shall be as
long again as it is; and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a
hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monu-
ment of the victory will I bear; and the bodies shall be dragged at
my horse' heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the
mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols,
and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards
London. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, *reading a supplication*; *the DUKE OF BUCK-*
INGHAM, and LORD SAY, with him: at a distance, QUEEN
MARGARET, mourning over SUFFOLK's head.

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast;
But where 's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

K. Hen. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat:
For God forbid, so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade, their general.
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Rul'd, like a wandering planet, over me:
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.

K. Hen. How now, madam?
Still lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark. Fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,
Descended from the duke of Clarence' house;
And calls your grace usurper, openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed;
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Hen. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

K. Hen. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger:
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge;
The citizens fly and forsake their houses;

The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

K. Hen. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceased.

K. Hen. Farewell, my lord; [*to LORD SAY*] trust not the
Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. The Tower.*

*Enter LORD SCALES, and others, on the walls. Then enter certain
Citizens, below.*

Scales. How now! is Jack Cade slain?

Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won
the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: The lord mayor
craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from
the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare you shall command;
But I am troubled here with them myself:
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Gough:
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And so farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same. Cannon-street.*

*Enter JACK CADE, and his Followers. He strikes his staff on
London-stone.*

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting
upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost,
the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our
reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that
calls me other than lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*]

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade
more: I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: But, first, go and
set London-bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower
too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same.* Smithfield.

Alarum. Enter, on one side, CADE and his company ; on the other, Citizens, and the KING's Forces, headed by MATTHEW GOUGH. They fight ; the Citizens are routed, and MATTHEW GOUGH is slain.

Cade. So, sirs :—Now go some and pull down the Savoy ; others to the inns of court ; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. Mass, 't will be sore law then ; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 't is not whole yet. [*Aside.*]

Smith. Nay, John, it will be stinking law ; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. [*Aside.*]

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm ; my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out. [*Aside.*]

Cade. And henceforward, all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize ! here 's the lord Say, which sold the towns in France ; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the LORD SAY.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord ! now art thou within point blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France ? Be it known unto thee, by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school : and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used ; and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun, and a verb ; and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison ; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them ; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost thou not ?

Say. What of that ?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this; 'T is *bona terra, mala gens*.

Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you,
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king,
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof,—

Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the pap of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth, or honour; speak?
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless bloodshedding,
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words: but I'll bridle it; he shall die, and it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye. [*Exeunt some, with LORD SAY.*] The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it: Men shall hold of me *in capite*; and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave!

Re-enter Rebels, with the heads of LORD SAY and his Son-in-law.

Cade. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and, at every corner, have them kiss.—Away! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—Southwark.

Alarum. Enter CADE, and all his Rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish-street! down St. Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!—[*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM, and old CLIFFORD, with Forces.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons, whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy, whilst 't is offer'd you;
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,

Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty !
 Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
 Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,
 Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king ! God save the king !

Cade. What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so brave ?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him ? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks ? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark ? I thought ye would never have given out these arms, till you had recovered your ancient freedom : but you are all recreants and dastards ; and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces : For me,—I will make shift for one ; and so—God's curse light upon you all !

All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,
 That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him ?
 Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
 And make the meanest of you earls and dukes ?
 Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to ;
 Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,
 Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
 Were't not a shame that whilst you live at jar,
 The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
 Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you ?
 Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
 I see them lording it in London streets,
 Crying—*Viliaco !* unto all they meet.
 Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
 Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
 To France, to France, and get what you have lost ;
 Spare England, for it is your native coast :
 Henry hath money, you are strong and manly ;
 God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford ! a Clifford ! we'll follow the king, and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude ? The name of Henry the fifth hales them to a hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me : my sword make way for me, for here is no staying.—In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you ! and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*]

Buck. What, is he fled ? go some, and follow him ;
 And he that brings his head unto the king
 Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—
 Follow me, soldiers ; we'll devise a mean
 To reconcile you all unto the king.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—Killingworth Castle.

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, and SOMERSET, on the terrace of the Castle.

K. Hen. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king, at nine months old:
Was never subject long'd to be a king,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your majesty!

K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter, below, a great number of CADE's followers, with halters about their necks.

Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life or death.

K. Hen. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And show'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind;
And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advertised,
The duke of York is newly come from Ireland:
And with a puissant and a mighty power,
Of Gallowglasses, and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Hen. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd;
Like to a ship, that, having scap'd a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a pirate:
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;
And now is York in arms to second him.
I pray thee, Buckingham, go forth and meet him;
And ask him, what's the reason of these arms.

Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the Tower;—
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My lord,
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Hen. In any case, be not too rough in terms;
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Hen. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—Kent. Iden's Garden.

Enter CADE.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods; and durst not peep out, for all the country is lay'd for me. But now am I so hungry that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick wall have I climbed into this garden; to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word sallet was born to do me good: for, many a time, but for a sallet my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time, when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in: And now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN, with Servants.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance my father left me
Contenteth me, and 's worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning;
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee simple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not: Why then should I betray thee?
Is 't not enough to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever was broach'd,

and beard thee too. Look on me well; I have eat no meat these five days: yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy stedfast gazing eyes on mine,
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon!
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech Jove on my knees thou mayest be turned to hobnails. [*They fight. CADE falls.*] O, I am slain! famine, and no other, hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory: Tell Kent from me she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*]

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven, be my judge.
Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[*Exit, dragging out the body.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*

The KING's Camp on one side. On the other, enter YORK attended, with drum and colours: his Forces at some distance.

York. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head :
Ring, bells, aloud ; burn, bonfires, clear and bright ;
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, *sancta majestas* ! who would not buy thee dear ?
Let them obey that know not how to rule ;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold :
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword or sceptre balance it.
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,
On which I'll toss the fleur-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here ? Buckingham, to disturb me ?
The king hath sent him, sure : I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure ?

Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace ;
Or why, thou, being a subject as I am,
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Should'st raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.
O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms ;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury !
I am far better born than is the king ;
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts :
But I must make fair weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—

[All the preceding is spoken aside.]

Buckingham, I prithee pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while ;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither,
Is, to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace, and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part :
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand ;

The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay, and everything you wish.
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love,
I'll send them all as willing as I live;
Lands, goods, horse, armour, anything I have
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter KING HENRY, attended.

K. Hen. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your highness.

K. Hen. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with CADE's head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. Hen. The head of Cade?—Great God, how just art
thou!—

O, let me view his visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble,
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your majesty.

K. Hen. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created knight for his good service.

K. Hen. Iden, kneel down: [*He kneels*] Rise up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
And will that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege!

K. Hen. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the
queen;
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET *and* SOMERSET.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

York. How now! Is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—
False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

York. Would'st have me kneel? first let me ask of these,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail; [*Exit an Attendant.*]
I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.]

To say, if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *with Forces, at one side; at the other, with Forces also, Old* CLIFFORD *and his son.*

See, where they come; I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king! [*Kneels.*]

York. I thank thee, Clifford: Say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my king, York, I do not mistake;

But thou mistak'st me much to think I do :—
To Bedlam with him ! is the man grown mad ?

K. Hen. Ay, Clifford ; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Clif. He is a traitor ; let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey ;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons ?

Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here !

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so ;
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That, with the very shaking of their chains,
They may astonish these fell lurking curs ;
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Drums. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY, with Forces.

Clif. Are these thy bears ? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting place.

Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld ;
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cried :
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape.

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

K. Hen. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow ?
Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son !—
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles ?
O, where is faith ? O, where is loyalty ?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth ?—
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood ?
Why art thou old and want'st experience ?
Or wherefore dost abuse it if thou hast it ?
For shame ! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have considered with myself
The title of this most renowned duke ;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

K. Hen. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
And have no other reason for this wrong
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.

Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You were best to go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,)
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it underfoot with all contempt,
Despite the bearward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.

Rich. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatick, that's more than thou canst tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—Saint Alban's.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 't is Warwick calls!
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland!
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then, nobly, York; 't is for a crown thou fight'st.
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [Exit.

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 't is shown ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it!

Clif. My soul and body on the action both!—

York. A dreadful lay!—address thee instantly.

[They fight, and CLIFFORD falls.

Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.* [Dies.

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will. [Exit.

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end,

[Seeing his dead father.

And the premised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease! Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age,
And in thy reverence, and thy chair days, thus
To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone: and, while 't is mine,

It shall be stony. York not our old men spares :
 No more will I their babes : tears virginal
 Shall be to me even as the dew to fire ;
 And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
 Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
 Henceforth I will not have to do with pity :
 Meet I an infant of the house of York,
 Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
 As wild Medea young Absyrtus did :
 In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
 Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house ;
[Taking up the body.]

As did Æneas old Anchises bear
 So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders ;
 But then Æneas bare a living load,
 Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. *[Exit.]*

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET *and* SOMERSET, *fighting, and*
 SOMERSET *is killed.*

Rich. So, lie thou there ;—
 For, underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
 The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
 Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
 Sword, hold thy temper : heart, be wrathful still :
 Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. *[Exit.]*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET,
and others, retreating.

Q. Mar. Away, my lord ! you are slow ; for shame, away !
K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens ? good Margaret, stay.
Q. Mar. What are you made of ? you'll not fight, nor fly :
 Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
 To give the enemy way ; and to secure us
 By what we can, which can no more but fly. *[Alarum afar off.]*
 If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
 Of all our fortunes : but if we haply scape,
 (As well we may, if not through your neglect,)
 We shall to London get, where you are lov'd ;
 And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
 May readily be stopp'd.

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
 I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly ;
 But fly you must ; uncurable discomfit
 Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
 Away, for your relief ! and we will live
 To see their day, and them our fortune give :
 Away, my lord, away ! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*Fields near Saint Alban's.*

Alarum: Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him?—
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time;
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? This happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,
Three times to-day I help him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off.
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still where danger was still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:
'T is not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth:
What says lord Warwick? shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my hand, lords, 't was a glorious day:
Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.
Sound, drum and trumpets:—and to London all:
And more such days as these to us befall!

[*Exeunt.*

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY VI.		HENRY, <i>Earl of Richmond, a youth.</i>
EDWARD, <i>Prince of Wales, his son.</i>		LORD RIVERS, <i>brother to Lady Grey.</i>
LEWIS XI. <i>King of France.</i>		Sir WILLIAM STANLEY.
DUKE OF SOMERSET,	} <i>Lords on King Henry's side.</i>	Sir JOHN MONTGOMERY.
DUKE OF EXETER,		Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.
EARL OF OXFORD,		<i>Tutor to Rutland.</i>
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,		<i>Mayor of York.</i>
EARL OF WESTMORELAND,		<i>Lieutenant of the Tower.</i>
LORD CLIFFORD,		<i>A Nobleman. Two Keepers.</i>
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, <i>Duke of York.</i>		<i>A Huntsman.</i>
EDWARD, <i>Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV.,</i>	} <i>his sons.</i>	<i>A Son that has killed his Father.</i>
EDMUND, <i>Earl of Rutland,</i>		<i>A Father that has killed his Son.</i>
GEORGE, <i>afterwards Duke of Clarence,</i>		QUEEN MARGARET.
RICHARD, <i>afterwards Duke of Gloster,</i>		Lady GREY, <i>afterwards Queen to Edward IV.</i>
DUKE OF NORFOLK,	} <i>of the Duke of York's party.</i>	BONA, <i>sister to the French Queen.</i>
MARQUIS OF MONTAGUE,		<i>Soldiers, and other Attendants on King</i>
EARL OF WARWICK,		<i>Henry and King Edward, Messengers,</i>
EARL OF PEMBROKE,		<i>Watchmen, &c.</i>
LORD HASTINGS,		
LORD STAFFORD,		
Sir JOHN MORTIMER,	} <i>uncles to the Duke of York.</i>	SCENE.— <i>During part of the third Act,</i>
Sir HUGH MORTIMER,		<i>in FRANCE; during all the rest of the Play, in ENGLAND.</i>

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *The Parliament-House.*

Drums. Some Soldiers of YORK's Party break in. Then enter the Duke of YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and others, with white roses in their hats.

War. I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.

York. While we pursued the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away, and left his men :
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army ; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all abreast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,

Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dangerous :
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow ;
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[*Showing his bloody sword.*

Mont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's blood,
[*To YORK, showing his.*

Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[*Throwing down the DUKE OF SOMERSET's head.*

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—
But, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset ?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt !

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head.

War. And so do I, victorious prince of York.

Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the House of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven, these eyes shall never close.

This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat : possess it, York ;
For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will ;
For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you ; he that flies shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk,—Stay by me, my lords ;—
And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And when the king comes offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out by force. [*They retire.*

York. The queen, this day, here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council :
By words, or blows, here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king ;
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords ; be resolute ;
I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing if Warwick shake his bells.

I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares :—

Resolve thee, Richard ; claim the English crown.

[*WARWICK leads YORK to the throne, who seats himself.*

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND,
WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and others, with red roses in their
hats.

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state ! belike, he means,

Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;
And thine, lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and such as he;
He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.

K. Hen. Ah, know you not the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exe. But when the duke is slain they'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—

[*They advance to the DUKE.*]

Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.

York. I am thine.

Exe. For shame, come down; he made thee duke of York.

York. 'T was my inheritance, as the earldom was.

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard, duke of York.

K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

York. It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

War. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.

West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster;
And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.

North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more: lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

York. Will you, we show our title to the crown?

If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?

Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York:

Thy grandfather Roger Mortimer, earl of March:

I am the son of Henry the Fifth,

Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,

And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I;

When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet methinks you
lose:—

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, [*to YORK*] as thou lov'st and honour'st
arms,

Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace thou! and give king Henry leave to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first:—hear him, lords;

And be you silent and attentive too,

For he that interrupts him shall not live.

K. Hen. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,

Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?

No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;

Ay, and their colours—often borne in France,

And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—

Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords?

My title's good, and better far than his.

War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'T was by rebellion against his king.

K. Hen. I know not what to say; my title's weak.

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king:

For Richard, in the view of many lords,

Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth;

Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 't were prejudicial to his crown?

Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceiv'd: 't is not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—
Can set the duke up, in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:

May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown:—
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

War. Do right unto this princely duke of York;
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And over the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps, and the Soldiers show themselves.*]

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, hear but one word;—
Let me, for this my life-time, reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet whilst thou liv'st.

K. Henry. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son!

War. What good is this to England and himself!

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome!
Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, and
WESTMORELAND.]

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. Hen. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But, be it as it may:—I here entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign;
And neither by treason, nor hostility,
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

[*Coming from the throne.*

War. Long live king Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.

K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes!

[*Senet. The Lords come forward.*

York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.

War. And I'll keep London, with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk, with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

[*Exeunt YORK, and his Sons, WARWICK, NORFOLK,
MONTAGUE, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET and the PRINCE OF WALES.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:
I'll steal away.

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I.

[*Going.*

Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me, I will follow thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes?

Ah, wretched man! 'would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I;
Or felt that pain which I did for him once;
Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood;
Thou would'st have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:
If you be king, why should not I succeed?

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me, sweet son;
The earl of Warwick and the duke enforc'd me.

Q. Mar. Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.

To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,

What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,

And creep into it far before thy time?

Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;

Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;

The duke is made protector of the realm;

And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
 The trembling lamb environed with wolves.
 Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
 The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes
 Before I would have granted to that act.
 But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:
 And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
 Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
 Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
 Whereby my son is disinherited.
 The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
 Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
 And spread they shall be; to thy foul disgrace,
 And utter ruin of the house of York.
 Thus do I leave thee:—Come, son, let's away;
 Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murther'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field
 I'll see your grace: till then, I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN MARGARET and the PRINCE.]

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,
 Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
 Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke;
 Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
 Will cost my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
 Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!
 The loss of those three lords torments my heart:
 I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair;—
 Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield,
 in Yorkshire.*

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?
 What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your grace, and us;
 The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not till king Henry be dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life, or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now :
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken :
I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No ; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

York. Thou canst not, son ; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears :
Henry had none, but did usurp the place ;
Then, seeing 't was he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms. And, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown ;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus ? I cannot rest,
Until the white rose that I wear be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York. Richard, enough ; I will be king, or die.
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.
Thou, Richard, shalt unto the duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentish men will willingly rise :
In them I trust ; for they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster ?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay ; What news ? why com'st thou in such post ?

Mess. The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your castle :
She is hard by with twenty thousand men ;
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What ! think'st thou that we
fear them ?

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me,
My brother Montague shall post to London :
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,

And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go ; I 'll win them, fear it not :
And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

[*Exit.*

Enter Sir JOHN and Sir HUGH MORTIMER.

York. Sir John, and sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles !
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour ;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we 'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men ?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.

A woman 's general ; what should we fear ? [*A march afar off.*

Edw. I hear their drums ; let 's set our men in order ;
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty !—though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

Many a battle have I won in France,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one ;
Why should I not now have the like success ?

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Plains near Sandal Castle.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter RUTLAND, and his Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands ?
Ah, tutor ! look where bloody Clifford comes !

Enter CLIFFORD and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away ! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

Tut. Ah, Clifford ! murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*

Clif. How now ! is he dead already ? Or is it fear
That makes him close his eyes ?—I 'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws :
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey ;
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die :
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath ;
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy ; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again ;
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
 Were not revenge sufficient for me ;
 No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
 And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
 It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
 The sight of any of the house of York
 Is as a fury to torment my soul ;
 And till I root out their accursed line,
 And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
 Therefore—

[*Lifting his hand.*

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death :—
 To thee I pray : Sweet Clifford, pity me !

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm : Why wilt thou slay me ?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 't was ere I was born.
 Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me ;
 Lest in revenge thereof,—sith God is just,—
 He be as miserably slain as I.
 Ah, let me live in prison all my days ;
 And when I give occasion of offence,
 Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause ?
 Thy father slew my father ; therefore, die. [*CLIFFORD stabs him.*

Rut. *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ !* [*Dies.*

Clif. Plantagenet ! I come, Plantagenet !
 And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,
 Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
 Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Alarum. Enter YORK.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field ;
 My uncles both are slain in rescuing me ;
 And all my followers to the eager foe
 Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
 Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves.
 My sons—God knows, what hath bechanced them :
 But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves
 Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
 Three times did Richard make a lane to me ;
 And thrice cried,—‘ Courage, father ! fight it out !’
 And full as oft came Edward to my side,
 With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt
 In blood of those that had encounter'd him :
 And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
 Richard cried,—‘ Charge ! and give no foot of ground !’
 And cried,—‘ A crown, or else a glorious tomb !
 A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre !’
 With this, we charg'd again : but, out, alas !

We bodg'd again ; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[*A short alarum within.*]

Ah, hark ! the fatal followers do pursue ;
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury :
And were I strong I would not shun their fury :
The sands are number'd that make up my life ;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND,
and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage ;
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.
Now Phaëton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all :

And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

Why come you not ? what ! multitudes, and fear ?

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no further ;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons ;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time :
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face ;
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word ;
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

[*Draws.*]

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford ! for a thousand causes,
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life :—
Wrath makes him deaf : speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford ; do not honour him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart :
What valour were it when a cur doth grin
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away ?
It is war's prize to take all vantages ;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on YORK, who struggles.*]

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[*YORK is taken prisoner.*]

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty ;

So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here;

That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,

Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.

What! was it you that would be England's king?

Was 't you, that revell'd in our parliament,

And made a preachment of your high descent?

Where are your mess of sons, to back you now?

The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?

And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,

Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

Look, York; I stain'd this napkin with the blood

That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,

Made issue from the bosom of the boy:

And, if thine eyes can water for his death,

I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly

I should lament thy miserable state.

I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York.

What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,

That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?

Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad;

And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.

Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.

Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;

York cannot speak unless he wear a crown.

A crown for York;—and, lords, bow low to him.

Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.

[Putting a paper crown on his head.]

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!

Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;

And this is he was his adopted heir.

But how is it that great Plantagenet

Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?

As I bethink me you should not be king

Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.

And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,

And rob his temples of the diadem,

Now in his life, against your holy oath?

O, 't is a fault too, too unpardonable!

Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;

And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!

How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,

To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
 Upon their woes whom fortune captivates !
 But that thy face is, vizor-like, unchanging,
 Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
 I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush :
 To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
 Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
 Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,
 Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,
 Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
 Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult ?
 It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen ;
 Unless the adage must be verified,
 That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.
 'T is beauty that doth oft make women proud ;
 But God he knows thy share thereof is small :
 'T is virtue that doth make them most admir'd ;
 The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at :
 'T is government that makes them seem divine ;
 The want thereof makes thee abominable :
 Thou art as opposite to every good
 As the Antipodes are unto us,
 Or as the south to the septentrion.
 O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide !
 How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child,
 To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
 And yet be seen to bear a woman's face ?
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible ;
 Thou, stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
 Bid'st thou me rage ? why, now thou hast thy wish :
 Would'st have me weep ? why, now thou hast thy will :
 For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
 And when the rage allays the rain begins.
 These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies ;
 And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so
 That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
 Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood :
 But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
 O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.
 See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears :
 This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
 And I with tears do wash the blood away.
 Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this :

[*He gives back the handkerchief.*]

And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
 Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears ;
 Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
 And say,—Alas, it was a piteous deed !—

There, take the crown, and with the crown my curse;
 And in thy need such comfort come to thee
 As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!
 Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
 My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
 I should not for my life but weep with him,
 To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my lord Northumberland?
 Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
 And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.

[*Stabbing him.*]

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.

[*Stabbing him.*]

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
 My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. [Dies.]

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
 So York may overlook the town of York. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Plain near Mortimer's Cross, in Herefordshire.*

Drums. Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, with their Forces,
marching.

Edw. I wonder how our princely father 'scap'd;
 Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
 From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit;
 Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
 Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
 Or, had he 'scap'd, methinks, we should have heard
 The happy tidings of his good escape.
 How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
 Where our right valiant father is become.
 I saw him in the battle range about;
 And watch'd him, how he singled Clifford forth.
 Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop
 As doth a lion in a herd of neat:
 Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;
 Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
 The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
 So far'd our father with his enemies;
 So fled his enemies my warlike father;
 Methinks, 't is prize enough to be his son.
 See how the morning opes her golden gates,
 And takes her farewell of the glorious sun.
 How well resembles it the prime of youth,

Trimm'd like a younker, prancing to his love !

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns ?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun ;
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see ! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable :
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'T is wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think it cites us, brother, to the field ;
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And overshine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters ;—by your leave I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue ?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woeful looker-on,
When as the noble duke of York was slain,
Your princely father, and my loving lord.

Edw. O, speak no more ! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

Mess. Environed he was with many foes ;
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds ;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdued ;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen :
Who crown'd the gracious duke, in high despite ;
Laugh'd in his face ; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain :
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same ; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay !
O Clifford, boist'rous Clifford, thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry ;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,

For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee !
Now my soul's palace is become a prison :
Ah, would she break from hence ! that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest :
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep ; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart :
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burthen ;
For self-same wind, that I should speak withal,
Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief :
Tears, then, for babes ; blows and revenge for me !—
Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee ;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun :
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say ;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. *Enter WARWICK and MONTAGUE, with Forces.*

War. How now, fair lords ? What fare ? what news abroad ?

Rich. Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
Stab poniards in our flesh, till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds,
O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.

Edw. O Warwick ! Warwick ! that Plantagenet
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears :
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befallen.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the post could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
I then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd towards St. Alban's to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along :
For by my scouts I was advertised
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henry's oath and your succession.
Short tale to make,—we at St. Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought :

But, whether 't was the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen :
Or whether 't was report of her success ;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives—blood and death,
I cannot judge : but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went ;
Our soldiers—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy thresher with a flail,—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards :
But all in vain ; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
So that we fled : the king unto the queen ;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you ;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick ?
And when came George from Burgundy to England ?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers :
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'T was odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled :
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear ;
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist ;
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick ; blame me not ;
'T is love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what's to be done ?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Marias with our beads ?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms ?
If for the last, say,—Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out ;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,

His oath enrolled in the parliament;
 And now to London all the crew are gone,
 To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
 May make against the house of Lancaster.
 Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
 Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
 With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
 Amongst the loving Welchmen canst procure,
 Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
 Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain;
 And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
 And once again cry—Charge upon our foes!
 But never once again turn back and fly.

Rich. Ay now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak:
 Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day
 That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
 And when thou fail'st (as God forbid the hour!)
 Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!

War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York;
 The next degree is England's royal throne:
 For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
 In every borough as we pass along;
 And he that throws not up his cap for joy
 Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
 King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
 Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
 But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
 (As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,)
 I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums;—God, and Saint George, for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?

Mess. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
 The queen is coming with a puissant host;
 And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts, brave warriors; let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before York.*

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, *the* PRINCE OF WALES,
 CLIFFORD, *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with Forces.*

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York
 Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy
 That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
 Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wrack;—
 To see this sight, it irks my very soul.
 Withhold revenge, dear God! 't is not my fault,

Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on;
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
Which sometime they have used with fearful flight,)
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault;
And long hereafter say unto his child,—
'What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away?'
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And 'would my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah, cousin York! 'would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son;

Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.

Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick backing of the duke of York;
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your highness would depart the field;
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry 'Saint George!'

*March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK,
MONTAGUE, and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent:
Since when, his oath is broke: for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too;
Who should succeed the father but the son?

Rich. Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak!

Clif. Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'T was you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick! dare you
speak?

When you and I met at St. Alban's last,

Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 't was my turn to fly, and now 't is thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'T was not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently ;
Break off the parley ; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father : Call'st thou him a child ?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland ;
But, ere sunset, I 'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Hen. I prithee, give no limits to my tongue ;
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cur'd by words ; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword :
By Him that made us all, I am resolv'd
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right or no ?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head ;
For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but everything is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands ;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam ;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatick,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English guilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel should be call'd the sea,)
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart ?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself.
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus ;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the dauphin stoop ;
And had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day :
But when he took a beggar to his bed,

And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
But heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept:
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root:
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak.
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!—
And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman; we'll no longer stay;
These words will cost ten thousand lives to-day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A field of Battle between Towton and Saxton in Yorkshire.*

Alarums : Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

Enter EDWARD, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
What counsel give you, whither shall we fly?

Edw. Bootless is flight; they follow us with wings:
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance:
And, in the very pangs of death he cry'd,—

Like to a dismal clangour heard from far,—
 'Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!'
 So underneath the belly of their steeds,
 That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
 The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
 I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
 Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
 Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
 And look upon, as if the tragedy
 Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
 Here on my knee I vow to God above,
 I'll never pause again, never stand still,
 Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
 Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
 And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine;
 And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
 I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to Thee,
 Thou setter up and plucker down of kings!
 Beseeching Thee, if with thy will it stands
 That to my foes this body must be prey,
 Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
 And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!
 Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
 Where'er it be, in heaven, or in earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,
 Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:
 I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
 That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
 And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
 And call them pillars that will stand to us;
 And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
 As victors wear at the Olympian games:
 This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
 For yet is hope of life, and victory.
 Fore-slow no longer, make we hence amain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another Part of the Field.*

Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:
 Suppose this arm is for the duke of York,
 And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
 Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:
 This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;
 And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
 And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,

And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyself ;
And so, have at thee.

[*They fight. WARWICK enters ; CLIFFORD flies.*

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase ;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light ;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind ;
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind :
Sometime, the flood prevails ; and then, the wind :
Now, one the better ; then, another best ;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered :
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory !
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle ; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
'Would I were dead ! if God's good will were so :
For what is in this world but grief and woe ?
O God ! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain :
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run :
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times :
So many hours must I tend my flock ;
So many hours must I take my rest ;
So many hours must I contemplate ;
So many hours must I sport myself ;
So many days my ewes have been with young ;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean ;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece ;
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet ! how lovely !

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
 To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
 O, yes it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
 And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couched in a curious bed,
 When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his Father, dragging in the dead body.

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
 This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
 May be possessed with some store of crowns:
 And I, that haply take them from him now,
 May yet ere night yield both my life and them
 To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
 Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
 Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd.
 O heavy times, begetting such events!
 From London by the king was I press'd forth;
 My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
 Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
 And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
 Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
 Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!
 And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!
 My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
 And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
 Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
 Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
 Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee, tear for tear;
 And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
 Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

Enter a Father, who has killed his Son, with the body in his arms.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
 Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
 For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
 But let me see:—is this our foeman's face?
 Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!
 Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
 Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers arise,
 Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
 Upon thy wounds that kill mine eye and heart!

O, pity, God, this miserable age!
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon!
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O, that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!
O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one, his purple blood right well resembles;
The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, present:
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied?

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied?

K. Hen. How will the country, for these woeful chances,
Mis-think the king, and not be satisfied!

Son. Was ever son so rued a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd a son?

K. Hen. Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

[*Exit, with the body.*]

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious will thy father be,
Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

[*Exit, with the body.*]

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE OF WALES, and EXETER.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post amain:
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away ; for vengeance comes along with them :
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed ;
Or else come after, I'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter ;
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward ; away ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same.*

A loud Alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,
Which, whiles it lasted, gave king Henry light.
O, Lancaster ! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love and fear glued many friends to thee :
And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt.
Impairing Henry, strength'ning mis-proud York,
The common people swarm like summer flies :
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun ?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies ?
O Phœbus ! hadst thou never given consent
That Phaëton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth :
And Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies ;
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air ?
And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity ?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds :
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight ;
The foe is merciless, and will not pity ;
For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint :
Come, York and Richard, Warwick, and the rest ;
I stabb'd your father's bosoms, split my breast. [*He faints.*]

*Alarum and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD,
MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now breathe we, lords ; good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen ;
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them ?

War. No, 't is impossible he should escape :

For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:
And, wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[CLIFFORD groans, and dies.]

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
If friend, or foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 't is Clifford;
Who, not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,—
I mean, our princely father, duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:
Instead whereof let this supply the room;
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[Attendants bring the body forward.]

War. I think his understanding is bereft:—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—
Dark cloudy death o'er shades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth;
'T is but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.

Geo. Where's captain Margaret, to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford! swear as thou wast wont.

Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath:

I know by that he's dead: And, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstaunched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead: Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.
And now to London with triumphant march,

There to be crowned England's royal king.
 From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France
 And ask the lady Bona for thy queen :
 So shalt thou sinew both these lands together ;
 And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
 The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again ;
 For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
 Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.
 First, will I see the coronation ;
 And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
 To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be :
 For in thy shoulder do I build my seat ;
 And never will I undertake the thing
 Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.
 Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster ;
 And George, of Clarence ; Warwick, as ourself,
 Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence ; George, of Gloster ;
 For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation ;
 Richard, be duke of Gloster. Now to London,
 To see these honours in possession.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Chase in the North of England.*

Enter Two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.

1 *Keep.* Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud
 ourselves ;
 For through this laund anon the deer will come ;
 And in this covert will we make our stand,
 Culling the principal of all the deer.

2 *Keep.* I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

1 *Keep.* That cannot be ; the noise of thy cross-bow
 Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
 Here stand we both, and aim we at the best :
 And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
 I'll tell thee what befell me on a day,
 In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

2 *Keep.* Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

Enter KING HENRY, disguised, with a prayer-book.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
 To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
 No, Harry, Harry, 't is no land of thine ;
 Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
 Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anointed :
 No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,

No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?

1 *Keep.* Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:
This is the *quondam* king; let's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace these sour adversities:
For wise men say it is the wisest course.

2 *Keep.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

1 *Keep.* Forbear a while; we'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward: If this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
For she's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild while she doth mourn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says—her Henry is depos'd;
He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd;
That she poor wretch for grief can speak no more:
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;
And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support king Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 't will be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

2 *Keep.* Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to:
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

2 *Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough.

2 *Keep.* But if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

2 *Keep.* Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content and you must be contented
To go along with us: for, as we think,
You are the king king Edward hath depos'd;

And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear and break an oath?

2 Keep. No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell when I was king of
England?

2 Keep. Here in this country where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old;
My father, and my grandfather, were kings;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?

1 Keep. No;
For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear,
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for, of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.

1 Keep. We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as king Edward is.

1 Keep. We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name be
obey'd:

And what God will that let your king perform;
And what he will I humbly yield unto.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, *and* Lady GREY.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, sir John Grey, was slain,
His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;
It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

Glo. Yea! is it so?
I see the lady hath a thing to grant,

Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. He knows the game : How true he keeps the wind !

[*Aside.*

Glo. Silence !

[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit ;
And come some other time, to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay :
May it please your highness to resolve me now ;
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Ay, widow ? then I 'll warrant you all your
lands,

An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.

Fight closer, or, good faith, you 'll catch a blow.

Clar. I fear her not unless she chance to fall. [*Aside.*

Glo. God forbid that ! for he 'll take vantages. [*Aside.*

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow ? tell me.

Clar. I think, he means to beg a child of her. [*Aside.*

Glo. Nay, whip me then ; he 'll rather give her two. [*Aside.*

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. You shall have four, if you 'll be rul'd by him. [*Aside.*

K. Edw. 'T were pity they should lose their father's
lands.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave : I 'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you ; for you will have leave
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[*GLOSTER and CLARENCE retire to the other side.*

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children ?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them
good ?

L. Grey. To do them good I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them
good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I 'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them ?

L. Grey. What you command that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

Glo. He plies her hard ; and much rain wears the marble.

[*Aside.*

Clar. As red as fire ! nay, then her wax must melt. [*Aside.*

L. Grey. Why stops my lord ? shall I not hear my task ?

K. Edw. An easy task ; 't is but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give
thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo. The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.

[*Aside.*

K. Edw. But stay thee, 't is the fruits of love I mean.

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but I fear me in another sense.

What love think'st thou I sue so much to get?

L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;

That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
You highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
Please you dismiss me, either with ay or no.

K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say ay to my request:
No, if thou dost say no to my demand.

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

[*Aside.*

Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

[*Aside.*

K. Edw. [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete with
modesty;

Her words do show her wit incomparable.

All her perfections challenge sovereignty:

One way, or other, she is for a king;

And she shall be my love, or else my queen.

Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen?

L. Grey. 'T is better said than done, my gracious lord:
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know I am too mean to be your queen:
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean my queen.

L. Grey. 'T will grieve your grace my son should call you
father.

K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children :
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some : why, 't is a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift. [*Aside.*

Clar. When he was made a shriver, 't was for shift. [*Aside.*

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

K. Edw. You 'd think it strange if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord ?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers : I can tell you both
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower :
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.

Widow, go you along ;—Lords, use her honourably.

[*Exeunt* KING EDWARD, *Lady* GREY,
CLARENCE, *and* Lord.

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring
To cross me from the golden time I look for !
And yet, between my soul's desire and me,
(The lustful Edward's title buried,)
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself :
A cold premeditation for my purpose !
Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty ;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye ;
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he 'll lade it dry to have his way :
So do I wish the crown, being so far off ;
And so I chide the means that keep me from it ;
And so I say, I 'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.

Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard ;
What other pleasure can the world afford ?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought ! and more unlikely
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns !
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb :
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub ;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body ;
To shape my legs of an unequal size ;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd ?
O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought !
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown ;
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
Until my mis-shap'd trunk, that bears this head,
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home ;
And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way ;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,—
Torment myself to catch the English crown :
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murmur whiles I smile ;
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart ;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall ;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk ;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor ;
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could ;
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy :
I can add colours to theameleon ;
Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages,
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown ?
Tut ! were it further off I'll pluck it down.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—France. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter LEWIS the French King, and Lady Bona, attended; the KING takes his state. Then enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD her son, and the EARL OF OXFORD.

K. Lew. Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,
[*Rising.*

Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state
And birth that thou should'st stand, while Lewis doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty king of France; now Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep
despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck
[*Seats her by him.*

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,
With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And if thou fail us all our hope is done:
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasure seiz'd and soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. Mar. The more we stay the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay the more I'll succour thee.

Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:
And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK, attended.

K. Lew. What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. Mar. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?

[Descending from his state. QUEEN MARGARET rises.]

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And then to crave a league of amity:
And, lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. If that go forward Henry's hope is done.

War. And, gracious madam, [*to BONA*] in our king's
behalf,

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis, and lady Bona, hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit, bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still: but were he dead,
Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.
Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour:
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:

From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it in this smooth discourse
You told not, how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks, these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest, you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
Whom thou obey'dst thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame! leave Henry and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.

Q. Mar. Heaven grant that Warwick's words bewitch him
not! [Retiring with the PRINCE and OXFORD.]

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
Is Edward your true king? for I were loth,
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then further, all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,
That this his love was an eternal plant,
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:—
Yet I confess, [to WAR.] that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus,—Our sister shall be
Edward's;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
 Touching the jointure that your king must make,
 Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd :
 Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness
 That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick ! it was thy device
 By this alliance to make void my suit ;
 Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret :
 But if your title to the crown be weak,
 As may appear by Edward's good success,
 Then 't is but reason that I be releas'd
 From giving aid, which late I promised.
 Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
 That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease ;
 Where, having nothing, nothing he can lose.
 And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,
 You have a father able to maintain you ;
 And better 't were you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick, peace ;
 Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings !
 I will not hence till with my talk and tears,
 Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold
 Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love ;
 For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

[*A horn sounded within.*]

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you ;
 Sent from your brother, marquis Montague ;—
 These from our king unto your majesty ;—
 And, madam, these for you ; from whom—I know not.

[*To MARGARET. They all read their letters.*]

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
 Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he were nettled :
 I hope all's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news ? and yours, fair queen ?

Q. Mar. Mine such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What ! has your king married the lady Grey ?
 And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
 Sends me a paper to persuade me patience ?
 Is this the alliance that he seeks with France ?
 Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner ?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before :
 This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my king, for he dishonours me;
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right;
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself: for my desert is honour.
And to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry:
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor;
I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'T is not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him;
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd,
You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then England's messenger, return in post;
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride:
Thou seest what's past, go fear thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere 't be long.

There's thy reward; be gone. [Exit Mess.

K. Lew. But, Warwick, thou,
And Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle :
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt;
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty:
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion :
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it ;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[He gives his hand to WARWICK.

K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,
And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[Exeunt all but WARWICK.

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe :
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again :
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.

[Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE, *and others.*

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas, you know, 't is far from hence to France ;
How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Som. My lords, forbear this talk ; here comes the king.

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, attended; Lady GREY, as Queen;
PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, and others.

Glo. And his well-chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,

That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;
Which are so weak of courage and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glo. And you shall have your will, because our king;
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Glo. Not I:

No; God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 't were pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason, why the lady Grey
Should not become my wife, and England's queen:
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is mine opinion, that king Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd
By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet, to have join'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?

Mont. Yes, but the safer when it is back'd with France.

Hast. 'T is better using France than trusting France:
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech, lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant;
And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.

Glo. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well
To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride;

She better would have fitted me, or Clarence :
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence ! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent ? I will provide thee.

Clar. In choosing for yourself you show'd your judgment ;
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf ;
And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent,
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns :
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey ?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands :
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more. [*Aside.*]

Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters or what news
From France ?

Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters ; and few words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee : therefore, in brief :
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters ?

Mess. At my depart, these were his very words :
'Go tell false Edward, the supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers
To revel it with him and his new bride.'

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave ? belike, he thinks me Henry.
But what said lady Bona to my marriage ?

Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain :
'Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.'

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less ;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen ?

For I have heard that she was there in place.

Mess. 'Tell him,' quoth she, 'my mourning weeds are done,

And I am ready to put armour on.'

K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Mess. He, more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:
'Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere 't be long.'

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship

That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger.
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.
You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[*Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows.*

Glo. Not I.

My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown. [Aside.

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desperate case.
Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war.
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt PEMBROKE and STAFFORD.*

But, ere I go, Hastings, and Montague,
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood, and by alliance:
Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him;
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends;
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause!

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why so; then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A Plain in Warwickshire.*

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French and other Forces.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well ;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come ;
Speak suddenly, my lords ; are we all friends ?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick ;
And welcome, Somerset : I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love ;
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings :
But welcome, sweet Clarence ; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure ?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy :
That as Ulysses, and stout Diomedes,
With slight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds ;
So we, well-cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself : I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.
You that will follow me to this attempt
Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.

[*They all cry* HENRY.

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort :
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Edward's Camp near Warwick.*

Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the KING's tent.

1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his stand ;
The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.

2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed ?

1 *Watch.* Why, no : for he hath made a solemn vow
Never to lie and take his natural rest
Till Warwick, or himself, be quite suppress'd.

2 *Watch.* To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.

3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that
That with the king here resteth in his tent ?

1 *Watch.* 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

3 *Watch.* O, is it so? But why commands the king
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps in the cold field?

2 *Watch.* 'T is the more honour, because more dangerous.

3 *Watch.* Ay; but give me worship, and quietness,
I like it better than a dangerous honour.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'T is to be doubted he would waken him.

1 *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and Forces.

War. This is his tent; and see, where stands his guard.
Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 *Watch.* Who goes there?

2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

[WARWICK, and the rest, cry all—Warwick! Warwick!
and set upon the Guard; who fly, crying—Arm!
Arm! WARWICK, and the rest, following them.]

The drum beating, and trumpets sounding, re-enter WARWICK, and the rest, bringing the KING out in a gown, sitting in a chair: GLOSTER and HASTINGS fly.

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard and Hastings: let them go, here's the duke.

K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last,
Thou call'dst me king.

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgrac'd me in my ambassade,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:
[Takes off his crown.]
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.
My lord of Somerset, at my request,

See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd
 Unto my brother, archbishop of York.
 When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
 I'll follow you, and tell what answer
 Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him :
 Now, for a while, farewell, good duke of York.

K. Edw. What fates impose that men must needs abide ;
 It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[*Exit KING EDWARD, led out ; SOMERSET with him.*]

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
 But march to London with our soldiers ?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do ;
 To free king Henry from imprisonment,
 And see him seated in the regal throne. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, and RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change ?

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
 What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward ?

Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick ?

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then is my sovereign slain ?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner ;
 Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
 Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares :
 And, as I further have to understand,
 Is new committed to the bishop of York,
 Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief :
 Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may ;
 Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.
 And I the rather wean me from despair,
 For love of Edward's offspring in my womb :
 This is it that makes me bridle passion
 And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross ;
 Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
 And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
 Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
 King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become ?

Q. Eliz. I am informed that he comes towards London,
 To set the crown once more on Henry's head :
 Guess thou the rest ; king Edward's friends must down.
 But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,
 (For trust not him that hath once broken faith,)
 I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
 To save at least the heir of Edward's right ;

There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;
If Warwick take us we are sure to die.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE V.—*A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.**Enter* GLOSTER, HASTINGS, Sir WILLIAM STANLEY, and others.

Glo. Now, my lord Hastings, and sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case: You know our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty;
And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if, about this hour, he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter KING EDWARD, and a Huntsman.*Hunt.* This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.*K. Edw.* Nay, this way, man; see where the huntsmen stand.

Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste;
Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?*Hast.* To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.*Glo.* Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.*K. Edw.* Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.*Glo.* But wherefore stay we? 't is no time to talk.*K. Edw.* Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?*Hunt.* Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.*Glo.* Come then, away; let's have no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;
And pray that I may repossess the crown. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—*A Room in the Tower.**Enter* KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;

But, if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.
But, Warwick, after God, thou sett'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low where fortune cannot hurt me;
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars;
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous;
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me, when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
Adjudg'd an olive-branch, and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace, and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands;
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government:
I make you both protectors of this land;
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clar. What else? and that succession be determin'd.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat, (for I command no more,)
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent for, to return from France with speed :
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. Hen. My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care ?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope : If secret powers
[*Lays his hand on his head.*

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre ; and himself
Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords ; for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend ?

Mess. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news : But how made he escape ?

Mess. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,
And the lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him ;
For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, WAR., CLAR., Lieut., and
Attendants.

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's :
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help ;
And we shall have more wars before 't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond ;
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm and ours :
Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay ; for if Edward repossess the crown,
'T is like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so ; he shall to Brittany.
Come, therefore, let's about it speedily.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Before York.*

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and Forces.*

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says, that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy :
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter as into our dukedom ?

Glo. The gates made fast !—Brother, I like not this ;
For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man ! abodements must not now affright us :
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter on the walls the Mayor of York, and his brethren.

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves ;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.

May. True, my good lord ; I know you for no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.

Glo. But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow. [*Aside.*

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt ?
Open the gates, we are king Henry's friends.

May. Ay, say you so ? the gates shall then be open'd.

[*Exeunt from above.*

Glo. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded !

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 't were not 'long of him : but, being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor : these gates must not be
shut,
But in the night, or in the time of war.
What ! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys ;

[*Takes his keys.*

For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

Drum. Enter MONTGOMERY, and Forces, marching.

Glo. Brother, this is sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. Edw. Welcome, sir John! But why come you in arms?

Mont. To help king Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery: But we now forget
Our title to the crown; and only claim
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again:
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away. [*A march begun.*]

K. Edw. Nay, stay, sir John, awhile; and we'll debate
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king
I'll leave you to your fortune; and be gone,
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why should we fight if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim;
Till then, 't is wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will: For 't is my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

[*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*]

Sold. [*Reads.*] 'Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God,
king of England and France, and lord of Ireland,' &c.

Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays king Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his gauntlet.*]

All. Long live Edward the Fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and thanks unto
you all.

If fortune serve me I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York:
And, when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;
For, well I wot that Henry is no soldier.
Ah, froward Clarence!—how evil it beseems thee
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.

Come on, brave soldiers ; doubt not of the day ;
And that once gotten doubt not of large pay.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER,
and OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords ? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London ;
And many giddy people flock to him.

Oxf. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out ;
Which being suffer'd rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war ;
Those will I muster up : and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee :
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st :
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.

Mont. Comfort, my lord ;—and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus [*kissing HENRY's hand*] I seal my truth, and
bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords ; let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt* WAR., CLAR., OXF., and MONT.]

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest a while.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship ?
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame.
I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays ;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,

My mercy dried their water-flowing tears :
 I have not been desirous of their wealth,
 Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
 Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd ;
 Then why should they love Edward more than me ?
 No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace :
 And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
 The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within.*] A Lancaster ! a Lancaster !

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord ! what shouts are these ?

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and* Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence,
 And once again proclaim us king of England.
 You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow ;
 Now stops thy spring ; my sea shall suck them dry,
 And swell so much the higher by their ebb.
 Hence with him to the Tower ; let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with* KING HENRY.

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
 Where peremptory Warwick now remains :
 The sun shines hot, and if we use delay
 Cold-biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
 And take the great-grown traitor unawares :
 Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Coventry.

*Enter, upon the walls, WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry,
 two Messengers, and others.*

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford ?
 How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow ?

1 Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague ?
 Where is the post that came from Montague ?

2 Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son ?
 And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now ?

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
 And do expect him here some two hours hence. [*Drum heard.*

War. Then Clarence is at hand ; I hear his drum.

Som. It is not his, my lord ; here Southam lies ;
 The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be ? belike, unlook'd for friends.

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

Drums. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Forces, marching.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glo. See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

War. O, unbid spite ! is sportful Edward come ?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair ?

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,—
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,—
Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy,—
And he shall pardon thee these outrages ?

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,—
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,—
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent,—
And thou shalt still remain the duke of York ?

Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said the king ;
Or did he make the jest against his will ?

War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift ?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give ;
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'T was I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why then 't is mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight :
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again ;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner :
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,
What is the body when the head is off ?

Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slyly finger'd from the deck !
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'T is even so ; yet you are Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down, kneel down :
Nay, when ? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy
friend ;

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

Enter OXFORD, with drum and colours.

War. O cheerful colours ! see, where Oxford comes !

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster !

[OXFORD and his Forces enter the City.]

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.

Stand we in good array ; for they, no doubt,

Will issue out again and bid us battle :

If not, the city, being but of small defence,

We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford ! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, with drum and colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster !

[*He and his Forces enter the City.*]

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory :

My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, with drum and colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster !

[*He and his Forces enter the City.*]

Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,

Have sold their lives unto the house of York ;

And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, with drum and colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,

Of force enough to bid his brother battle ;

With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,

More than the nature of a brother's love :

Come, Clarence, come ; thou wilt if Warwick call.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means ?

[*Taking the red rose out of his cap.*]

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee :

I will not ruinate my father's house,

Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,

And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,

To bend the fatal instruments of war

Against his brother and his lawful king ?

Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath :

To keep that oath were more impiety

Than Jephtha's, when he sacrificed his daughter.

I am so sorry for my trespass made,

That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,

I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe ;

With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,

(As I will meet thee if thou stir abroad,)

To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.

And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,

And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.

Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends ;

And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence ; this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjur'd, and unjust !

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town and
fight ?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears ?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence :

I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the
way :

Lords, to the field ; Saint George, and victory.

[*March. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Field of Battle near Barnet.*

*Alarums and Excursions. Enter KING EDWARD bringing in
WARWICK, wounded.*

K. Edw. So, lie thou there : die thou, and die our fear ;
For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.

Now, Montague, sit fast ; I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [Exit.

War. Ah, who is nigh ? come to me friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York, or Warwick ?

Why ask I that ? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,

That I must yield my body to the earth,

And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,

Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,

Under whose shade the ramping lion slept ;

Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,

And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.

These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun

To search the secret treasons of the world :

The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,

Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres ;

For who liv'd king but I could dig his grave ?

And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow ?

Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood !

My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,

Even now forsake me ; and of all my lands

Is nothing left me, but my body's length !

Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust ?

And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick ! wert thou as we are
We might recover all our loss again.

The queen from France hath brought a puissant power ;
Even now we heard the news : Ah, could'st thou fly !

War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile !
Thou lov'st me not ; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood
That glues my lips, and will not let me speak.

Come, quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his
last ;

And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,
And said, Commend me to my valiant brother.
And more he would have said ; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,
That might not be distinguish'd ; but, at last,
I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,
O, farewell, Warwick !

War. Sweet rest to his soul !—
Fly, lords, and save yourselves ; for Warwick bids
You all farewell, to meet in heaven.

[*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power.

[*Exeunt, bearing off WARWICK's body.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Flourish. *Enter KING EDWARD, in triumph ; with CLARENCE,
GLOSTER, and the rest.*

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.

But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed :

I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came :
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up ;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her ;
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,

That they do hold their course toward Tewkesbury ;
 We, having now the best at Barnet field,
 Will thither straight, for willingness rids way :
 And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
 In every county as we go along.
 Strike up the drum ; cry, Courage ! and away.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE IV.—*Plains near Tewkesbury.*

March. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD,
 SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Soldiers.

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their
 loss,
 But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
 What, though the mast be now blown overboard,
 The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
 And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood,
 Yet lives our pilot still : Is't meet that he
 Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
 With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
 And give more strength to that which hath too much ;
 Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
 Which industry and courage might have sav'd ?
 Ah, what a shame ! ah, what a fault were this !
 Say, Warwick was our anchor ; what of that ?
 And Montague our top-mast ; what of him ?
 Our slaughter'd friends the tackles ; what of these ?
 Why, is not Oxford here another anchor ?
 And Somerset another goodly mast ?
 The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings ?
 And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
 For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge ?
 We will not from the helm, to sit and weep ;
 But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
 From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wrack.
 As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
 And what is Edward but a ruthless sea ?
 What Clarence, but a quicksand of deceit ?
 And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock ?
 All these the enemies to our poor bark.
 Say, you can swim ; alas, 't is but awhile :
 Tread on the sand ; why then you quickly sink :
 Bestride the rock ; the tide will wash you off,
 Or else you famish, that's a threefold death.
 This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
 If case some one of you would fly from us,
 That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
 More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks.
 Why, courage, then ! what cannot be avoided
 'T were childish weakness to lament or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here :
For did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes ;
Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here, as God forbid !
Let him depart, before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage !
And warriors faint ! why, 't were perpetual shame.
O, brave young prince ! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee : Long may'st thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories !

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset ;—sweet Oxford,
thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight ; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less : it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he 's deceiv'd, we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle ; hence we will not budge.

March. *Enter, at a distance, KING EDWARD, CLARENCE,
GLOSTER, and Forces.*

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny
wood,
Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out :
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should
say
My tears gainsay ; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.
Therefore, no more but this : Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe ; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent ;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.

You fight in justice ; then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight. [*Exeunt both armies.*]

SCENE V.—*Another part of the same.*

Alarums : Excursions : and afterwards a retreat. Then, enter KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces : with QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, prisoners.

K. Edw. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes' castle straight :
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence ; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt OXFORD and SOMERSET, guarded.*]

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life ?

Glo. It is : and lo, where youthful Edward comes.

Enter Soldiers, with PRINCE EDWARD.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.
What ! can so young a thorn begin to prick ?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to ?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York !
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth ;
Resign thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou would'st have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd !

Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let *Æsop* fable in a winter's night ;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crookback rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your
tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty, you are all undutiful :
Lascivious Edward, and thou perjur'd George,
And thou misshapen Dick, I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are ;
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here.

[*Stabs him.*]

Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.

[*GLO. stabs him.*]

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.

[*CLAR. stabs him.*]

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall.

[*Offers to kill her.*]

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.

Glo. Why should she live to fill the world with words?

K. Edw. What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;

I'll hence to London on a serious matter:

Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

Glo. The Tower! the Tower!

[*Exit.*]

Q. Mar. O, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!

Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murtherers!—

They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

If this foul deed were by, to equal it.

He was a man: this, in respect, a child;

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

What's worse than murtherer, that I may name it?

No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak:

And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.

Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!

How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!

You have no children, butchers; if you had,

The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:

But, if you ever chance to have a child,

Look in his youth to have him so cut off,

As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young prince!

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here;

Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:

What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:

'T was sin before, but now 't is charity.

What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher,

Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not here: Murther is thy alms-deed;

Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince!

[*Exit, led out forcibly.*]

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence: discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares:
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—London. *A Room in the Tower.*

KING HENRY is discovered sitting, with a book in his hand, the
Lieutenant attending. Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good day, my lord! What, at your book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: My lord, I should say, rather:
'T is sin to flatter, good was little better:
Good Gloster and good devil were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.

[*Exit* Lieutenant.]

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush:
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl;
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragic history.
But wherefore dost thou come? is 't for my life?

Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst
presume,

Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
 And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,
 Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;
 And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
 And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—
 Men for their sons', wives for their husbands',
 And orphans' for their parents' timeless death,—
 Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
 The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
 The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
 Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
 The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
 And chattering pies in dismal discord sung.
 Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
 And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
 To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,
 Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
 Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
 To signify thou com'st to bite the world:
 And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
 Thou cam'st—

Glo. I'll hear no more:—Die, prophet, in thy speech:

[*Stabs him.*]

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.

O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee!

[*Dies.*]

Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
 Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
 See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!

O, may such purple tears be always shed

From those that wish the downfall of our house!

If any spark of life be yet remaining,

Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither,

[*Stabs him again.*]

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.

Indeed, 't is true that Henry told me of;

For I have often heard my mother say

I came into the world with my legs forward:

Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,

And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?

The midwife wonder'd: and the women cried,

'O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!'

And so I was; which plainly signified

That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.

Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.

I have no brother, I am like no brother:

And this word love, which greybeards call divine,

Be resident in men like one another,

And not in me; I am myself alone.

Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;

But I will sort a pitchy day for thee :
 For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
 That Edward shall be fearful of his life ;
 And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
 King Henry and the prince his son are gone :
 Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest,
 Counting myself but bad till I be best.
 I'll throw thy body in another room,
 And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

[Exit.]

SCENE VII.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

KING EDWARD *is discovered sitting on his throne* ; QUEEN ELIZABETH, *with the infant* PRINCE, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and others, near him.*

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
 Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
 What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
 Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride !
 Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
 For hardy and undoubted champions :
 Two Cliffords, as the father and the son ;
 And two Northumberlands : two braver men
 Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound :
 With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
 That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
 And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
 Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
 And made our footstool of security.
 Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy :
 Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
 Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night ;
 Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
 That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace ;
 And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid ;
 For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
 This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave ;
 And heave it shall some weight, or break my back :
 Work thou the way, and that shall execute.

[Aside.]

K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen,
 And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe unto your majesty
 I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

Queen. Thanks, noble Clarence : worthy brother, thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
 Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit :
 To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master ;
 And cried—all hail ! when as he meant—all harm.

[Aside.]

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,

Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?

Reignier, her father, to the king of France

Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,

And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.

And now what rests, but that we spend the time

With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,

Such as befit the pleasure of the court?

Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewell, sour annoy!

For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

[*Exeunt.*

KING RICHARD III.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<i>Paul</i> <i>Lulu</i>	KING EDWARD IV.	Sir RICHARD RATCLIFF.	Sir WILLIAM CATESBY.
	EDWARD, <i>Prince of Wales,</i> <i>afterwards King Edward V.</i>	} <i>sons to the King.</i>	Sir JAMES TYRREL. Sir JAMES BLOUNT.
	RICHARD, <i>Duke of York,</i>		Sir WALTER HERBERT.
	GEORGE, <i>Duke of CLARENCE,</i>	} <i>brothers to the King.</i>	Sir ROBERT BRAKENBURY, <i>Lieutenant of the Tower.</i>
	RICHARD, <i>Duke of Gloster,</i> <i>afterwards King Richard III.,</i>		CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, <i>a Priest.</i>
	<i>A young Son of Clarence.</i>		<i>Another Priest.</i>
	HENRY, <i>Earl of Richmond,</i> <i>afterwards King Henry VII.</i>		<i>Lord Mayor of London.</i>
	CARDINAL BOUCHIER, <i>Archbishop of Canterbury.</i>		<i>Sheriff of Wiltshire.</i>
	THOMAS ROTHERAM, <i>Archbishop of York.</i>		ELIZABETH, <i>Queen of King Edward IV.</i>
	JOHN MORTON, <i>Bishop of Ely.</i>		MARGARET, <i>widow of King Henry VI.</i>
	DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.		DUCHESS OF YORK, <i>mother to King Edward IV., Clarence, and Gloster.</i>
	DUKE OF NORFOLK.		Lady ANNE, <i>widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, son to King Henry VI.; afterwards married to the Duke of Gloster.</i>
	EARL OF SURREY, <i>his son.</i>		<i>A young daughter of Clarence.</i>
	EARL RIVERS, <i>brother to King Edward's Queen.</i>		<i>Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.</i>
	MARQUIS OF DORSET <i>and</i> LORD GREY, <i>her sons.</i>		
	EARL OF OXFORD. LORD HASTINGS.		
	LORD STANLEY.		
	LORD LOVEL. Sir THOMAS VAUGHAN.		SCENE.—ENGLAND.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent
 Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
 And all the clouds that low'r'd upon our house
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
 Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
 Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings;
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
 Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
 And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,

To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;—
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;—
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them ;—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determin'd to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other :
And, if king Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says, that G
Of Edward's heirs the murtherer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul ! here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day : What means this armed guard
That waits upon your grace ?

Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause ?

Clar. Because my name is George.

Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours ;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers :
O, belike, his majesty hath some intent
That you should be new christen'd in the Tower,
But what 's the matter, Clarence ? may I know ?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know ; for I protest
As yet I do not : But, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams ;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says, a wizard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be ;

And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he :
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is when men are rul'd by women :
'T is not the king that sends you to the Tower ;
My lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 't is she
That tempers him to this extremity.
Was it not she and that good man of worship
Antony Woodville, her brother there,
That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is deliver'd ?
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think there is no man secure
But the queen's kindred and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.
Heard you not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery ?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what,—I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men and wear her livery :
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in our monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me ;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glo. Even so ; an please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of anything we say :
We speak no treason, man :—we say, the king
Is wise and virtuous ; and his noble queen
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous :—
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue :
And the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks :
How say you, sir ? can you deny all this ?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself hath nought to do.

Glo. Nought to do with mistress Shore ? I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth nought with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord ?

Glo. Her husband, knave :—Would'st thou betray me ?

Brak. I do beseech your grace to pardon me ; and, withal,
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glo. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.
Brother, farewell : I will unto the king ;
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,—

Were it to call king Edward's widow sister,
I will perform it, to enfranchise you.
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you or else lie for you:
Meantime, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce; farewell.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and *Guard.*]

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to this open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too;
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home;
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by St. Paul, this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person;
'T is very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he? in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit* HASTINGS.]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die
Till George be pack'd with posthorse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments:
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
What though I kill'd her husband and her father,

The readiest way to make the wench amends
 Is to become her husband and her father :
 The which will I : not all so much for love
 As for another secret close intent,
 By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
 But yet I run before my horse to market :
 Clarence still breathes ; Edward still lives and reigns ;
 When they are gone then must I count my gains. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Street.*

Enter the corpse of KING HENRY THE SIXTH, borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen bearing halberds, to guard it and Lady ANNE as mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down, your honourable load,—
 If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—
 Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
 The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
 Poor key-cold figure of a holy king !
 Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster !
 Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood !
 Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
 To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
 Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
 Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds !
 Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,
 I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes :
 O, cursed be the hand that made these holes !
 Cursed the heart that had the heart to do it !
 Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence !
 More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
 Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives !
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view ;
 And that be heir to his unhappiness !
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the death of him,
 Than I am made by my young lord, and thee !
 Come now, toward Chertsey with your holy load,
 Taken from Paul's to be interred there ;
 And, still as you are weary of the weight,
 Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's corse.
 [The bearers take up the corpse and advance.]

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down.
Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,

To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

i Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[*The bearers set down the coffin.*]

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?

Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh!
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 't is thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or, earth, gape open wide and eat him quick;
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man;
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry!
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed crimes to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair I should accuse myself.

Anne. And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd,
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not.

Anne. Then say, they were not slain.
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead ; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest ; queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous faulchion smoking in his blood ;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dream'st on aught but butcheries :
Didst thou not kill this king ?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog ? then, God grant me too,
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed !
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me that help to send him thither ;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest !

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method,
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner ?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect ;
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wrack ;
You should not blemish it if I stood by :
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that ; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life !

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature ; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives that loves thee better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he ?

Glo. Here : [*She spits at him.*]
Why dost thou spit at me ?

Anne. 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake !

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight ! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. 'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead !

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once ;
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears ;
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops :
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
No, when my father York and Edward wept
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him :
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain : in that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear ;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend, nor enemy ;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word ;
But now thy beauty is proposed my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[*She looks scornfully at him.*]

Teach not thy lip such scorn ; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo ! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword ;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,

I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his breast open; she offers at it with his sword.]

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill king Henry;—
But 't was thy beauty that provoked me.

Nay, now despatch; 't was I that stabb'd young Edward:—

[She again offers at his breast.]

But 't was thy heavenly face that set me on.

[She lets fall the sword.]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death
I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage:

Speak it again, and even with the word,
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
Shall for thy love kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'T is figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take, is not to give. *[She puts on the ring.]*

Glo. Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-house:
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd,
At Chertsey monastery, this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too
To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'T is more than you deserve:

But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt Lady ANNE, TRESSEL, and BERKLEY.*]

Glo. Take up the corse, sirs.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glo. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt the rest, with the corse.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humour won?

I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.

What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate;

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of her hatred by;

Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal,

But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,

And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!

Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,

Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since

Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewkesbury?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,

Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,

Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,

The spacious world cannot again afford:

And will she yet abase her eyes on me,

That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,

And made her widow to a woeful bed?

On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?

On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus?

My dukedom to a beggarly denier,

I do mistake my person all this while:

Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,

Myself to be a marvellous proper man.

I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;

And entertain a score or two of tailors

To study fashions to adorn my body:

Since I am crept in favour with myself,

I will maintain it with some little cost.

But, first, I'll turn yon' fellow in his grave;

And then return lamenting to my love.

Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,

That I may see my shadow as I pass.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, and LORD GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam; there's no doubt his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill it makes him worse:

Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry eyes.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide on me?

Grey. No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But so it must be if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley,
To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?

Stan. But now, the duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement
Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. 'Would all were well!—but that will never be!
I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and* DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:
Who are they that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and look fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.

Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace.
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter:
The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell:—The world is grown so bad
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother
Gloster;

You envy my advancement, and my friends';
God grant we never may have need of you!

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while great promotions
Are daily given, to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By him that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the mean
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord; for——

Glo. She may, lord Rivers?—why, who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not?—She may,—ay, marry, may she,—

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a king,

A bachelor, and a handsome stripling too :
I wis your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs :
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
Of those gross taunts that oft I have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at :
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, behind.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech him !
Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

Glo. What ? threat you me with telling of the king ?
Tell him, and spare not : look, what I have said
I will avouch, in presence of the king :
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'T is time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil ! I do remember them too well :
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewkesbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs ;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends ;
To royalize his blood I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster ;—
And, Rivers, so were you :—Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain ?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere this, and what you are ;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murtherous villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
Ay, and forswore himself,—Which Jesu pardon !—

Q. Mar. Which God revenge !

Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown ;
And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up :
I would to God my heart were flint like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful like mine ;
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
Thou cacodæmon ! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign king ;
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be ?—I had rather be a pedlar :

Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king;
As little joy you may suppose in me
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof!
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.—

[*Advancing.*

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me:
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not, that I being queen you bow like subjects,
Yet that by you depos'd you quake like rebels?—
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make, before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me,—
And thou, a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance:
This sorrow that I have by right is yours;
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 't was the foulest deed, to slay that babe,
And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dors. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all, before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Should all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?—
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!
Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,
For Edward, our son, that was prince of Wales,

Die in his youth by like untimely violence !
 Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
 Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self !
 Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's death
 And see another, as I see thee now,
 Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine !
 Long die thy happy days before thy death ;
 And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
 Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen !
 Rivers, and Dorset, you were standers by,—
 And so wast thou, Lord Hastings,—when my son
 Was stabb'd with bloody daggers : God, I pray him,
 That none of you may live your natural age,
 But by some unlook'd accident cut off !

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee ? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
 Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
 O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
 And then hurl down their indignation
 On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace !
 The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul !
 Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
 And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends !
 No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
 Unless it be while some tormenting dream
 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils !
 Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog !
 Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
 The slave of nature, and the son of hell !
 Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb !
 Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins !
 Thou rag of honour ! thou detested——

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard !

Glo. Ha ?

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then ; for I did think
 That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did ; but look'd for no reply.
 O, let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'T is done by me ; and ends in—Margaret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune !
 Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
 Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about ?
 Fool, fool ! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
 The day will come that thou shalt wish for me
 To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you ! you have all mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects :
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert :
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current :
O, that your young nobility could judge
What 't were to lose it, and be miserable !
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them ;
And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry ; learn it, learn it, marquis.

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more : But I was born so high,
Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade ;—alas ! alas !
Witness my son, now in the shade of death ;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's nest ;
O God, that seeth it, do not suffer it ;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so !

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me ;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,—
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage !

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee :
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house !
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here ; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I will not think but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog ;
Look, when he fawns he bites ; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death :
Have not to do with him, beware of him ;
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him ;
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham ?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel,

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
 O, but remember this another day,
 When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;
 And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.
 Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
 And he to yours, and all of you to God's!

[Exit.]

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine; I muse why she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;
 She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
 My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
 I was too hot to do somebody good,
 That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
 He is frank'd up to fattening for his pains;
 God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,
 To pray for them that have done scath to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd:—
 For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

[Aside.]

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—
 And for your grace,—and you, my noble lord.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come:—Lords, will you go with me?

Riv. We wait upon your grace. [Exeunt all but GLOSTER.]

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
 The secret mischiefs that I set abroad
 I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
 Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have cast in darkness,—
 I do bewEEP to many simple gulls;
 Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
 And tell them, 't is the queen and her allies
 That stir the king against the duke my brother.
 Now they believe it; and withal whet me
 To be reveng'd on Rivers, Dorset, Grey:
 But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,
 Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil:
 And thus I clothe my naked villainy
 With odd old ends, stolen forth of holy writ;
 And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But soft, here come my executioners.
 How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates?
 Are you now going to despatch this thing?

1 Murd. We are, my lord, and come to have the warrant,
 That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me :

[*Gives the warrant.*]

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,

Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead ;

For Clarence is well-spoken, and, perhaps,

May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 *Murd.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate ;

Talkers are no good doers ; be assur'd

We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes fall tears :

I like you, lads ;—about your business straight ;

Go, go, despatch.

2. *Murd.*

We will, my noble lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in the Tower.*

Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day ?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,

So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,

That, as I am a christian faithful man,

I would not spend another such a night

Though 't were to buy a world of happy days ;

So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord ? I pray you, tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy ;

And in my company my brother Gloster :

Who from my cabin tempted me to walk

Upon the hatches ; there we look'd toward England,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,

During the wars of York and Lancaster

That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along

Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,

Methought that Gloster stumbled ; and, in falling,

Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board,

Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O Lord ! methought what pain it was to drown !

What dreadful noise of water in mine ears !

What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks :

A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon ;

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,

All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.

Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes

Where eyes did once inhabit there were crept,

As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,

That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,

And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Stopt in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not in this sore agony?

Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood
With that sour ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who spake aloud,—‘What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?’
And so he vanish'd: Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,—
‘Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,—
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury;—
Seize on him, furies, take him unto torment!’—
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these things,—
That now give evidence against my soul,—
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest!—
[CLARENCE retires.]

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,—
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1 *Murd.* Ho! who's here?

Brak. What would'st thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

1 *Murd.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

2 *Murd.* 'T is better, sir, than to be tedious:—let him see our commission, and talk no more.

[A paper is delivered to BRAKENBURY, who reads it.]

Brak. I am in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
There lies the duke asleep,—and there, the keys.
I'll to the king; and signify to him
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 *Murd.* You may, sir; 't is a point of wisdom:

Fare you well.

[Exit BRAKENBURY.]

2 *Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 *Murd.* No; he'll say 't was done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Why, he shall never wake until the great judgment day.

1 *Murd.* Why, then he'll say we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 *Murd.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Murd.* What! art thou afraid?

2 *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Murd.* I thought thou hadst been resolute.

2 *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Murd.* I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2 *Murd.* Nay, I prithee, stay a little: I hope this passionate humour of mine will change: it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1 *Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Murd.* Some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 *Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2 *Murd.* Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1 *Murd.* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Murd.* Oh, in the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 *Murd.* When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Murd.* 'T is no matter; let it go; there's few, or none, will entertain it.

1 *Murd.* What, if it come to thee again?

2 *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife but it detects him: 'T is a blushing shame-faced spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it

made me once restore a purse of gold that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *Murd.* It is now even at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

1 *Murd.* I am strong fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Murd.* Spoken like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Murd.* Take him on the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt, in the next room.

2 *Murd.* O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1 *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Strike.

1 *Murd.* No, we'll reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!

Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

2 *Murd.* To, to, to——

Clar. To murder me?

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so, And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore, prepare to die.

Clar. Are you drawn forth among a world of men, To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawful quest have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?

Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope for any goodness,

That you depart, and lay no hands on me;

The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murd.* What we will do we do upon command.

2 *Murd.* And he that hath commanded is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings

Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murther: Will you then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murther too:
Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous blade
Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
He sends you not to murther me for this;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,
O, know you, yet he doth it publicly;
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect or lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy faults,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster;
Who shall reward you better for my life
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 *Murd.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster hates
you.

Clar. O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear;
Go you to him from me.

Both *Murd.* Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Murd.* Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Murd.* Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive
yourself:

'T is he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be, for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 Murd. Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

2 Murd. Make peace with God, for you must die, my
lord.

Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your souls,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own souls so blind,
That you will war with God, by murdering me?
Oh, sirs, consider, they that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

2 Murd. What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life,—as you would beg
Were you in my distress?

1 Murd. Relent! No. 'T is cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me:
A begging prince, what beggar pities not?

2 Murd. Look behind you, my lord.

1 Murd. Take that, and that; if all this will not do,
[Stabs him.]

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[Exit, with the body.]

2 Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately despatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous murder!

Re-enter first Murderer.

1 Murd. How now? what mean'st thou, that thou help'st
me not?

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.

2 Murd. I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.]

1 Murd. So do not I; go, coward as thou art.
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial;
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD, (*led in sick*), QUEEN ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, *and others*.

K. Edw. Why, so :—now have I done a good day's work ;—
You peers, continue this united league :

I every day expect an embassy
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence ;
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand ;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate ;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like !

K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your king ;
Lest He that is the supreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love !

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart !

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,—
Nor you, son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you ;—
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand ;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings ;—I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine !

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings, love lord
marquis.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I. [*Embraces* DORSET.

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, [*to the QUEEN*] but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love !
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me ! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love to you or yours.

[*Embracing* RIVERS, &c.

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,

Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good morrow to my sovereign king, and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day:
Gloster, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord.—
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace;
'T is death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;
Of you, and you, lord Rivers, and of Dorset—
That all without desert have frown'd on me;—
Of you, lord Woodville, and lord Scales, of you,—
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all,
I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter:
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead? [*They all start.*]
You do him injury to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,

That came too lag to see him buried:
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion !

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done !

K. Edw. I prithee, peace ; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise unless your highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life:
Who slew to-day a riotous gentieman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave ?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who sued to me for him ? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd ?
Who spoke of brotherhood ? who spoke of love ?

Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me ?

Who told me in the field at Tewkesbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
And said, ' Dear brother, live, and be a king ?'

Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments ; and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night ?

All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.

But, when your carters, or your waiting-vassals,
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,

You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon ;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you :—

But for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself

For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholden to him in his life ;

Yet none of you would once plead for his life.

O God ! I fear thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.

Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.

Ah ! poor Clarence !

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, HASTINGS, RIVERS,
DORSET, and GREY.

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness ! Mark'd you not
How that the guilty kindred of the queen

Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
 O! they did urge it still unto the king:
 God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
 To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter the DUCHESS OF YORK, *with a Son and Daughter of*
 CLARENCE.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your breast;
 And cry—'O Clarence, my unhappy son!'

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
 And call us orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
 If that our noble father were alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me both;
 I do lament the sickness of the king,
 As loth to lose him, not your father's death;
 It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead.
 The king my uncle is to blame for this:
 God will revenge it; whom I will importune
 With earnest prayers all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:
 Incapable and shallow innocents,
 You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloster
 Told me, the king, provok'd to 't by the queen,
 Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:
 And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
 And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
 Bade me rely on him as on my father,
 And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
 And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice!
 He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
 Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, *distractedly*; RIVERS and DORSET
following her.

Q. Eliz. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?
 To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
 I'll join with black despair against my soul,
 And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence.
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.
Why grow the branches when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of ne'er changing night.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images:
But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left;
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my moan,)
To over-go thy woes, and drown thy cries?

Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

Duch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward? and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.

Duch. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she;
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—
Alas! you three on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeas'd

That you take with unthankfulness his doing ;
 In common worldly things 't is called ungrateful,
 With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
 Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent ;
 Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
 For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
 Of the young prince your son : send straight for him,
 Let him be crown'd ; in him your comfort lives :
 Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
 And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

• *Enter* GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS. RATCLIFF,
and others.

Glo. Sister, have comfort : all of us have cause
 To wail the dimming of our shining star ;
 But none can help our harms by wailing them.
 Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
 I did not see your grace :—Humbly on my knee
 I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy breast,
 Love, charity, obedience, and true duty !

Glo. Amen ; and make me die a good old man !
 That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing ;
 I marvel that her grace did leave it out. [*Aside.*

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,
 That bear this heavy mutual load of moan,
 Now cheer each other in each other's love :
 Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
 We are to reap the harvest of his son.
 The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
 But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,
 Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept :
 Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
 Forthwith from Ludlow the young king be fet
 Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my lord of Buckingham ?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest by a multitude,
 The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out ;
 Which would be so much the more dangerous,
 By how much the estate is green and yet ungovern'd :
 Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
 And may direct his course as please himself,
 As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
 In my opinion ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope the king made peace with all of us ;
 And the compact is firm, and true, in me.

Riv. And so in me ; and so, I think, in all :
 Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
 To no apparent likelihood of breach,
 Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd :

Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam, and you my sister, will you go
To give your censures in this weighty business?

[*Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM and GLOSTER.*

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home :
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour : Whither away so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself :
Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes ; that the king is dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by 'r lady ; seldom comes the better :
I fear, I fear, 't will prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed !

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true ; God help, the while !

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no ; by God's good grace his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child !

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government ;
That in his nonage council under him,
And in his full and ripen'd years himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God wot ;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel ; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father ;
Or, by his father, there were none at all :
For emulation who shall now be nearest,

Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
 O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster ;
 And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud :
 And were they to be rul'd and not to rule,
 This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst ; all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen wise men put on their cloaks ;
 When great leaves fall then winter is at hand ;
 When the sun sets who doth not look for night ?
 Untimely storms make men expect a dearth :
 All may be well ; but, if God sort it so,
 'T is more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear ;
 You cannot reason almost with a man
 That looks not heavily and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so :
 By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
 Ensuing danger ; as, by proof, we see
 The waters swell before a boist'rous storm.
 But leave it all to God. Whither away ?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I ; I'll bear you company. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, the young DUKE OF YORK,
 QUEEN ELIZABETH, and the DUCHESS OF YORK.*

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford ;
 And at Northampton they do rest to-night :
 To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince.
 I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no ; they say, my son of York
 Hath almost over-ta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my good cousin ? it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
 My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
 More than my brother ; 'Ay,' quoth my uncle Gloster,
 'Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace :'
 And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
 Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

Duch. 'Good faith, 'good faith, the saying did not hold
 In him that did object the same to thee :
 He was the wretched'st thing, when he was young,
 So long a growing, and so leisurely,
 That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

Duch. I hope he is ; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my young York? I prithee let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
'T was full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Duch. I prithee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

York. If 't were not she I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy: Go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch.

Here comes a messenger:

What news?

Mess. Such news, my lord,
As grieves me to report.

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch.

What is thy news?

Mess. Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey, are sent to Pomfret,
And with them sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them?

Mess.

The mighty dukes,

Gloster and Buckingham.

Arch.

For what offence?

Mess. The sum of all I can I have disclos'd;
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord.

Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awless throne:
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain and loss:
And being seated, and domestic brawls
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self: O, preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen:
Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.
Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady go, [*To the QUEEN.*
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep : And so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours !
Go, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

The trumpets sound. Enter the PRINCE OF WALES, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BOUCHIER, and others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign :
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle ; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy :
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit :
No more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show ; which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous ;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts :
God keep you from them, and from such false friends !

Prince. God keep me from false friends ! but they were
none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days !

Prince. I thank you, good my lord ;—and thank you all.—
[*Exeunt Mayor, &c.*

I thought my mother and my brother York
Would long ere this have met us on the way :
Fie, what a slug is Hastings ! that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come, or no.

Enter HASTINGS.

Buck. And in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord : What, will our mother come ?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,

Have taken sanctuary : The tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie ! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers !—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently ?
If she deny, lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here : But if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary ! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so great a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional :
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserved the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place :
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it ;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it ;
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men ;
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.
Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me ?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.

[*Exeunt* CARDINAL and HASTINGS.]

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation ?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower :
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place :—
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord ?

Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place ;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record ? or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it ?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not registered ;
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
As 't were retail'd to all posterity,

Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. So wise, so young, they say, do never live long. [*Aside.*]

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters, fame lives long.

Thus, like the formal Vice Iniquity, }
I moralize two meanings in one word. } [*Aside.*]

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man :
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live :
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror ;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

Glo. Short summers lightly have a forward spring. [*Aside.*]

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the CARDINAL.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York ! how fares our noble brother?

York. Well, my dread lord ; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother ; to our grief, as it is yours :
Too late he died, that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth :
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then he is more beholden to you than I.

Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign ;
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin ? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother ?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give ;
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift ? O, that's the sword to it.

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then, I see, you will part but with light gifts ;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk ;
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me :
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me ;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons !
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself :
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My lord, will 't please you pass along ?
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord ?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I should not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you fear ?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost ?
My grandam told me he was murther'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE, YORK, HASTINGS,
CARDINAL, and Attendants.]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously ?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt : O, 't is a parlous boy ;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable ;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest.
Come hither, Catesby ; thou art sworn
As deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart :
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way :
What think'st thou ? is it not an easy matter
To make William lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle ?

Cate. He, for his father's sake, so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley ? will not he ?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this : Go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were afar off, sound thou lord Hastings
How he doth stand affected to our purpose ;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons :
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too ; and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination :
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to lord William : tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle ;
And bid my lord, for joy of this good news,
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby-house there shall you find us both.

[*Exit CATESBY.*]

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots ?

Glo. Chop off his head ;—something we will determine :—
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes ; that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before Lord Hastings' House.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord !

[*Knocking.*]

Hast. [*Within.*] Who knocks ?

Mess. One from the lord Stanley.

Hast. [*Within.*] What is 't o'clock ?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot my lord Stanley sleep these tedious nights ?

Mess. So it appears by that I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble self.

Hast. What then ?

Mess. Then certifies your lordship, that this night
He dreamt the boar had rased off his helm :
Besides, he says, there are two councils kept ;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—
If you will presently take horse with him,

And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord :
Bid him not fear the separated councils :
His honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my good friend Catesby ;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him, his fears are shallow, without instance :
And, for his dreams, I wonder he's so simple
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers :
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me ;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say. [*Exit.*]

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord !

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby ; you are early stirring :
What news, what news, in this our tottering state ?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord ;
And I believe will never stand upright,
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How ! wear the garland ! dost thou mean the crown ?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it ?

Cate. Ay, on my life ; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party, for the gain thereof :
And, thereupon, he sends you this good news,—
That, this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries :
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind !

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,
That they which brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on 't.

Cate. 'T is a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous ! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey : and so 't will do

With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cate. The princes both make high account of you,—
For they account his head upon the bridge. [Aside.

Hast. I know they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow; and good morrow, Catesby:—
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours;
And never, in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 't is now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-cast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you.—Wot you what, my lord?

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.

[*Exeunt STAN. and CATESBY.*

How now, sirrah? how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than ere I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: There, drink that for me.

[*Throwing him his purse.*

Purs. I thank your honour. [Exit Pursuivant.

Enter a Priest.

Pr. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good sir John, with all my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise ;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Pr. I'll wait upon your lordship.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain ?
Your friends at Pomfret they do need the priest ;
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.

What, go you toward the Tower ?

Buck. I do, my lord ; but long I cannot stay there :
I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it not.

[*Aside.*

Come, will you go ?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Pomfret. *Before the Castle.*

Enter RATCLIFF, *with a guard, conducting* RIVERS, GREY, *and*
VAUGHAN, *to execution.*

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you !
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Despatch ; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret ! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers !

Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death :

And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she Buckingham,
Then curs'd she Hastings :—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us !

And for my sister, and her princely sons,
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt !

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is expiate.

Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here embrace :
Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the* BISHOP OF ELY, RATCLIFF, LOVEL, *and others, sitting at a table: officers of the council attending.*

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is, to determine of the coronation:

In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?

Stan. They are; and wants but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces: for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine:
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well:
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my honourable lords, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow:
I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my lord Hastings no man might be bolder;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Ely. Marry and will, my lord, with all my heart.

[*Exit ELY.*]

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[*Takes him aside.*]

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business;
And finds the testy gentleman so hot
That he will lose his head, ere give consent
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.]

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter BISHOP OF ELY.

Ely. Where is my lord the duke of Gloster?
I have sent for these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning;
There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good-morrow with such spirit.
I think there's ne'er a man in Christendom,
Can lesser hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any livelihood he show'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft; and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this princely presence
To doom the offenders, whosoe'er they be:
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil!
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot-strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—

Glo. If? thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head:—now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.

Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done;
The rest that love me, rise, and follow me.

[*Exeunt* Council, with GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.]

Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanley did dream the boar did rase his helm;
And I did scorn it, and disdain'd to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And started when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O, now I need the priest that spake to me :
 I now repent I told the pursuivant,
 As too triumphing, how mine enemies
 To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
 And I myself secure in grace and favour.
 O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
 Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Rat. Come, come, despatch, the duke would be at dinner ;

Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
 Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !
 Who builds his hope in air of your good looks,
 Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast ;
 Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
 Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, despatch ; 't is bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O, bloody Richard !—miserable England !
 I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee
 That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
 Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head ;
 They smile at me who shortly shall be dead. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—*The same. The Tower Walls.*

Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured.

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake and change thy colour,
 Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
 And then again begin, and stop again,
 As if thou were distraught and mad with terror ?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian ;
 Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
 Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
 Intending deep suspicion : ghastly looks
 Are at my service, like enforced smiles ;
 And both are ready in their offices,
 At any time, to grace my stratagems.
 But what, is Catesby gone ?

Glo. He is ; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY.

Buck. Lord mayor,—

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.

Buck. Hark ! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent—

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us !

Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS' head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends ; Ratcliff and Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
That dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian ;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts :
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,—
He liv'd from all attainder of suspects.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever liv'd.

Would you imagine, or almost believe,
(Were 't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it you,) the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

May. Had he done so?

Glo. What ! think you we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you ! he deserv'd his death ;
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end ;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Something against our meaning, hath prevented :
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons ;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconster us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve
As well as I had seen and heard him speak :
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you come too late of our intent,

Yet witness what you hear we did intend :
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit* Lord Mayor.]

Glo. Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guild-hall hies him in all post :
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children :
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown ; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which by the sign thereof was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust ;
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,
Without control lusted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :—
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father then had wars in France ;
And, by true computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot ;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father :
Yet touch this sparingly, as 't were far off ;
Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord : I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself : and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well bring them to Baynard's castle ;
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go ; and, towards three or four o'clock,
Look for the news that the Guild-hall affords.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.]

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw.
Go thou [*to* CAT.] to friar Penker ;—bid them both
Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.

[*Exeunt* LOVEL and CATESBY.]

Now will I go, to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight ;
And to give order, that no manner person
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Street.*

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good lord Hastings ;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.

And mark how well the sequel hangs together :
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me ;
The precedent was full as long a doing :
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while ! Who is so gross
That cannot see this palpable device ?
Yet who so bold but says he sees it not ?
Bad is the world ; and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*The same. Court of Baynard's Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, meeting.

Glo. How now, how now ? what say the citizens ?

Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children ?

Buck. I did ; with his contract with lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France ;
The insatiate greediness of his desire,
And his enforcement of the city wives ;
His tyranny for trifles ; his own bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France ;
And his resemblance being not like the duke.
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind :
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility :
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
And, when my oratory grew toward end,
I bade them that did love their country's good
Cry—' God save Richard, England's royal king ! '

Glo. And did they so ?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word .
But, like dumb statues or breathing stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw I reprehended them ;
And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence :
His answer was, the people were not us'd
To be spoke to but by the recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again ;—
' Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd ; '
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,

And some ten voices cried, 'God save king Richard !'
 And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
 'Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends,' quoth I ;
 'This general applause, and cheerful shout,
 Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard :'
 And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they ! Would they not speak ?

Will not the mayor then and his brethren come ?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand ; intend some fear ;
 Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit :
 And look you, get a prayer-book in your hand,
 And stand between two churchmen, good my lord ;
 For on that ground I'll make a holy descant :
 And be not easily won by our requests ;
 Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go : And if you plead as well for them
 As I can say nay to thee for myself,
 No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads ; the lord mayor knocks.
[Exit GLOSTER.]

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord : I dance attendance here ;
 I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter from the castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby ! what says your lord to my request ?

Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
 To visit him to-morrow, or next day :
 He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
 Divinely bent to meditation :
 And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd,
 To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke ;
 Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
 In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
 No less importing than our general good,
 Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight. [Exit.]

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward !
 He is not lulling on a lewd love-bed,
 But on his knees at meditation ;
 Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
 But meditating with two deep divines ;
 Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
 But praying, to enrich his watchful soul :
 Happy were England would this virtuous prince
 Take on his grace the sovereignty thereof :
 But, sure, I fear we shall not win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend his grace should say us nay!

Buck. I fear he will: Here Catesby comes again;—

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before;
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his grace. [*Exit CATESBY.*
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 't is much to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOSTER, in a gallery above, between Two Bishops.

CATESBY returns.

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity:
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;
True ornament to know a holy man.
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology;
I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord: Would it might please your grace
On our entreaties to amend your fault!

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The sceptred office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whiles, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our country's good,)
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,

Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land :
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain ;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just cause come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition :
If not to answer, you might haply think,
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me ;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first ;
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,—
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth ;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me ;
(And much I need to help you, were there need ;)
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay that you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars,
Which God defend that I should wring from him !

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace ;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brother's son ;

So say we too, but not by Edward's wife :
For first was he contract to lady Lucy,—
Your mother lives a witness to his vow ;
And afterwards by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the king of France.
These both put off, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree
To base declension and loath'd bigamy ;
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity :
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord ; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap this care on me ?

I am unfit for state and majesty :

I do beseech you, take it not amiss ;

I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,
Loth to depose the child, your brother's son,
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates,—
Yet know, wh'er you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king ;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house.
And in this resolution here we leave you ;—
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and Citizens.]

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit ;
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares ?

Call them again ; I am not made of stone,

But penetrable to your kind entreaties,

Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

[*Exit* CATESBY.]

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM, and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'r I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load :
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace ! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king !

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd ?

Glo. Even when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace ;
And so most joyfully do we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again :—

Farewell, my cousin ;—farewell, gentle friends. [*To the Bishops.*
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before the Tower.*

Enter, on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF YORK, and MARQUIS OF DORSET ; on the other, ANNE, DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, leading Lady MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S young daughter.

Duch. Who meets us here ?—my niece Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster ?
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day !

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister ! Whither away ?

Anne. No further than the Tower ; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks ; we'll enter all together.

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,

How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam: By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?

Brak. I mean the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother, who shall bar me from them?

Duch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so;
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit BRAKENBURY.*]

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,
[*To the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.*]
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder!
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer: Mother, how fares your
grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone,
Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children:
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam:
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!
O my accursed womb, the bed of death;
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavowed eye is murderous!

Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.
O, would to God that the inclusive verge

Of golden metal that must round my brow
 Were red-hot steel to sear me to the brain !
 Anointed let me be with deadly venom ;
 And die, ere men can say—God save the queen !

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory,
 To feed my humour : wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No ! why ?—When he that is my husband now
 Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse ;
 When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
 Which issued from my other angel husband,
 And that dear saint which then I weeping follow'd ;
 O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
 This was my wish,—' Be thou,' quoth I, ' accurs'd,
 For making me, so young, so old a widow !
 And when thou wedd'st let sorrow haunt thy bed ;
 And be thy wife (if any be so mad)
 More miserable by the life of thee,
 Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death !'
 Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
 Within so small a time, my woman's heart
 Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
 And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse ;
 Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest :
 For never yet one hour in his bed
 Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
 But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
 Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick ;
 And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu ! I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glory !

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, thou tak'st thy leave of it !

Duch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee !
 [To DORSET.]

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee !

[To ANNE.]

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee.

[To Q. ELIZABETH.]

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me !

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
 And each hour's joy wrack'd with a week of teen.

Q. Eliz. Stay ; yet look back, with me, unto the Tower.

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
 Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls !

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones !
 Rude ragged nurse ! old sullen play-fellow

For tender princes, use my babies well !

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A Room of State in the Palace.*

Flourish of trumpets. RICHARD, *as King, upon his throne*;
BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham,—

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy assistance, is king Richard seated:
But shall we wear these glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold, indeed:
Young Edward lives:—Think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned lord.

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis so: but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live!—true, noble prince!—
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice; thy kindness freezes:
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear lord,
Before I positively speak in this:
I will resolve you herein presently. [*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.

Cate. The king is angry; see, he gnaws his lip. [*Aside.*

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,
[*Descends from his throne.*

And unrespective boys; none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes.
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
Boy!

Page. My lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to anything.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man: Go, call him hither, boy.
[*Exit* Page.

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham

No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels :
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.—

Enter STANLEY.

How now, lord Stanley? what's the news?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby : rumour it abroad
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick ;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean, poor gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter—
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—
Look, how thou dream'st !—I say again, give out
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die :
About it ; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.

[*Exit* CATESBY.]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass :
Murther her brothers, and then marry her !
Uncertain way of gain ! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, *with* TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you, but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it ; two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon :
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither,
Tyrrel :

Go, by this token :—Rise, and lend thine ear : [*Whispers.*
There is no more but so :— Say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will despatch it straight. [*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late request that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son :—Well look unto it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd ;
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife ; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request ?

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king !—perhaps——

Buck. My lord,——

K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him ?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,——

K. Rich. Richmond !—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it Rouge-mont : at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,——

K. Rich. Ay, what 's o'clock ?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what 's o'clock ?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why, let it strike ?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will, or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me ; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt* KING RICHARD and Train.]

Buck. And is it thus ? repays he my deep service
With such contempt ? made I him king for this ?
O, let me think on Hastings ; and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done ;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,

Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.
'O thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay the gentle babes,'—
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms :
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
And, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay :
Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost chang'd my mind ;
But, O, the devil'—there the villain stopp'd ;
When Dighton thus told on,—'we smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.'—
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse ;
They could not speak : and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter KING RICHARD.

And here he comes :—All health, my sovereign lord !

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel ! am I happy in thy news ?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead ?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel ?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them ;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pent up close ;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage ;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom ;
And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord !

K. Rich. Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly ?

Rat. Bad news, my lord : Morton has fled to Richmond ;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.

Come,—I have learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Go, muster men: my counsel is my shield;
We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE IV.—*The same. Before the Palace.**Enter* QUEEN MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who comes here?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and the DUCHESS OF YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal-living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth, [Sitting down.
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou would'st as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we?

[Sitting down by her.]

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of seniory,

And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting down with them.*]
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work,
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls;
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank Thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan!

Duch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead that kill'd my Edward;
The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead that stabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this frantic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
And send them thither: But at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, the dog is dead!

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy the time would come
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant,
One heav'd a-high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;

A dream of what thou wast ; a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot ;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble ;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now ? where be thy brothers ?
Where be thy two sons ? wherein dost thou joy ?
Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the queen ?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee ?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee ?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow ;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues ;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care ;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me ;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one ;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice whirl'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time ;
Having no more but thought of what thou wast,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow ?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke ;
From which even here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burthen of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife,—and queen of sad mischance,—
These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day ;
Compare dead happiness with living woe ;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
And he that slew them fouler than he is :
Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse ;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine !

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like
mine. [Exit *Q. MARGARET.*

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words ?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries !
Let them have scope : though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied : go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[Trumpet, within.

The trumpet sounds,—be copious in exclaims.

Enter KING RICHARD, *and his Train, marching.*

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets!—strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I say.

[*Flourish. Alarums.*]

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak.

K. Rich. Do, then; but I'll not hear.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burthen was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous,
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful-kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever grac'd me in thy company?

K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hower, that call'd
your grace
To breakfast once, forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum.

Duch. I prithee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word,
For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never more behold thy face again.
Therefore, take with thee my most grievous curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight:
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. *[Exit.*

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to
curse

Abides in me; I say amen to her. *[Going.*

K. Rich. Stay, madam, I must talk a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood,
For thee to slaughter: for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is a royal princess.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives ill friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny:
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes ;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you and yours by me were harm'd !

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good ?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads ?

K. Rich. Unto the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrow with report of it ;
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine ?

K. Rich. Even all I have ; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine ;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that, from my soul, I love thy
daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think ?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter, from thy
soul :

So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers ;
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning ;
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her
king ?

K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen : Who else should
be ?

Q. Eliz. What ! thou ?

K. Rich. Even so : How think you of it ?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her ?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me ?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts ; thereon engrave
Edward, and York ; then, haply, will she weep :

Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brothers' bodies,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way;
Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her?

Q. Eliz. Nay, then, indeed, she cannot choose but hate
thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended;
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have, is but a son being king,
And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that, with a fearful soul,
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;

Advantaging their loan, with interest
 Of ten-times double gain of happiness.
 Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go ;
 Make bold her bashful years with your experience ;
 Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale ;
 Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
 Of golden sov'reignty ; acquaint the princess
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys :
 And when this arm of mine hath chastised
 The petty rebel, the dull-brain'd Buckingham,
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed ;
 To whom I will retail my conquest won,
 And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say ? her father's brother
 Would be her lord ? Or shall I say, her uncle ?
 Or he that slew her brothers and her uncles ?
 Under what title shall I woo for thee,
 That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
 Can make seem pleasing to her tender years ?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands which the king's King forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever, last ?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last ?

K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature, lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.

K. Rich. Say I, her sovereign, am her subject low.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sov'reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then, plainly to her tell my loving tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead ;—
 Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam ; that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my
 crown,—

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear.

Q. Eliz. By nothing : for this is no oath.
 Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his lordly honour ;
 Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue ;
 Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory :

If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myself,—

Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-misused.

K. Rich. Now, by the world,—

Q. Eliz. 'T is full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death,—

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath it dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Why then, by God,—

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
The unity the king my husband made
Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers died.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child ;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made the prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now ?

K. Rich. The time to come.

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-past ;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The children live whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age ;
The parents live whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come ; for that thou hast
Misused ere used, by times ill-used o'er-past.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous affairs
Of hostile arms ! myself myself confound !
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours !
Day yield me not thy light, nor night thy rest !
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding ! if, with dear heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter !
In her consists my happiness, and thine ;
Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay :
It cannot be avoided but by this ;
It will not be avoided but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so,)
Be the attorney of my love to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I have been ;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve :
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish found in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. Yet, thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:
Where, in that nest of spicery, they will breed
Selves of themselves to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell.

[*Kissing her.* *Exit Q. ELIZABETH.*

Relenting fool, and shallow changing woman!
How now? what news?

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY following.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to our shores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back:
'T is thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the duke of
Norfolk:—

Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.

Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither: post to Salisbury;
When thou com'st thither,—Dull unmindful villain,

[*To CATESBY.*

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

Cate. First mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby:—Bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power that he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go. [Exit.]

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

K. Rich. Why, what would'st thou do there, before I go?

Rat. Your highness told me I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good my liege, to please you with the hearing;
Nor none so bad but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!
What need'st thou run so many miles about,

When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? Is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?

What heir of York is there alive but we?

And who is England's king but great York's heir?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes?

Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, my good lord, therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore,

Safe conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: What do they in the
north,

When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king:

Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,

I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace

Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, thou would'st be gone to join with Richmond:
But I'll not trust thee.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;
I never was, nor never will be, false.

K. Rich. Go then, and muster men. But leave behind
Your son, George Stanley; look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you.

[*Exit* STANLEY.]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms;

And every hour more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death?

[*He strikes him.*]

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3 *Mess.* The news I have to tell your majesty,
Is,—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. I cry thee mercy:
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

3 *Mess.* Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

4 *Mess.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorset,
'T is said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks
If they were his assistants, yea, or no;
Who answer'd him they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best news. That the earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury; while we reason here
A royal battle might be won and lost:
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury;—the rest march on with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in Lord Stanley's House.*

Enter STANLEY, and Sir CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:
That, in the sty of this most bloody boar,
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold;

If I revolt, off goes young George's head ;
The fear of that holds off my present aid.
So, get thee gone ; commend me to thy lord.
Withal, say, that the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now ?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

Stan. What men of name resort to him ?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley ;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew ;
And many other of great name and worth :
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord ; I kiss his hand.
My letter will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Salisbury. *An open Place.*

Enter the Sheriff and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM led to execution.

Buck. Will not king Richard let me speak with him ?

Sher. No, my good lord : therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey, and Rivers,
Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice !
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction !
This is All-Souls' day, fellow, is it not ?

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.
This is the day which, in king Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me when I was found
False to his children, and his wife's allies :
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted :
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.
That high All-seer which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms :
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—

'When he,' quoth she, 'shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.'—
Come, lead me, officers, to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM, &c.]

SCENE II.—*Plain near Tamworth.*

Enter, with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD, Sir JAMES BLUNT, Sir WALTER HERBERT, and others, with Forces, marching.

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand men,
To fight against this bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends but what are friends for fear;
Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Bosworth Field.*

Enter KING RICHARD and Forces; the DUKE OF NORFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, and others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth field.
My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk!

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks: Ha! must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent: Here will I lie to night;
[Soldiers begin to set up the KING'S tent.]

But where, to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that—
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account :
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground ;—
Call for some men of sound direction :
Let's lack no discipline, make no delay ;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, Sir WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and other Lords. Some of the Soldiers pitch RICHMOND's tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
Give me some ink and paper in my tent ;—
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
My lord of Oxford, you, sir William Brandon,
And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me :
The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment ;
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent :
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me ;
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know ?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
(Which well I am assur'd I have not done,)
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it ;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night !

Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business ;
In to my tent, the dew is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*

Enter, to his tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, and CATESBY.

K. Rich. What is 't o'clock?

Cate.

It's supper time, my lord ;

It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich.

I will not sup to-night.

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Give me some ink and paper.

What, is my beaver easier than it was?

And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord.

[*Exit.*

K. Rich. Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment: bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.

Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch!— [To CATESBY,
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop,
Went through the army cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind that I was wont to have.
Set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.
Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent,
And help to arm me,—Leave me, I say.

[KING RICHARD *retires into his tent.*
Exeunt RATCLIFF and CATESBY.

RICHMOND's tent opens, and discovers him and his
Officers, &c.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me how fares our noble mother?

Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that. The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may, (that which I would I cannot,)

With best advantage will deceive the time,
 And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms :
 But on thy side I may not be too forward,
 Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
 Be executed in his father's sight.
 Farewell : The leisure and the fearful time
 Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
 And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
 Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon ;
 God give us leisure for these rites of love !
 Once more, adieu :—Be valiant, and speed well !

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment :
 I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap ;
 Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
 When I should mount with wings of victory :
 Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* Lords, &c., with STANLEY.

O Thou ! whose captain I account myself,
 Look on my forces with a gracious eye ;
 Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
 That they may crush down with a heavy fall
 The usurping helmets of our adversaries !
 Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
 That we may praise thee in thy victory !
 To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes ;
 Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still !

[*Sleeps.*

The Ghost of PRINCE EDWARD, son to HENRY THE SIXTH, rises between the two tents.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !

[*To* KING RICHARD.

Think, how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth
 At Tewkesbury : Despair therefore, and die !

Be cheerful, Richmond ; for the wronged souls
 Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf :
 King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of KING HENRY THE SIXTH rises.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body

[*To* KING RICHARD.

By thee was punched full of deadly holes :
 Think on the Tower and me : Despair, and die ;
 Harry the Sixth bids thee despair, and die !—

Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror ! [*To* RICHMOND.
 Harry, that prophesied thou should'st be king,
 Doth comfort thee in thy sleep : Live, and flourish !

The Ghost of CLARENCE rises.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow .

[*To* KING RICHARD.

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
 Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death !
 To-morrow in the battle think on me,
 And fall thy edgeless sword : Despair, and die !

Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster, [*To* RICHMOND.
 The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee ;
 Good angels guard thy battle ! Live, and flourish !

The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN rise.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,
 [*To* KING RICHARD.
 Rivers, that died at Pomfret ! Despair, and die !

Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair !
 [*To* KING RICHARD.

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan ; and, with guilty fear,
 Let fall thy lance ! Despair, and die !—
 [*To* KING RICHARD.

All. Awake ! and think, our wrongs in Richard's bosom
 [*To* RICHMOND.
 Will conquer him ;—awake, and win the day !

The Ghost of HASTINGS rises.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
 [*To* KING RICHARD.
 And in a bloody battle end thy days !
 Think on Lord Hastings ; and despair, and die !—
 Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake ! [*To* RICHMOND.
 Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake !

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower,
 Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
 And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death !
 Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die.
 Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy ;
 Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy !
 Live, and beget a happy race of kings !
 Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of QUEEN ANNE rises.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
 That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
 Now fills thy sleep with perturbations :
 To-morrow in the battle think on me,
 And fall thy edgeless sword : Despair, and die !
 Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep ;
 Dream of success and happy victory ; [*To* RICHMOND.
 Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM rises.

Ghost. The first was I that help'd thee to the crown;
[*To KING RICHARD.*

The last was I that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death!
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!

I died for hope, ere I could lend thee aid: [*To RICHMOND.*
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard fall in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish.* KING RICHARD *starts*
out of his dream.

K. Rich. Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What, do I fear myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murtherer here? No;—Yes; I am:
Then fly,—What, from myself? Great reason: Why?
Lest I revenge. What? Myself upon myself?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no: alas, I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain: Yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murther, stern murther, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me:—
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.
Methought, the souls of all that I had murther'd
Came to my tent: and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord!

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 't is I. The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;

Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!—
What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear.—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt* KING RICHARD and RATCLIFF.]

RICHMOND wakes. *Enter* OXFORD and others.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their souls whose bodies Richard murther'd,
Came to my tent, and cried on Victory.
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 't is time to arm, and give direction.—

[*He advances to the troops.*]

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: Yet remember this,—
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces:
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;

If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire ;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors ;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords :
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face ;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully ;
God and Saint George ! Richmond and victory ! [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants, and Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond ?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth : And what said Surrey then ?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i' the right ; and so, indeed, it is.

[*Clock strikes.*]

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—

Who saw the sun to-day ?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine ; for, by the book,
He should have braved the east an hour ago :
A black day will it be to somebody.—

Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord ?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day ;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day ! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond ? for the self-same heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord ; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle :—Caparison my horse ;—
Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power ;
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.
My forward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot ;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst :
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.
They thus directed, we will follow

In the main battle ; whose puissance on either side
 Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
 This, and Saint George to boot ;—What think'st thou,
 Norfolk ?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.
 This found I on my tent this morning. [*Giving a scroll.*]

K. Rich. (*Reads*) 'Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold,
 For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.'

A thing devised by the enemy.—

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge :
 Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls ;
 For conscience is a word that cowards use,
 Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe ;
 Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
 March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell ;
 If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd ?
 Remember whom you are to cope withal ;—
 A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
 A scum of Breagnes, and base lackey peasants,
 Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
 To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.
 You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest ;
 You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,
 They would restrain the one, disdain the other.
 And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
 Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost ?
 A milksop, one that never in his life
 Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow ?
 Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again ;
 Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
 These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives ;
 Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
 For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves.
 If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
 And not these bastard Breagnes, whom our fathers
 Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
 And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
 Shall these enjoy our lands ? lie with our wives ?
 Ravish our daughters ?—Hark, I hear their drum.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Fight, gentlemen of England ! fight, bold yeomen !
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head !
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood ;
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves !

Enter a Messenger.

What says lord Stanley ? will he bring his power ?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head !

Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh ;

After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom :
Advance our standards, set upon our foes ;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !
Upon them ! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum : Excursions. Enter NORFOLK and Forces ; to him
CATESBY.*

Cate. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue !
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger ;
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death :
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost !

Alarum. Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

Cate. Withdraw, my lord, I 'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die :
I think there be six Richmonds in the field ;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him :
A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse ! [*Exeunt.*

*Alarums. Enter KING RICHARD and RICHMOND ; they fight ;
RICHARD is slain.*

*Retreat and Flourish. Then enter RICHMOND, STANLEY bearing
the crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.*

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends ;
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee !
Lo, here, these long-usurped royalties,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal ;
Wear it, endure it, make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all !
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living ?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town ;
Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side ?

Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled
That in submission will return to us ;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red :

Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!
What traitor hears me, and says not amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire:
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division,
O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be so,)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again;
That she may long live here, God say—Amen!

[*Exeunt.*]

KING HENRY VIII.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY VIII.	<i>Three other Gentlemen.</i>
CARDINAL WOLSEY.	Doctor BUTTS, <i>physician to the King.</i>
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.	<i>Garter King at Arms.</i>
CAPUCIUS, <i>Ambassador from the Emperor,</i> Charles V.	<i>Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.</i>
CRANMER, <i>Archbishop of Canterbury.</i>	BRANDON, <i>and a Sergeant at Arms.</i>
DUKE OF NORFOLK.	<i>Door-keeper of the Council-Chamber.</i>
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.	<i>Porter, and his man.</i>
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.	<i>Page to Gardiner.</i>
EARL OF SURREY.	<i>A Crier.</i>
<i>Lord Chamberlain.</i>	QUEEN KATHARINE, <i>wife to King Henry,</i> <i>afterwards divorced.</i>
GARDINER, <i>Bishop of Winchester.</i>	ANNE BULLEN, <i>her Maid of Honour,</i> <i>afterwards Queen.</i>
BISHOP OF LINCOLN.	<i>An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.</i>
LORD ABERGAVENNY.	PATIENCE, <i>woman to Queen Katharine.</i>
LORD SANDS.	<i>Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb</i>
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.	<i>Shows; Women attending upon the</i>
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.	<i>Queen; Spirits which appear to her;</i>
SIR ANTHONY DENNY.	<i>Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other</i>
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.	<i>Attendants.</i>
<i>Secretaries to Wolsey.</i>	
CROMWELL, <i>servant to Wolsey.</i>	SCENE.— <i>Chiefly in LONDON and WEST-</i>
GRIFFITH, <i>Gentleman-Usher to Queen</i> <i>Katharine.</i>	<i>MINSTER; once at KIMBOLTON.</i>

PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh; things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets; or to see a fellow

In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,
 Will be deceived: for, gentle hearers, know,
 To rank our chosen truth with such a show
 As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
 Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
 (To make that only true we now intend,)
 Will leave us never an understanding friend.
 Therefore, for goodness' sake, and, as you are known
 The first and happiest hearers of the town,
 Be sad, as we would make you: Think, ye see
 The very persons of our noble story,
 As they were living; think you see them great,
 And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
 Of thousand friends; then in a moment see
 How soon this mightiness meets misery!
 And if you can be merry then, I'll say
 A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, at one door; at the other, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, and the LORD ABERGAVERNNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,
 Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace:
 Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
 Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
 Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
 Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
 Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
 I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
 Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
 In their embracement as they grew together;
 Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
 Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
 I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
 The view of earthly glory: Men might say,
 Till this time pomp was single, but now married
 To one above itself. Each following day
 Became the next day's master, till the last
 Made former wonders its: To-day, the French,
 All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
 Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they

Made Britain, India : every man that stood
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt : the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting : Now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable ; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them ; him in eye
Still him in praise : and, being present both,
'T was said they saw but one ; and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns
(For so they phrase them) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass ; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of everything
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to.

Buck. All was royal ;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view ; the office did
Distinctly his full function. Who did guide ?
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together ?

Nor. As you guess :
One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord ?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him ! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities ? I wonder
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends :
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way ; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown ; neither allied
To eminent assistants ; but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web,—O ! give us note !—
The force of his own merit makes his way
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him; let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: Whence has he that?
If not from hell—the devil is a niggard,
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
(The honourable board of council out,)
Must fetch him in the papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on 't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry, is 't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace; and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor. 'Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that

What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power : You know his nature,
That he's revengeful ; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge : it's long, and 't may be said,
It reaches far ; and where 't will not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning.

Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, (*the purse borne before him,*) *certain of the Guard, and Two Secretaries with papers. The CARDINAL in his passage fixeth his eye on BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor ? ha ?
Where's his examination ?

I Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready ?

I Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more ; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look. [*Exeunt WOLSEY, and Train.*]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him ; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd ?
Ask God for temperance ; that's the appliance only
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks
Matter against me ; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object : at this instant
He bores me with some trick : He's gone to the king ;
I'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 't is you go about : To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first : Anger is like
A full-hot horse ; who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you : be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king :
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence ; or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd.
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself : We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not
The fire that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it ? Be advis'd :

I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck.

Sir,

I am thankful to you: and I'll go along
By your prescription:—but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor.

Say not treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say 't; and make my vouch as
strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief
As able to perform it: his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor.

'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cried, Thus let be: to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 't is well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,)—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
(For 't was, indeed, his colour; but he came
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league,
Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well; for I am sure the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd;—but when the way was made,
And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd,
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
(As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,

And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in 't.

Buck. No, not a syllable;
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON; a Sergeant at Arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg. Sir,
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fallen upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'T is his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company:—The king
[*To ABERGAVENNY.*]
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot: no more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Michael Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lords, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Council-Chamber.*

Cornets. Enter KING HENRY, CARDINAL WOLSEY, the Lords of the Council, Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, and Attendants. The KING enters, leaning on the CARDINAL's shoulder.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care : I stood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's : in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify :
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

The KING takes his State. The Lords of the Council take their several places. The CARDINAL places himself under the KING's feet, on his right side.

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen ! Enter the QUEEN, ushered by the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK : she kneels. The KING riseth from his State, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel ; I am a suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us :—Half your suit
Never name to us ; you have half our power ;
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given ;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance : there have been commissions
Sent down among them, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties :—wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil !) even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear : for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,

Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And Danger serves among them.

K. Hen.

Taxation !

Wherein ? and what taxation ?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation ?

Wol.

Please you, sir,

I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state ; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath.

No, my lord,

You know no more than others : but you frame
Things, that are known alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing ; and to bear them
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
They are devis'd by you ; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen.

Still exaction !

The nature of it ? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction ?

Q. Kath.

I am much too venturous

In tempting of your patience ; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay, and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France : This makes bold mouths ;
Tongue spit their duties out ; and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them ; their curses now
Live where their prayers did ; and it's come to pass,
This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer baseness.

K. Hen.

By my life,

This is against our pleasure.

Wol.

And for me,

I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice ; and that not pass'd me, but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say
'T is but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear

To cope malicious censurers ; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimm'd ; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd ; what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear ;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission ? I believe not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each ?
A trembling contribution ! Why, we take
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber ;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd
The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission : Pray, look to 't ;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [To the Secretary.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me ; let it be nois'd,
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes : I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many :
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound ; his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute ; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black

As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us ; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices ; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth ; and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That if the king
Should without issue die, he 'll carry it so
To make the sceptre his : These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny ; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant ; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on :
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail ? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught ?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.

K. Hen. What was that Henton ?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor ; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this ?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey : I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'T was the fear, indeed ; and that he doubted
'T would prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk : 'that oft,' says he,
'Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment :
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence,

This pausingly ensued—Neither the king, nor his heirs,
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper : bid him strive
To gain the love of the commonalty ; the duke
Shall govern England.'

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants : Take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul ! I say, take heed ;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on :—
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd ; and that 't was dangerous for
him

To ruminat on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do : He answer'd, 'Tush !
It can do me no damage : ' adding further,
That had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha ! what so rank ? Ah, ha !
There 's mischief in this man : Canst thou say further ?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen. I remember
Of such a time—Being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on ; What hence ?

Surv. 'If,' quoth he, 'I for this had been committed,
As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard ; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence ; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.'

K. Hen. A giant traitor !

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison ?

Q. Kath. God mend all !

K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee ? what
says 't ?

Serv. After—'the duke his father,'—with 'the knife,'—
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath ; whose tenour
Was,—were he evil us'd, he would outgo

His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd ;
Call him to present trial : if he may
Find mercy in the law, 't is his ; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us : by day and night,
He's traitor to the height.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain and LORD SANDS.

Cham. Is 't possible the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries ?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face ; but they are shrewd ones ;
For when they hold them, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones ; one would
take it,
That never saw them pace before, the spavin
Or springhalt reign'd among them.

Cham. Death ! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they have worn out christendom. How now ?
What news, sir Thomas Lovell ?

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is 't for ?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad 't is there ; now I would pray our
monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants
Of fool, and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance,
Pertaining thereunto, (as fights, and fireworks ;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom,) renouncing clean

The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men ;
Or pack to their old playfellows : there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'T is time to give them physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities !

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords ; the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies ;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle them ! I am glad they're
going ;
(For, sure, there's no converting of them ;) now,
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing ; and, by 'r lady,
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, lord Sands ;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord ;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going ?

Lov. To the cardinal's ;
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 't is true :
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies ; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us ;
His dews fall everywhere.

Cham. No doubt he's noble ;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord ; he has wherewithal ; in him,
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine :
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so ;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays ;
Your lordship shall along :—Come, good sir Thomas,
We shall be late else ; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Presence-Chamber in York-Place.*

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the CARDINAL, a longer table for the guests. Enter at one door ANNE BULLEN, and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests; at another door, enter Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry
As first, good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people. O, my lord, you are tardy;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, LORD SANDS, and Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, sir Harry Guildford?

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please them: By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!

Sands. I would I were;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:—
My lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies:

[*Sits himself between ANNE BULLEN and another lady.*
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

Cham. Well said, my lord.

So now you are fairly seated:—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, attended; and takes his state.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [Drinks.]

Sands. Your grace is noble:—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours.
Ladies, you are not merry;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have them
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 't is to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace they would talk anon.

[Drum and trumpets within: Chambers discharged.]

Wol. What 's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye. [Exit a Servant.]

Wol. What warlike voice?

And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war ye are privileg'd.

Re-enter a Servant.

Cham. How now? what is 't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem; they have left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French tongue!
And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them:—Some attend him.—

[Exit Chamberlain, attended. All arise, and tables removed.]
You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you;—Welcome all.

*Hautboys. Enter the KING, and others, as maskers habited like
shepherds; ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly
before the CARDINAL, and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd

To tell your grace;—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay them
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The KING
chooses ANNE BULLEN.*

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty,
Till now I never knew thee! [*Music. Dance.*

Wol. My lord.

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me:
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Cham. goes to the company, and returns.*

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then.—

[*Comes from his state.*

By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—Here I'll make
My royal choice.

K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal: [*Unmasking.*
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
Prithee, come hither: What fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's
daughter,
The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you.—Let's be merry;—
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.

[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 Gent. Whither away so fast?

2 Gent. O,—God save ye!
Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 Gent. I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 Gent. Were you there?

1 Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.

2 Gent. Pray speak what has happen'd.

1 Gent. You may guess quickly what.

2 Gent. Is he found guilty?

1 Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it.

2 Gent. I am sorry for't.

1 Gent. So are a number more.

2 Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it?

1 Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where to his accusations
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To have brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 Gent. That was he
That fed him with his prophecies?

1 Gent. The same.
All these accus'd him strongly: which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:

And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life ; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 *Gent.* When he was brought again to the bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty :
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

2 *Gent.* I do not think he fears death.

1 *Gent.* Sure, he does not,
He never was so womanish ; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2 *Gent.* Certainly
The cardinal is the end of this.

1 *Gent.* 'T is likely,
By all conjectures : First, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland ; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2 *Gent.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1 *Gent.* At his return,
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally, whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

2 *Gent.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep : this duke as much
They love and dote on ; call him bounteous Buckingh
The mirror of all courtesy.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment ; Tipstaves before him ;
the axe with the edge towards him ; halberds on each side ;
accompanied with Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Sir NICHOLAS VAUX,
Sir WILLIAM SANDS, and common people.*

1 *Gent.* Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

2 *Gent.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,

X | You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die : Yet, heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful !
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice :

But those that sought it I could wish more christians :
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them :
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men ;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end ;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven : I forgive all :
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me that I cannot take peace with :
No black envy shall mark my grave.
Commend me to his grace ;
And if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him,
You met him half in heaven : my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's ; and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him : May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years !
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be !
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument !

Lov. To the water-side I must conduct your grace ;
Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming ; see the barge be ready ;
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas,
Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward Bohun :
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant : I now seal it ;
And with that blood will make them one day groan for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd.
And without trial fell ; God's peace be with him !

Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most;
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:

And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me!

[*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Train.*]

1 *Gent.* O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

2 *Gent.* If the duke be guiltless,
'T is full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gent.* Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2 *Gent.* This secret is so weighty, 't will require
A strong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gent.* Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2 *Gent.* I am confident;
You shall, sir: Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing, of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

1 *Gent.* Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 *Gent.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain

The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

1 *Gent.* 'T is the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 *Gent.* I think you have hit the mark: But is 't not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 *Gent.* 'T is woeful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham.

'My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I
had I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young
and handsome; and of the best breed in the north. When they
were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by
commission and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason,
—His master would be served before a subject, if not before the
king; which stopped our mouths, sir.'

I fear, he will, indeed: Well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

Enter the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private.

Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'T is so:

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God he do! he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! For now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew:

He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage:
And out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce: a loss of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre:
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls
Will bless the king: And is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'T is most
true

These news are everywhere; every tongue speaks them,
And every true heart weeps for't: All that dare
Look into these affairs see this main end,—
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in;
And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:
My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;
The king hath sent me other-where: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

NORFOLK *opens a folding-door.* The KING is discovered sitting,
and reading pensively.

Suf. How sad he looks! sure he is much afflicted.

K. Hen. Who is there? ha?

Nor. 'Pray God he be not angry.

K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust your-
selves

Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate; in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. You are too bold;
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,
[*To CAMPEIUS.*
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it:—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker. [*To WOLSEY.*

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K. Hen. We are busy; go.

[*To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*

<i>Nor.</i> This priest has no pride in him?	} <i>Aside.</i>
<i>Suf.</i> Not to speak of;	
I would not be so sick though, for his place:	
But this cannot continue.	
<i>Nor.</i> If it do,	
I'll venture one;—have at him.	
<i>Suf.</i> I another.	

[*Exeunt NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices—Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius;
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him
welcome,

And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers'
loves,
You are so noble: To your highness' hand

I tender my commission ; by whose virtue,
(The court of Rome commanding,) you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted,
Forthwith, for what you come :—Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have ; and my favour
To him that does best ; God forbid else. Cardinal,
Prithee call Gardiner to me, my new secretary ;
I find him a fit fellow. [Exit WOLSEY.]

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand : much joy and favour to you ;
You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me. [Aside.]

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner. [They converse apart.]

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How ! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envied him ;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still ; which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him !
That's christian care enough : for living murmurers
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool ;
For he would needs be virtuous : That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment ;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[Exit GARDINER.]

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Blackfriars ;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business :
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow ? But, conscience, conscience,—
O, 't is a tender place, and I must leave her. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*An Antechamber in the Queen's Apartments.*

Enter ANNE BULLEN and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither :—Here's the pang that pinches :
His highness having liv'd so long with her : and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing ;—O now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than
'T is sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt ! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will ! much better
She ne'er had known pomp : though it be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 't is a sufferance, panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady !
She's a stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 't is better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't ; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy :
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart : which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty ;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings : and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth,—You would not be a queen ?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'T is strange : a three-pence bowed would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it : But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess ? have you limbs
To bear that load of title ?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made : Pluck off a little ;
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to : if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 't is too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk !
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You 'd venture an emballing : I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here ?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were 't worth to know
The secret of your conference ?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand ; it values not your asking :
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women : there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen !

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion of you to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke ; to which title
A thousand pound a-year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender,
More than my all is nothing ; nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities ; yet prayers, and wishes,
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid to his highness ;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to improve the fair conceit
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well ; [*Aside.*
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king : and who knows yet
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle !—I 'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord.

[Exit Lord Chamberlain.]

Old L. Why, this it is : see, see !

I have been begging sixteen years in court,
 (Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could
 Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
 For any suit of pounds: and you, (O fate!)
 A very fresh-fish here, (fie, fie, fie upon
 This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,
 Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence no.
 There was a lady once, ('t is an old story,)
 That would not be a queen, that would she not,
 For all the mud in Egypt:—Have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
 O'ermount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!
 A thousand pounds a-year! for pure respect;
 No other obligation: By my life,
 That promises more thousands: Honour's train,
 Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,
 I know, your back will bear a duchess;—Say,
 Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
 Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
 And leave me out on 't. 'Would I had no being
 If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me
 To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
 In our long absence: Pray, do not deliver
 What here you have heard, to her.

Old L.

What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in Blackfriars.*

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter Two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, Two Scribes, in the habits of doctors; after them, the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY alone; after him, the BISHOPS OF LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and SAINT ASAPH; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then Two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Arms, bearing a silver mace; then Two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the Two CARDINALS WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS; Two Noblemen, with the sword and mace. [Then enter the KING and QUEEN, and their Trains.] The KING takes place under the cloth of state; the Two CARDINALS sit under him as judges. The QUEEN takes place at some distance from the KING. The BISHOPS place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the BISHOPS. The Crier and the rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so:—Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry king of England, &c.

K. Hen. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine queen of England, come into the court.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, &c.

[*The QUEEN makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the KING, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*]

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,

My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
 The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
 A year before : It is not to be question'd
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful : Wherefore I humbly
 Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
 Be by my friends in Spain advis'd ; whose counsel
 I will implore ; if not, i' the name of God,
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd !

Wol. You have here, lady,
 (And of your choice,) these reverend fathers ; men
 Of singular integrity and learning,
 Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
 To plead your cause : It shall be therefore bootless,
 That longer you desire the court ; as well
 For your own quiet, as to rectify
 What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
 Hath spoken well, and justly : Therefore, madam,
 Is 't fit this royal session do proceed ;
 And that, without delay, their arguments
 Be now produc'd, and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,
 To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam ?

Q. Kath. Sir,
 I am about to weep ; but, thinking that
 We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) certain
 The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
 I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will when you are humble ; nay, before,
 Or God will punish me. I do believe,
 Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
 You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge
 You shall not be my judge : for it is you
 Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,
 Which God's dew quench !—Therefore, I say again,
 I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
 Refuse you for my judge : whom, yet once more,
 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
 At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess
 You speak not like yourself ; who ever yet
 Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
 O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong :
 I have no spleen against you ; nor injustice
 For you, or any : how far I have proceeded,
 Or how far further shall, is warranted

By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: The which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling in full seeming
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have by fortune, and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers: and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will, as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour than
Your high profession spiritual: That again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[She curtsies to the KING, and offers to depart.]

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by it; 't is not well.
She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, come into the court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience!—pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry: no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[Exeunt QUEEN, GRIFFITH, and her other Attendants.]

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,

Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,—
 Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
 Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,
 The queen of earthly queens:—She is noble born;
 And, like her true nobility, she has
 Carried herself towards me.

Wol.

Most gracious sir,

In humblest manner I require your highness,
 That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
 Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,
 There must I be unloos'd; although not there
 At once and fully satisfied,) whether ever I
 Did broach this business to your highness; or
 Laid any scruple in your way, which might
 Induce you to the question on 't? or ever
 Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such
 A royal lady,—spake one the least word that might
 Be to the prejudice of her present state,
 Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen.

My lord cardinal,

I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
 I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
 That you have many enemies, that know not
 Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
 Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
 The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
 But will you be more justified? you ever
 Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
 Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
 The passages made toward it:—on my honour,
 I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
 And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to 't.
 I will be bold with time, and your attention:—
 Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;—give heed to 't:
 My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
 Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
 By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
 Who had been hither sent on the debating
 A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
 Our daughter Mary: I' the progress of this business,
 Ere a determinate resolution, he
 (I mean the bishop) did require a respite;
 Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
 Whether our daughter were legitimate,
 Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
 Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
 The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
 Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
 The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
 That many maz'd considerings did throng,
 And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,

I stood not in the smile of heaven ; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to 't, than
The grave does to the dead : for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them : Hence I took a thought
This was a judgment on me ; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladden'd in 't by me : Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail : and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together ; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln ; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long ; be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt ;
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My lord of Canterbury ; and got your leave
To make this present summons :—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court ;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on ;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward :
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 't is a needful fitness,
That we adjourn this court till further day :
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion

Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
 She intends unto his holiness. *[They rise to depart.]*

K. Hen. I may perceive *[Aside.]*
 These cardinals trifle with me : I abhor
 This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
 My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
 Prithee, return ! with thy approach I know
 My comfort comes along. Break up the court :
 I say, set on. *[Exeunt in manner as they entered.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Palace at Bridewell. A Room in the Queen's Apartment.*

The QUEEN, and some of her Women, at work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench : my soul grows sad with
 troubles :
 Sing, and disperse them if thou canst : leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain-tops that freeze,
 Bow themselves, when he did sing :
 To his music, plants and flowers
 Ever sprung ; as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
 Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.
 In sweet music is such art :
 Killing care and grief of heart
 Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now ?

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
 Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me ?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
 To come near. *[Exit Gent.]* What can be their business
 With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour ?
 I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,
 They should be good men ; their affairs as righteous :
 But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness !

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife ;

I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: 'Would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number,) if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against them,
I know my life so even: If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly: Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est ergà te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—*

Q. Kath. O good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious:
Pray speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
Believe me she has had much wrong: Lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry my integrity should breed,
And service to his majesty and you,
So deep suspicion where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady: but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace;
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far,)—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. To betray me.
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;
Ye speak like honest men; pray God, ye prove so!
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,

[*Aside.*]

(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
 And to such men of gravity and learning,
 In truth, I know not. I was set at work
 Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
 Either for such men, or such business.
 For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
 The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,
 Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;
 Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears;
 Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England
 But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,
 That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
 Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,
 (Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,)
 And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
 They that must weigh out my afflictions,
 They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
 They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
 In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would your grace
 Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
 He's loving, and most gracious; 't will be much
 Both for your honour better, and your cause;
 For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
 You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
 Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye!
 Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
 That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
 Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
 But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
 Mend them, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
 The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
 A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
 I will not wish ye half my miseries,
 I have more charity. But say, I warn'd ye;
 Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
 The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
 You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: Woe upon ye,
 And all such false professors! Would ye have me
 (If you have any justice, any pity;
 If ye be anything but churchmen's habits)

Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long—(let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends)—a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 't is not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[To her Women.

Shipwrack'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grave allow'd me:—Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your grace

Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
The way of our profession is against it;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.

I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: Pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray, forgive me,
If I have used myself unmannerly;
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Antechamber to the King's Apartment.*

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you should sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suff. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Anything on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not:
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars

The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true,
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how!

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce: For if
It did take place, 'I do,' quoth he, 'perceive,
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.'

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now, all my joy
Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to 't!

Nor. All men's!

Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, amen!

Suf. No, no;
There be more wasps that buzz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome: hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and

Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The king cried, ha ! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry ha, louder !

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer ?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions ; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom : shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen ; but princess dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has ; and we shall see him,
For it, an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'T is so.
The cardinal—

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave 't you the king ?

Crom. To his own hand, in 's bedchamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' th' inside of the paper ?

Crom. Presently
He did unseal them : and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind ; a heed
Was in his countenance : You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad ?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me awhile.— [*Exit CROMWELL.*]
It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister : he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen ! No ; I'll no Anne Bullens for him :
There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen !
No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke !

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice !

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman ; a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress ! the queen's queen !—

This candle burns not clear; 't is I must snuff it;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,
And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Suf. I would 't were something that would fret the string,
The master-cord of his heart!

Enter the KING, reading a schedule; and LOVELL.

Suf. The king, the king.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together?—Now, my lords,
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be:
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found
There; on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heaven's will;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

*[He takes his seat, and whispers LOVELL,
who goes to WOLSEY.]*

Wol. Heaven forgive me!

Ever God bless your highness !

K. Hen. Good, my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind ; the which
You were now running o'er ; you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
To keep your earthly audit : Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband : and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time ; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' the state ; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well,

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well-saying.

K. Hen. 'T is well said again ;
And 't is a kind of good deed to say well :
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you :
He said he did ; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart ; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean ?

Sur. The Lord increase this business ! [Aside.]

K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state ? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true :
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you ?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite ; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours :—my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fil'd with my abilities : Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks ;
My prayers to heaven for you ; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answer'd ;

A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: The honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you, than any; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 't were in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be.
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. 'T is nobly spoken:
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open 't.—Read o'er this;
[*Giving him papers.*]
And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit KING, frowning upon CARDINAL WOLSEY, the
Nobles throng after him, smiling, and whispering.*]

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger 's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper:
I fear, the story of his anger.—'T is so:
This paper has undone me: 'T is the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 't will stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this—'To the Pope'?
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness:
And, from that full meridian of my glory,

I haste now to my setting. I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay,
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross them,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
(I mean, your malice,) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
You ask with such a violence, the king,
(Mine, and your master,) with his own hand gave me:
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life, and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents: Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest;
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland:
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false. The duke by law

Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour,
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou should'st feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king: your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life:—I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those than my head. Have at you.
First, that, without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power

You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd ; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities ; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are ;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far ; 't is virtue :
His faults lie open to the laws ; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you ;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection :—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we 'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but WOLSEY.*]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man : To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,

Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory;
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
 I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
 A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
 I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know myself now; and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities,
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
 I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
 These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
 A load would sink a navy, too much honour:
 O, 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden,
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
 (Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
 To endure more miseries, and greater far,
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
 What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
 Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that sir Thomas More is chosen
 Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
 But he's a learned man. May he continue
 Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
 For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
 When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
 May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
 What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me; all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell,
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O, my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And,—Prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Westminster.*

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 Gent. You are well met once again.

2 Gent. And so are you.

1 Gent. You come to take your stand here, and behold
The lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 Gent. 'T is all my business. At our last encounter,
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 Gent. 'T is very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;
This general joy.

2 Gent. 'T is well: The citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds,
(As let them have their rights they are ever forward,)
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 Gent. Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

1 Gent. Yes; 't is the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high-steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

2 Gent. I thank you, sir; had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 Gent. That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which

She was often cited by them, but appear'd not :
 And, to be short, for not appearance, and
 The king's late scruple, by the main assent
 Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
 And the late marriage made of none effect :
 Since which, she was remov'd to Kimbolton,
 Where she remains now, sick.

2 *Gent.* Alas, good lady !— [*Trumpets.*
 The trumpets sound : stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of Trumpets : then, enter

1. *Two Judges.*
2. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*
3. *Choristers singing.* [*Music.*
4. *Mayor of London bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and, on his head, a gilt copper crown.*
5. *Marquis Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports ; under it, the Queen in her robe ; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
8. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

2 *Gent.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know ;—
 Who's that that bears the sceptre ?

1 *Gent.* Marquis Dorset :
 And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 *Gent.* A bold brave gentleman : And that should be
 The duke of Suffolk.

1 *Gent.* 'T is the same ; high-steward.

2 *Gent.* And that my lord of Norfolk ?

1 *Gent.*

Yes.

2 *Gent.*

Heaven bless thee !

[*Looking on the QUEEN.*

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—
 Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel ;
 Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
 And more, and richer, when he strains that lady ;
 I cannot blame his conscience.

1 *Gent.* They that bear
 The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
 Of the Cinque-ports.

2 *Gent.* Those men are happy ; and so are all are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

1 *Gent.* It is ; and all the rest are countesses.

2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed ;
And, sometimes, falling ones.

1 *Gent.* No more of that.

[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*]

Enter a Third Gentleman.

God save you, sir ! Where have you been broiling ?

3 *Gent.* Among the crowd i' the abbey ; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more ; I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 *Gent.* You saw the ceremony ?

3 *Gent.* That I did.

1 *Gent.* How was it ?

3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her : while her grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man : which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes : hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up : and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man living
Could say, 'This is my wife,' there ; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.* But, what follow'd ?

3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar : where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people :
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen ;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems,
Laid nobly on her ; which perform'd, the choir
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,

And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gent.*

Sir,

You must no more call it York-place, that is past :
For, since the cardinal fell, that title 's lost ;
'T is now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

3 *Gent.*

I know it :

But 't is so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gent.*

What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen ?

3 *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner ; the one, of Winchester,
(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,)
The other, London.

2 *Gent.*

He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gent.*

All the land knows that :
However, yet there 's no great breach ; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you ?

3 *Gent.*

Thomas Cromwell ;

A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend.—The king
Has made him master o' the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gent.*

Yes, without all doubt.

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests ;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both.

You may command us, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Kimbolton.

*Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick ; led between GRIFFITH and
PATIENCE.*

Grif. How does your grace ?

Kath.

O, Griffith, sick to death :

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden : reach a chair ;—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead ?

Grif. Yes, madam ; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.

Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died :
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted,) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words,—‘O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!’
So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity:—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: I’ the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men’s evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion’d to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty, and sour, to them that loved him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: Ever witness for him

Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
 Ipswich, and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;
 The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
 And found the blessedness of being little :
 And, to add greater honours to his age
 Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
 No other speaker of my living actions,
 To keep mine honour from corruption,
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
 With thy religious truth, and modesty,
 Now in his ashes honour : Peace be with him !
 Patience, be near me still ; and set me lower :
 I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note
 I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
 On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn music.

Grif. She is asleep : Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
 For fear we wake her ;—Softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces ; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance ; and at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head ; at which, the other four make reverend curtsies ; then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head : which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order : at which, (as it were by inspiration,) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven : and so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye ? Are ye all gone ?
 And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye ?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for :
 Saw ye none enter, since I slept ?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No ? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
 Invite me to a banquet ; whose bright faces
 Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun ?
 They promis'd me eternal happiness ;

And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear : I shall,
Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*]

Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden ?
How long her face is drawn ? How pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold ? Mark her eyes !

Grif. She is going, wench ; pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her !

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow :
Deserve we no more reverence ?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour : go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon ;
My haste made me unmannerly : There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith : But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again. [*Exeunt GRIFFITH, and Messenger.*]

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me ?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace ; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you ;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late ;
'T is like a pardon after execution :
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me ;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness ?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do ! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom !—Patience, is that letter

I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat.

No, madam.

[*Giving it to* KATHARINE.]

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cap.

Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding;
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope, she will deserve well;) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lie,) but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
The last is, for my men;—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me;—
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by;
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents:—And, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap.

By heaven, I will;

Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.

[*Exeunt, leading* KATHARINE.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Gallery in the Palace.*

Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, sir Thomas!
Whither so late?

Lov. Come you from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primero
With the duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?
It seems you are in haste; an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: Affairs that walk
(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks despatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with,
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,—
Hear me, sir Thomas: You are a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'T will not, sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,—
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,—
Beside that of the jewel-house, he is made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,

Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,
With which the time will load him : The archbishop
Is the king's hand and tongue : And who dare speak
One syllable against him ?

Gar. Yes, yes, sir Thomas,
There are that dare ; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him : and, indeed, this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think I have
Insens'd the lords o' the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is,)
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land : with which they mov'd,
Have broken with the king : who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him,) he hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long : good night, sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord ; I rest your servant.

[*Exeunt GARDINER and Page.*]

*As LOVELL is going out, enter the KING and the
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.*

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night ;
My mind's not on 't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles ;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news ?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message ; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou ? ha !
To pray for her ? what, is she crying out ?

Lov. So said her woman ; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady !

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladdening of
Your highness with an heir !

K. Hen. 'T is midnight, Charles,
Prithee to bed ; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone ;
For I must think of that, which company
Will not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will

Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen.

Charles, good night.

[*Exit* SUFFOLK.]

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

K. Hen.

Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen.

'T is true: Where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen.

Bring him to us.

[*Exit* DENNY.]

Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake;
I am happily come hither.

[*Aside.*

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

K. Hen.

Avoid the gallery.

[LOVELL *seems to stay.*

Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.

What!—

[*Exeunt* LOVELL and DENNY.]

Cran. I am fearful:—Wherefore frowns he thus?

'T is his aspect of terror. All's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran.

It is my duty

To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen.

'Pray you, arise,

My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.

Come, you and I must walk a turn together;

I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me your hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,

And am right sorry to repeat what follows:

I have, and most unwillingly, of late

Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,

Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,

Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall

This morning come before us; where, I know,

You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,

But that, till further trial in those charges

Which will require your answer, you must take

Your patience to you, and be well contented

To make your house our Tower: You a brother of us,

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness

Would come against you.

Cran.

I humbly thank your highness;

And am right glad to catch this good occasion

Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff

And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know

There's none stands under more calumnious tongues

Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;
Prithee, let's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not
How your state stands 'i the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them; if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps!
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.—[*Exit CRANMER.*] He has
strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gent. [*Within.*] Come back. What mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her—'t is a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 't is as like you
As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell,—

Enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir.

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.
[*Exit KING.*]

Lady. An hundred marks! By this light I'll have more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this the girl is like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay 't; and now
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Lobby before the Council-Chamber.*

Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-Keeper, &c., attending.

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—Ho!
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me;

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily: The king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit BUTTS.*]

Cran. [*Aside.*] 'T is Butts,
The king's physician; as he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,

This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
 (God turn their hearts ! I never sought their malice,)
 To quench mine honour : they would shame to make me
 Wait else at door ; a fellow-counsellor,
 Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
 Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter, at a window above, the KING and BUTTS.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight,—

K. Hen. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.

K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord :

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury ;
 Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
 Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha ! 'T is he, indeed :

Is this the honour they do one another ?

'T is well there's one above them yet. I had thought

They had parted so much honesty among them

(At least, good manners,) as not thus to suffer

A man of his place, and so near our favour,

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,

And at the door too, like a post with packets.

By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery :

Let them alone, and draw the curtain close ;

We shall hear more anon.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Council-Chamber.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, DUKE OF NORFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, and CROMWELL. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand ; a seat being left void above him, as for the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. The rest seat themselves in order on each side. CROMWELL at the lower end, as secretary.

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary :
 Why are we met in council ?

Crom. Please your honours,
 The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it ?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there ?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords ?

Gar. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop ;

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[*CRANMER approaches the council-table.*]

You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,
You are always my good friend ; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful : I see your end ;
'T is my undoing : Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition ;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth ; your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp ; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been : 't is a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy ; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord ?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect ? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound ?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest !
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much ;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord,—It stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be conveyed to the Tower a prisoner ;
There to remain, till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us : Are you all agreed, lords ?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords ?

Gar. What other
Would you expect ? You are strangely troublesome :
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?
Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.
Cran. Stay, good my lords;
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.
Cham. This is the king's ring.
Sur. 'T is no counterfeit.
Suf. 'T is the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'T would fall upon ourselves.
Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Cham. 'T is now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him!
'Would I were fairly out on't.
Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have at ye.

Enter KING, frowning on them; takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear,
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now; and in my presence,
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach; you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.
Good man, [*to CRANMER*] sit down. Now let me see the
proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
 I had thought, I had had men of some understanding
 And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.
 Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
 This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
 This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
 At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?
 Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission
 Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
 Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
 Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,
 More out of malice than integrity,
 Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
 Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
 My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
 To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
 Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
 (If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
 And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
 I am sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
 Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it,
 I will say thus much for him, if a prince
 May be beholden to a subject, I
 Am, for his love and service, so to him;
 Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
 Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Canterbury,
 I have a suit which you must not deny me;
 That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
 You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
 In such an honour: How may I deserve it,
 That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons;
 you shall have
 Two noble partners with you; the old duchess of Norfolk,
 And lady marquis Dorset: Will these please you?
 Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
 Embrace, and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart,
 And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
 Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true
 heart.

The common voice, I see, is verified
 Of thee, which says thus, 'Do my lord of Canterbury
 A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.'—
 Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
 To have this young one made a christian.

As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Palace Yard.*

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: Do you take the court for Parish-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue: Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to them.—I'll scratch your heads: You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 't is as much impossible
(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons)
To scatter them, as 't is to make them sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be:
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor sir Guy, nor Colbrand,
To mow them down before me: but, if I spared any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,
Let me never hope to see a chine again; and that
I would not for a cow, God save her.

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock them down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off

her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out, *clubs!* when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour, which were the hope of the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff to me; I defied them still; when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let them win the work: The devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of them in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here! They grow still too, from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters, These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows. There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour We are but men; and what so many may do, Not being torn a pieces, we have done: An army cannot rule them.

Cham. As I live, If the king blame me for 't, I'll lay ye all By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves; And here ye lie baiting of bumbards, when Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound; They are come already from the christening: Go, break among the press, and find a way out To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

Port. You i' the camblet, get up o' the rail; I'll pick you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Palace.*

Enter trumpets, sounding; then Two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK, with his marshal's staff, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, Two Noblemen, bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts; then Four Noblemen bearing a

canopy, under which the DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c., Train borne by a Lady: then follows the MARCHIONESS OF DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter KING and Train.

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop,
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord.—

[*The KING kisses the child.*]

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hands I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: Her own shall bless her:
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with her:
In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her

EPILOGUE.

'T is ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here : Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets ; so, 't is clear,
They 'll say 't is nought : others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—'that 's witty !'
Which we have not done neither : that, I fear,
All the expected good we are like to hear,
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women ;
For such a one we show'd them : If they smile,
And say, 't will do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours ; for 't is ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

ROMEO AND JULIET

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ESCALUS, <i>Prince of Verona.</i>	ABRAM, <i>servant to Montague.</i>
PARIS, <i>a young nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.</i>	<i>An Apothecary.</i>
MONTAGUE, } <i>heads of two houses, at vari-</i>	<i>Three Musicians.</i>
CAPULET, } <i>ance with each other.</i>	<i>Chorus.</i>
<i>An old Man, uncle to Capulet.</i>	<i>Boy.</i>
ROMEO, <i>son to Montague.</i>	<i>Page to Paris.</i>
MERCUTIO, <i>kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo.</i>	PETER.
BENVOLIO, <i>nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.</i>	<i>An Officer.</i>
TYBALT, <i>nephew to Lady Capulet.</i>	Lady MONTAGUE, <i>wife to Montague.</i>
Friar LAURENCE, <i>a Franciscan.</i>	Lady CAPULET, <i>wife to Capulet.</i>
Friar JOHN, <i>of the same order.</i>	JULIET, <i>daughter to Capulet.</i>
BALTHASAR, <i>servant to Romeo.</i>	<i>Nurse to Juliet.</i>
SAMPSON, } <i>servants to Capulet.</i>	<i>Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.</i>
GREGORY, }	

PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
 In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
 From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
 Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
 From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
 A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life ;
 Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
 Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
 The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
 And the continuance of their parents' rage,
 Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
 Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage ;
 The which if you with patient ears attend,
 What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A public Place.*

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords and bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we 'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we 'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand; therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'T is all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be civil with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and 't is known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'T is well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAM and BALTHAZAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How? turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry: I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law of our side, if I say—ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO, *at a distance.*

Gre. Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*]

Ben. Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*Beats down their swords.*]

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds? Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, draw and talk of peace? I hate the word, As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:

Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*]

Enter several partisans of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs.

1 Cit. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down! Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, *in his gown; and Lady* CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE *and Lady* MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not, let me go.

La Mon. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, *with Attendants.*

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts,—
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins!
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.

Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE and Attendants; CAPULET, Lady
CAPULET, TYBALT, Citizens, and Servants.]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?—
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo?—saw you him to-day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from this city's side,
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,—
That most are busied when they are most alone,—
Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;

Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night :
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many others, friends :

But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

Ben. See, where he comes : So please you, step aside ;
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[Exeunt MONTAGUE and Lady.]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me ! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was :—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof !

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will !
Where shall we dine?—O me !—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love :—
Why then, O brawling love ! O loving hate !

O anything, of nothing first created !

O heavy lightness ! serious vanity !

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms !

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health !

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is !—

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.—
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it press'd
With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with loving tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz.

[*Going.*

Ben. Soft, I will go along;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why, no;
But sadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:—
Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!—
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marksman!—And she's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'T is the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more;
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,

Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair ;
He that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost :
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair ?
Farewell : thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, *and* Servant.

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike ; and 't is not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both ;
And pity 't is, you liv'd at odds so long,
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit ?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before :
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years ;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
Earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth :
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part ;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love ; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house, look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light :
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house ; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be :
Which on more view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me ;—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona ; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, [*gives a paper,*] and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS.]

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written here? It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good e'en, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:
But I pray, can you read anything you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow: I can read. [*Reads.*

*Signor Martino, and his wife and daughters; County Anselme,
and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signor
Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine;
Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; My fair niece Rosaline;
Livia; Signor Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the
lively Helena.*

A fair assembly; [*gives back the note.*] Whither should they
come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither to supper?

Serv. To our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: My master is the great
rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray,
come and crush a p of wine. Rest you merry. [*Exit.*

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires !
And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars !
One fairer than my love ! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut ! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye :
But in that crystal scales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well, that now shows best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE III.—*A Room in Capulet's House.**Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter ? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now by my maiden-head,—at twelve year old,—
I bade her come.—What, lamb ! what, ladybird !—
God forbid !—where's this girl ?—what, Juliet !

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now ! who calls ?

Nurse.

Your mother.

Jul.

Madam, I am here.

What is your will ?

La. Cap. This is the matter :—Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again ;
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.
Thou know'st, my daughter 's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She 's not fourteen.

Nurse.

I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,

And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,—
She is not fourteen.—How long is it now
To Lammas-tide ?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls !—
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God ;
She was too good for me : But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen ;
That shall she, marry ; I remember it well.
'T is since the earthquake now eleven years ;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day :
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,

Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,
My lord and you were then at Mantua :—
Nay, I do bear a brain :—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool !
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.
Shake, quoth the dove-house : 't was no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years :
For then she could stand alone ; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about.
For even the day before, she broke her brow :
And then my husband—God be with his soul !
'A was a merry man!—took up the child :
Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face ?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit ;
Wilt thou not, Jule ? and, by my holy dam,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said—Ay.
To see now, how a jest shall come about !
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it ; Wilt thou not, Jule ? quoth he :
And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said—Ay.

La. Cap. Enough of this ; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam ; yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say—Ay :
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone ;
A parlous knock ; and it cried bitterly.
Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face ?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age ;
Wilt thou not, Jule ? it stinted, and said—Ay.

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace !
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd :
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of :—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married ?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour ! were not I thine only nurse,
I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now ; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers : by my count,
I was a mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief ;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady ! lady, such a man,
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast:
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every several lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 't is much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *with Five or Six Maskers, Torch-Bearers, and others.*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch,—I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes,
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead,

So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love:
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in: [*Putting on a Mask.*]
A visor for a visor!—what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this, sir reverence, love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn daylight, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, lights, lights, by day.
Take our good meaning; for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask;
But 't is no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then, I see queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
Her traces of the smallest spider's web;
Her collars of the moonshine's watery beams;

Her whip of cricket's bone ; the lash of film :
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid :
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love :
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight :
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees :
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice :
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
Drums in his ear : at which he starts and wakes ;
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night ;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she —

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace,
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy ;
Which is as thin of substance as the air ;
And more inconstant than the wind who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves ;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early : for my mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels ; and expire the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death :

But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Hall in Capulet's House.*

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1 Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 't is a foul thing.

1 Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate:—good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2 Serv. Ay, boy; ready.

1 Serv. You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 Serv. We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all. [*They retire behind.*]

Enter CAPULET, &c., with the Guests, and the Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their toes
Unplagued with corns, will have a bout with you:—

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she

I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near ye now?

Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,

That I have worn a visor; and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please; 't is gone, 't is gone, 't is gone:

You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.

A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[*Music plays, and they dance.*]

More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—

Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;

For you and I are past our dancing days:

How long is 't now, since last yourself and I

Were in a mask?

2 Cap. By 'r lady, thirty years.

1 Cap. What, man! 't is not so much, 't is not so much:

'T is since the nuptial of Lucentio,

Come pentecost as quickly as it will,

Some five-and-twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 Cap. 'T is more, 't is more: his son is elder, sir;

His son is thirty.

1 Cap. Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

I Cap. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

I Cap. Young Romeo, is 't?

Tyb. 'T is he, that villain Romeo.

I Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill beseeeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
I'll not endure him.

I Cap. He shall be endur'd.

What, Goodman boy!—I say, he shall;—Go to;—
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 't is a shame.

I Cap. Go to, go to,

You are a saucy boy:—Is 't so indeed?
This trick may chance to scath you;—I know what.
You must contrary me!—marry, 't is time—
Well said, my hearts!—You are a princ Cox; go:—
Be quiet, or—More light, more light.—For shame!—

I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,

Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

[*Exit.*

Rom. If I profane with my unworthiest hand [*To* JULIET.

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,—

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this;

For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayers' effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd. [*Kissing her.*

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!

Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,

And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:

I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;

I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,

Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

1 Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:—

More torches here!—Come on then; let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, [*To 2 Cap.*] by my fay, it waxes late;

I'll to my rest.

[*Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse.*

Jul. Come hither, nurse: What is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name:—if he be married,

My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague ;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate !
Too early seen unknown, and known too late !
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What 's this ? What 's this ?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within, Juliet.*]

Nurse. Anon, anon :—
Come, let's away ; the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CHORUS.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir ;
That fair, for which love groan'd for, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks ;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks :
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear ;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved anywhere :
But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An open Place adjoining Capulet's Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here ?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*]

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo ! my cousin Romeo !

Mer. He is wise ;
And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leapt this orchard wall :
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I 'll conjure too.
Romeo ! humours ! madman ! passion ! lover !
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied.
Cry but—Ah me ! pronounce but love and dove ;
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.—
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 't would anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good night:—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 't is in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Capulet's Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—

[*JULIET appears above, at a window.*]

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—
It is my lady: O, it is my love:
O, that she knew she were!—
She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—
I am too bold, 't is not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
 As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,
 That birds would sing and think it were not night.
 See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek!

Jul.

Ah me!

Rom.

She speaks:—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
 As is a winged messenger of heaven
 Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
 Deny thy father, and refuse thy name;
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [*Aside.*]

Jul. 'T is but thy name that is my enemy;—
 Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
 What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
 Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
 Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
 What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
 By any other name would smell as sweet;
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
 Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
 And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
 Take all myself.

Rom.

I take thee at thy word:
 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
 Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night,
 So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom.

By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am;
 My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
 Because it is an enemy to thee;
 Had I it written I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
 Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound;
 Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom.

Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;
And, but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke. But farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose,
love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite. [*Nurse calls within.*
I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam.

Jul. I come, anon:—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam.

Jul. By and by, I come:—
To cease thy strife and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light—

Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books ;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[*Retiring slowly.*]

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist ! Romeo, hist !—O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again !
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo.

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name :
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears !

Jul. Romeo.

Rom. My—

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam.

Jul. What o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee ?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail ; 't is twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'T is almost morning, I would have thee gone :
And yet no further than a wanton's bird ;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I ;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night ! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow. [*Exit.*]

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast !—
'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !
Hence will I to my ghostly friar's close cell ;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Friar Laurence's Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a basket.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light ;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path, and Titan's fiery wheels :

Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
 The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
 I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,
 With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
 The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
 And from her womb children of divers kind
 We sucking on her natural bosom find:
 Many for many virtues excellent,
 None but for some, and yet all different.
 O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
 But to the earth some special good doth give;
 Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
 And vice sometime's by action dignified.
 Within the infant rind of this weak flower
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such opposed kings encamp them still
 In man as well as herbs,—grace, and rude will;
 And, where the worser is predominant,
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father!

Fri. *Benedicite!*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
 Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'rature,
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
 I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son: But where hast thou been then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
 I have been feasting with mine enemy;
 Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
 That's by me wounded; both our remedies
 Within thy help and holy physic lies:

I bear no hatred, blessed man ; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift :
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis ! what a change is here !
Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken ? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria ! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline !
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste !
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears ;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet :
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline ;
And art thou chang'd ? pronounce this sentence then—
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not : she, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow ;
The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be ;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence ; I stand on sudden haste

Fri. Wisely, and slow ; They stumble, that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be ?—Came he not home to-night ?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline, Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet, Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause: Ah, the immortal passado! the puncto reverso! the hay!

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents!—By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardon-mes*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons*!

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O, flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbé, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour*! there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; Can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Sure wit. Follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio: my wits faint.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for anything, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter NURSE and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'T is no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you!

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—For himself to mar, quoth 'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.—

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady.

[*Exeunt* MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.]

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak anything against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates:—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift
This afternoon;

And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee;
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair:
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll 'quite thy pains.
Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, lord!
—when 't was a little prating thing,—O, there's a nobleman in
town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good
soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her
sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll
warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the
varsal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a
letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the dog.
No; I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the
prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do
you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

[*Exit.*

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Before, and apace.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Capulet's Garden.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—

O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,

Driving back shadows over low'ring hills :
 Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
 And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
 Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
 Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
 Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
 Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
 She 'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
 My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
 And his to me :
 But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
 Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter NURSE and PETER.

O God, she comes !—O honey nurse, what news ?
 Hast thou met with him ? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. *[Exit PETER.]*

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord ! why look'st thou sad ?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily ;
 If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
 By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave awhile ;—
 Fie, how my bones ache ! What a jaunt have I had !

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news ;
 Nay, come, I pray thee, speak ;—good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, What haste ? can you not stay a while ?
 Do you not see that I am out of breath ?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
 To say to me—that thou art out of breath ?
 The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
 Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
 Is thy news good, or bad ? answer to that ;
 Say either, and I 'll stay the circumstance :
 Let me be satisfied, Is 't good or bad ?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice ; you know not
 how to choose a man : Romeo ! no, not he ; though his face be
 better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's ; and for a hand,
 and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet
 they are past compare : He is not the flower of courtesy,—but, I 'll
 warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench ; serve
 God.—What, have you dined at home ?

Jul. No, no : But all this did I know before ;
 What says he of our marriage ! what of that ?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches ! what a head have I !
 It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces,
 My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back !—
 Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,
 To catch my death with jaunting up and down !

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well :
 Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love ?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous :— Where is your mother ?

Jul. Where is my mother ?—why, she is within ;
Where should she be ? How oddly thou repliest :
Your love says, like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother ?

Nurse. O, God's lady dear !
Are you so hot ? Marry come up, I trow ;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones ?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here 's such a coil,—Come, what says Romeo ?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day ?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife :
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church ; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's-nest soon, when it is dark :
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight ;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner ; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune !—honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Friar Laurence's Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not !

Rom. Amen, amen ! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight :
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die ; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume : The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite :
Therefore, love moderately ; long love doth so ;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady ;—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint :
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,

And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come, with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A public Place.*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, *and* Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad.
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when he enters
the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and
says, *God send me no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the
second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no
need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in
Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be
moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly,
for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a
man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou
hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no
other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye, but such
an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of
quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been
beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled
with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy
dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with
a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another,

for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter TYBALT and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddle-stick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:

Either withdraw unto some private place,

Or reason coldly of your grievances,

Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;

Your worship in that sense, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage

To such a greeting:—Villain am I none;

Therefore, farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee;

But love thee better than thou canst devise,

Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:

And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender

As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!

Alla stoccata carries it away.

[*Draws.*

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What would'st thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your nine lives,
that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter,

dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you.

[*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado.

[*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio. Beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage;

Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath

Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.

Hold Tybalt—good Mercutio—

[*Exeunt TYBALT and his Partisans.*

Mer. I am hurt—

A plague o' both your houses!—I am sped:

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben.

What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 't is enough.—

Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*

Rom. Courage, man: the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 't is enough, 't will serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world.—A plague o' both your houses!—What, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why, the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses,
They have made worm's meat of me:
I have it, and soundly too:—Your houses.

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin.—O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!

Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!—
Now, Tybalt, take the *villain* back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight; TYBALT falls.*]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—
Stand not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!

Rom. Oh! I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

[*Exit ROMEO.*]

Enter Citizens, &c.

I Cit. Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

I Cit. Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter PRINCE attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their Wives,
and others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
O prince,—O cousin,—husband,—the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—
O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure:—All this—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,—
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity

Retorts it : Romeo, he cries aloud,
 Hold, friends ! friends, part ! and swifter than his tongue,
 His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
 And 'twixt them rushes ; underneath whose arm
 An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
 Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled :
 But by and by comes back to Romeo,
 Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
 And to't they go like lightning ; for, ere I
 Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain ;
 And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly ;
 This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
 Affection makes him false, he speaks not true :
 Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
 And all those twenty could but kill one life :
 I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give ;
 Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio ;
 Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe ?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend ;
 His fault concludes but what the law should end,
 The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence,
 Immediately we do exile him hence :
 I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
 My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding ;
 But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
 That you shall all repent the loss of mine :
 I will be deaf to pleading and excuses ;
 Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,
 Therefore use none : let Romeo hence in haste,
 Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
 Bear hence his body, and attend our will :
 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
 Towards Phœbus' lodging ; such a waggoner
 As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
 And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
 That runaways' eyes may wink ; and Romeo
 Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen !—
 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
 By their own beauties : or, if love be blind,
 It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,

And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods :
Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted, simple modesty.
Come, night !—Come, Romeo ! come, thou day in night !
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night ; come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo : and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter Nurse, with cords.

And she brings news ; and every tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurse, what news ? What hast thou there ? the cords
That Romeo bade thee fetch ?

Nurse.

Ay, ay, the cords.

[Throws them down.]

Jul. Ah me ! what news ? why dost thou wring thy hands ?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day ! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead !

We are undone, lady, we are undone !—

Alack the day !—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead !—

Jul. Can heaven be so envious ?

Nurse.

Romeo can,

Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo, Romeo !—

Whoever would have thought it ?—Romeo !

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus ?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself ? say thou but *I*,

And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice :

I am not *I*, if there be such an *I* ;

Or those eyes shut, that make the answer, *I*.

If he be slain, say—*I* ; or if not, no :

Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—

God save the mark !—here on his manly breast :

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse ;

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,

All in gore blood ;—I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart !—poor bankrout, break at once !

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd; and is Tybalt dead?
My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravelling lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain!—
O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all nought, all dissemblers.—
Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitae*:
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 't is a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled it?—
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt dead, that would have slain my husband:

All this is comfort : Wherefore weep I then ?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me : I would forget it fain ;
But, O ! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds.
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished ;
That—*banished*, that one word—*banished*,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there :
Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd ?
But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished,—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead :—*Romeo is banished*,—
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death ; no words can that woe sound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse ?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse :
Will you go to them ? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears : mine shall be
spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords :—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I ; for Romeo is exil'd :
He made you for a highway to my bed ;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cord ; come, nurse ; I'll to my wedding bed ;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead !

Nurse. Hie to your chamber : I'll find Romeo
To comfort you :—I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night ;
I'll to him ; he is hid at Laurence's cell.

Jul. O find him ! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—*Friar Laurence's Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth ; come forth, thou fearful man ;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news ? what is the prince's doom ?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not ?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company :

I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death.
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say—banishment.

Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death:—then banished
Is death mis-term'd. Calling death banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment.
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'T is torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
This may flies do, when I from this must fly—
(And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death)—
But Romeo may not, he is banished.

Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—banished—to kill me; banished?

O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word—banished?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;

It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,

An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,

Doting like me, and like me banished,

Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,

Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

[*Knocking within.*]

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,

Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. [*Knocking.*]

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while;—stand up; [*Knocking.*]

Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!

What simpleness is this?—I come, I come. [*Knocking.*]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;

I come from lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!

Fri. O woeful sympathy!

Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering:—
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—Well, death's the end of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?

Doth not she think me an old murderer,

Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy

With blood remov'd but little from her own?

Where is she? and how doth she? and what says

My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge! tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. *[Draws his sword.]*

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!
And ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once would'st lose.
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man:
Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish.
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy:
The law, that threaten'd death, became thy friend,
And turn'd it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessing lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou puttest up thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But, look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,

Beg pardon of thy prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Go, before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all the night,
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit Nurse.*]

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Go hence: Good night; and here stands all your state;
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence;
Sojourn in Mantua: I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 't is late: farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief so brief to part with thee:
Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I;—Well; we were born to die.—
'T is very late, she'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo,
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft; What day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,
O' Thursday let it be;—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl:—

Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
 We'll keep no great ado;—a friend, or two:—
 For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
 It may be thought we held him carelessly,
 Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
 Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
 And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone:—O' Thursday be it then:—
 Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
 Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
 Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
 Afore me, it is so very late, that we
 May call it early by and by:—Good night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Loggia to Juliet's Chamber.*

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
 That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
 Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
 No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
 It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
 To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
 Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
 I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
 I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
 'T is but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
 I have more care to stay than will to go;—
 Come, death, and welcome!—Juliet wills it so.—
 How is 't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
 Straining harsh discords, and displeasing sharps.
 Some say, the lark makes sweet division;
 This doth not so, for she divideth us:
 Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
 O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!

Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
O, now be gone ; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light ?—more dark and dark our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam !

Jul. Nurse ?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber :
The day is broke ; be wary, look about. [*Exit Nurse.*]

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell ! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[*ROMEO descends.*]

Jul. Art thou gone so ? love ! lord ! ay—husband, friend !
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days :
O ! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell ! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again ?

Rom. I doubt it not ; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God ! I have an ill-divining soul ;
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb :
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you :
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu ! adieu ! [*Exit ROMEO.*]

Jul. O fortune, fortune ! all men call thee fickle :
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith ? Be fickle, fortune ;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [*Within.*] Ho, daughter ! are you up ?

Jul. Who is't that calls ? is it my lady mother ?
Is she not down so late, or up so early ?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither ?

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet ?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death ?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears ?
An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live :
Therefore, have done : some grief shows much of love ;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he be many miles asunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.
'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vex'd:
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a
man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at St. Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by St. Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris:—These are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew ;
But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright.—

How now ? a conduit, girl ? what, still in tears ?
Evermore showering ? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind :
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears ; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood ; the winds, thy sighs ;
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife ?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree ?

La. Cap. Ay, sir ; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave !

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How ! will she none ? doth she not give us thanks ?
Is she not proud ? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom ?

Jul. Not proud, you have ; but thankful, that you have :
Proud can I never be of what I hate ;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now ! how now, chop-logic ! What is this ?
Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not ;—
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to St. Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion ! out, you baggage !
You tallow face !

La. Cap. Fie, fie ! what ! are you mad ?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage ! disobedient wretch !
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face :
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me ;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd
That God had lent us but this only child ;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her ;
Out on her, hilding !

Nurse. God in heaven bless her !—
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom ? hold your tongue,
Good prudence ; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good den !

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad.
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd (as they say,) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer—*I'll not wed,—I cannot love,
I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me;—*
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to 't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.

[*Exit.*]

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word;
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

[*Exit.*]

Jul. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. 'Faith, here 't is: Romeo
Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dishclout to him; an eagle, madam,

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 't were as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse.

From my soul too;

Or else beshrew them both.

Jul.

Amen!

Nurse.

What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence's cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[*Exit.*

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Friar Laurence's Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS.

Fri. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so:
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love:
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
And in his wisdom, hastens our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society;
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd. [*Aside.*
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife !

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father ?

Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that ;
For it was bad enough, before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth ;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now ;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass ?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now :—
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion !—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you :
Till then, adieu ! and keep this holy kiss. [Exit PARIS.]

Jul. O, shut the door ! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me : Past hope, past care, past help !

Fri. O Juliet, I already know thy grief ;
It strains me past the compass of my wits :
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it :
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands :
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both :
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel ; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire ; arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.

Be not so long to speak ; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter ; I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to 'scape from it ;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower ;
Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are ; chain me with roaring bears ;
Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls ;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble ;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then ; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris : Wednesday is to-morrow ;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber :
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off :
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour ; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease.
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st ;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death :
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :
Then (as the manner of our country is,)
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave :
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift ;
And hither shall he come ; and he and I

Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
 And this shall free thee from this present shame;
 If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me! O tell not me of fear.

Fri. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
 In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
 To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall help
 afford.

Farewell, dear father!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Nurse, and Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—[*Exit* Servant.
 Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2 Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick
 their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2 Serv. Marry, sir, 't is an ill cook that cannot lick his own
 fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.— [Exit Servant.
 We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—
 What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
 A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong? where have you been
 gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
 Of disobedient opposition
 To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd
 By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
 To beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you!
 Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this;
 I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence's cell;
 And gave him what becomed love I might,
 Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand up
 This is as 't should be.—Let me see the county;
 Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
 Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
 All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow.
[*Exeunt JULIET and Nurse.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
'T is now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What ho!—
They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself
To county Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Juliet's Chamber.

Enter JULIET and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—But, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? Need you my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessities
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night!
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*]

Jul. Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me;—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, phial.—

What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?
No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—

[*Laying down a dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
 Because he married me before to Romeo?
 I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
 For he hath still been tried a holy man:
 How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
 I wake before the time that Romeo
 Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
 Or, if I live, is it not very like
 The horrible conceit of death and night,
 Together with the terror of the place,—
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
 Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
 Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
 Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
 At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
 Alack, alack! it is not like, that I,
 So early waking,—what with loathsome smells;
 And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—
 O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 Environed with all these hideous fears?
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
 O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
 Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, I drink to thee.
[She throws herself on the bed.]

SCENE IV.—Capulet's Hall.

Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices,
nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd.
 The curfew bell hath rung, 't is three o'clock:—
 Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
 Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,
 Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
 For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit ; What ! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time ;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady CAPULET and NURSE.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood !—Now, fellow,
What 's there ?

Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.

1 Serv. Things for the cook, sir ; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit 1 Serv.*]*—*Sirrah,
fetch drier logs ;

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

Cap. 'Mass, and well said ; A merry whoreson ! ha,
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good father, 't is day :
The county will be here with music straight, [*Music within.*]
For so he said he would. I hear him near :—
Nurse !—Wife !—what, ho !—what, nurse, I say !

Enter NURSE.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up ;
I'll go and chat with Paris :—Hie, make haste,
Make haste ! the bridegroom he is come already :
Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Juliet's Chamber ; JULIET on the Bed.*

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Mistress !—what, mistress !—Juliet !—fast, I warrant
her, she :—
Why, lamb !—Why, lady !—fie, you slug-a-bed !—
Why, love, I say !—madam ! sweetheart !—why, bride !—
What, not a word ?—you take your pennyworths now ;
Sleep for a week ; for the next night, I warrant,
The county Paris hath set up his rest
That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,
(Marry, and amen !) how sound is she asleep !
I must needs wake her :—Madam, madam, madam !
Ay, let the county take you in your bed ;
He'll fright you up, i' faith.—Will it not be ?
What, dress'd ! and in your clothes ! and down again !
I must needs wake you : Lady ! lady ! lady !
Alas ! alas !—Help ! help ! my lady's dead !—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born !—
Some aqua-vitæ, ho !—my lord ! my lady !

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here ?

Nurse.

O lamentable day !

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse.

Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the day!

La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's
dead.

Cap. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap.

O woeful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:

O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy wife:—There she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
Most lamentable day! most woeful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woeful day, O woeful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown;—
O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!
Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?—

O child ! O child !—my soul, and not my child !—
Dead art thou !—alack ! my child is dead !
And, with my child, my joys are buried !

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame ! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid ; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid :
Your part in her you could not keep from death ;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion ;
For 't was your heaven, she should be advanc'd :
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself ?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well :
She's not well married that lives married long ;
But she's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse ; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church :
For though some nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral :
Our instruments to melancholy bells ;
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast ;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change ;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him ;—
And go, sir Paris ;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill ;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, PARIS, and FRIAR.

1 *Mus.* 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up,
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit* NURSE.

1 *Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease, heart's ease* ; O, an
you will have me live, play *heart's ease*.

1 *Mus.* Why *heart's ease* ?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—*My heart is full* : O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

2 *Mus.* Not a dump we ; 't is no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then ?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

1 *Mus.* What will you give us ?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek: I will give you the minstrel.

1 Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; Do you note me?

1 Mus. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:—Answer me like men:

When griping griefs the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music, with her silver sound,—

Why silver-sound? why music with her silver-sound?

What say you, Simon Catling?

1 Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 Mus. I say—silver sound, because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too! What say you, James Soundpost?

3 Mus. 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer: I will say for you. It is—music with her silver sound, because musicians have no gold for sounding:—

Then music with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.

[*Exit, singing.*]

1 Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same?

2 Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mantua. *A Street.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think,)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?

How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How doth my lady Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit* BALTHASAR.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—which late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but forerun my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter APOTHECARY.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see that thou art poor;

Hold, there is forty ducats ; let me have
 A dram of poison ; such soon-speeding gear
 As will disperse itself through all the veins,
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead ;
 And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
 As violently as hasty powder fir'd
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have ; but Mantua's law
 Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
 And fear'st to die ? famine is in thy cheeks,
 Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
 Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back,
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law ;
 The world affords no law to make thee rich ;
 Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pray thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
 And drink it off ; and, if you had the strength
 Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold ; worse poison to men's souls,
 Doing more murther in this loathsome world,
 Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell :
 I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
 Farewell : buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
 Come, cordial, and not poison ; go with me
 To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Friar Laurence's Cell.*

Enter Friar JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar ! brother, ho !

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

Lau. This same should be the voice of friar John.—
 Welcome from Mantua : What says Romeo ?
 Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
 One of our order, to associate me,
 Here in this city visiting the sick,
 And finding him,—the searchers of the town,
 Suspecting that we both were in a house
 Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
 Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth ;
 So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo ?

John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
 Nor get a messenger to bring it thee ;
 So fearful were they of infection.

Lau. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

[*Exit.*

Lau. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake.
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come.
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Church-yard; in it, a Monument belonging
to the Capulets.*

Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing flowers and a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and stand aloof;—
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves),
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the church-yard; yet I will adventure. [Retires.

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal-bed I strew;
O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans;
The obsequies that I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave and weep.

[*The Boy whistles.*

The boy gives warning, something doth approach.

What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,

To cross my obsequies, and true-love's right?

What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while. [Retires.

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR with a torch, mattock, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light; Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,

Is, partly, to behold my lady's face :
 But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
 A precious ring ; a ring, that I must use
 In dear employment : therefore hence, be gone :—
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
 In what I further shall intend to do,
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
 And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs :
 The time and my intents are savage-wild ;
 More fierce, and more inexorable far,
 Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take thou that :
 Live and be prosperous ; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout ;
 His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [Retires.]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
 Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
 Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[Breaking open the door of the monument.]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food !

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
 That murder'd my love's cousin ;—with which grief,
 It is supposed the fair creature died,—
 And here is come to do some villainous shame
 To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him.— [Advances.]
 Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague.
 Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death ?
 Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee :
 Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed ; and therefore came I hither.
 Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
 Fly hence and leave me ;—think upon these gone ;
 Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
 Put not another sin upon my head,
 By urging me to fury :—O, be gone !
 By heaven, I love thee better than myself ;
 For I come hither arm'd against myself :
 Stay not, be gone ;—live, and hereafter say—
 A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy commiseration,
 And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me ? then have at thee, boy. [They fight.]

Page. O lord ! they fight : I will go call the watch. [Exit Page.]

Par. O, I am slain ! [Falls.]—If thou be merciful,
 Oper the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [Dies.]

Rom. In faith, I will :—Let me peruse this face ;—
 Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris :—
 What said my man, when my betossed soul

Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
A grave? O, no; a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[*Laying PARIS in the monument.*]

How oft when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again; here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love!—[*Drinks.*] O, true apothecary;
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [Dies.]

*Enter at the other end of the church-yard, Friar LAURENCE
with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's there?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls; as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir;

My master knows not but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone:—Fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo!— [Advances.
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[Enters the monument.

Romeo!—O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady stirs.

[JULIET wakes and stirs.

Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am:—Where is my Romeo? [Noise within.

Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come, away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet,—[Noise again] I dare no longer stay.
[Exit.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—
O churl! drink all; and left no friendly drop,
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.
Thy lips are warm!

[Kisses him.

1 *Watch*. [*Within*.] Lead, boy:—Which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger!

[*Snatching ROMEO's dagger.*
This is thy sheath; [*Stabs herself*] there rust, and let me die.
[*Falls on ROMEO's body, and dies.*

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

1 *Watch*. The ground is bloody; Search about the church-yard:

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find, attach. [*Exeunt some.*

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;—

And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,

Who here hath lain these two days buried.

Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—

Raise up the Montagues,—some others, search;—

[*Exeunt other Watchmen.*

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;

But the true ground of all these piteous woes,

We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

2 *Watch*. Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the church-yard.

1 *Watch*. Hold him in safety till the prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAURENCE.

3 *Watch*. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him,

As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1 *Watch*. A great suspicion; Stay the friar too.

Enter the PRINCE and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the streets cry—Romeo,
Some—Juliet, and some—Paris; and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in your ears?

1 *Watch*. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

1 *Watch*. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heaven!—O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo! his house

Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir now early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: Meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet,
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce
To county Paris:—Then comes she to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back: Then all alone,

At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But when I came (some minute ere the time
Of her awaking), here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But (as it seems) did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: And, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before the time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say to this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—
Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death;
And here he writes—that he did buy a poison
Of a poor pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.

Cap. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand.
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That whiles Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at that rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun for sorrow will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[*Exeunt.*]

OTHELLO.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF VENICE.	Clown, servant to Othello.
BRABANTIO, a senator; father to Desdemona.	Herald.
Two other senators.	DESDEMONA, wife to Othello.
GRATIANO, brother to Brabantio.	EMILIA, wife to Iago.
LODOVICO, kinsman to Brabantio.	BIANCA, a courtesan.
OTHELLO, the Moor.	Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, Attendants, &c.
CASSIO, his lieutenant.	SCENE.—For the First Act in VENICE;
IAGO, his ancient.	during the rest of the Play at a sea-port
RODERIGO, a Venetian gentleman.	in CYPRUS.
MONTANO, Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.	

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

Rod. Never tell me ; I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, should'st know of this.

Iago. But you'll not hear me. If ever I did dream
Of such a matter, abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him : and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place :
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them; with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war,
Nonsuits my mediators. For, certes, says he,
I have already chose my officer.
And what was he ?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife,

That never set a squadron in the field,
 Nor the division of a battle knows
 More than a spinster ; unless the bookish theorick,
 Wherein the tongued consuls can propose
 As masterly as he : mere prattle without practice,
 Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election :
 And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof
 At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
 Christen'd and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and calm'd
 By debtor and creditor : this counter-caster,
 He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
 And I,—bless the mark ! his Moor-ship's ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. Why, there 's no remedy, 't is the curse of service ;
 Preferment goes by letter and affection,
 And not by old gradation, where each second
 Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
 Whether I in any just term am affin'd
 To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O sir, content you ;
 I follow him to serve my turn upon him :
 We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
 Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
 That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
 Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
 For nought but provender ; and when he's old, cashier'd ;
 Whip me such honest knaves : Others there are
 Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
 And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
 Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd their coats,
 Do themselves homage : these fellows have some soul ;
 And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,
 It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
 Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago.
 In following him I follow but myself ;
 Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
 But seeming so, for my peculiar end :
 For when my outward action doth demonstrate
 The native act and figure of my heart
 In compliment extern, 't is not long after
 But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
 For daws to peck at : I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the Thicklips owe
 If he can carry 't thus !

Iago. Call up her father,
 Rouse him : make after him, poison his delight,
 Proclaim him in the streets ; incense her kinsmen,
 And though he in a fertile climate dwell,

Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such chances of vexation on 't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when (by night and negligence) the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio, ho!

Iago. Awake; what, ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO, *above*.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Sir, you are robb'd; for shame put on your gown;
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul:
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I; what are you?

Rod. My name is Roderigo.

Bra. The worser welcome:

I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
(Being full of supper and distempering draughts,)
Upon malicious knavery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,

In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. Sir, you are one of those that will not serve God, if the
devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, and you think
we are ruffians, you'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary
horse: you'll have your nephews neigh to you: you'll have coursers
for cousins, and gennets for germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter and the Moor are making the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer. I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer anything. But I beseech you, If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent, (As partly I find it is,) that your fair daughter, At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night, Transported with no worse nor better guard, But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier, To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor: If this be known to you, and your allowance, We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs; But if you know not this, my manners tell me We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe That, from the sense of all civility, I thus would play and trifle with your reverence: Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,— I say again, hath made a gross revolt; Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes, In an extravagant and wheeling stranger, Of here and every where: Straight satisfy yourself: If she be in her chamber, or your house, Let loose on me the justice of the state For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho! Give me a taper; call up all my people: This accident is not unlike my dream; Belief of it oppresses me already: Light, I say! light!

[*Exit from above.*]

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you: It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place, To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall) Against the Moor: For, I do know, the state, (However this may gall him with some check,) Cannot with safety cast him. For he's embark'd With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars, (Which even now stand in act,) that for their souls, Another of his fathom they have none To lead their business: in which regard, Though I do hate him as I do hell pains, Yet, for necessity of present life, I must show out a flag and sign of love, Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him, Lead to the Sagittary the raised search; And there will I be with him. So, farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants, with torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is; And what's to come of my despised time

Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—
With the Moor say'st thou?—Who would be a father?—
How didst thou know 't was she?—O, she deceives me
Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers;
Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think they are.

Bra. O heaven!—How got she out?—O treason of the
blood!—

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir; I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, would you had had her!—
Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;
I may command at most;—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.—
On, good Roderigo. I will deserve your pains. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Street.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants with torches.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience,
To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity
Sometime to do me service: Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. 'T is better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,
Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,
That the magnifico is much lov'd,
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential,
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law (with all his might to enforce it on)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'T is yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,

I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being
 From men of royal siege; and my demerits
 May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune
 As this that I have reach'd: For know, Iago,
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
 I would not my unhoused free condition
 Put into circumscription and confine
 For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yond?

Enter CASSIO, at a distance, and certain Officers with torches.

Iago. Those are the raised father and his friends:
 You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found;
 My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
 Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the duke; and my lieutenant.
 The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
 What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
 And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
 Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
 It is a business of some heat. The galleys
 Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
 This very night, at one another's heels;
 And many of the consuls, rais'd and met,
 Are at the duke's already: You have been hotly call'd for;
 When, being not at your lodging to be found,
 The senate hath sent about three several quests,
 To search you out.

Oth. 'T is well I am found by you.
 I will but spend a word here in the house,
 And go with you. [Exit.

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack;
 If it prove lawful prize he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers with torches.

Iago. It is Brabantio:—general, be advis'd;
 He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Hola! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra.

Down with him, thief!

[*They draw on both sides.*]

Iago. You, Roderigo! Come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.

Good signior, you shall more command with years
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
(If she in chains of magic were not bound,)—
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled dearling of our nation,
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou,—to fear, not to delight.
Judge me the world, if 't is not gross in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
That weaken motion:—I'll have it disputed on;
'T is probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant:
Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison: till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied;
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him?

Off. 'T is true, most worthy signior,
The duke's in council; and your noble self,
I am sure is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council?
In this time of the night?—Bring him away:
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as 't were their own:
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Council Chamber.*

The DUKE, and Senators, sitting; Officers attending.

Duke. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion'd;
My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke. And mine, a hundred forty.

2 Sen. And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases where the aim reports,
'T is oft with difference,) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment:
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor. [*Within.*] What hoa! what hoa! what hoa!

Enter Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Duke. Now? the business?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason; 't is a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze: When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in: if we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought:—How many, as you guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance

Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'T is certain then for Cyprus.
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

1 Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us to him, post—post-haste, despatch

1 Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and* Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior: [*To* BRABANTIO.
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours: good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not—

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

All. We are very sorry for 't.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this?

[*To* OTHELLO.

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,

And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace ;
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
 Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
 Their dearest action in the tented field ;
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broils and battle ;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking for myself : Yet, by your gracious patience,
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
 Of my whole course of love : what drugs, what charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
 (For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
 I won his daughter.

Bra. A maiden never bold ;
 Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
 Blush'd at herself : and she, in spite of nature,
 Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
 To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on ?
 It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
 That will confess, perfection so could err
 Against all rules of nature ; and must be driven
 To find out practices of cunning hell,
 Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
 That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
 Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
 He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this is no proof ;
 Without more wider and more overt test,
 Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
 Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

I Sen. But, Othello, speak :
 Did you by indirect and forced courses
 Subdue and poison this young maid's affections ?
 Or came it by request, and such fair question
 As soul to soul affordeth ?

Oth. I do beseech you,
 Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
 And let her speak of me before her father :
 If you do find me foul in her report,
 The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
 Not only take away, but let your sentence
 Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them : you best know the place.

[*Exeunt* IAGO and Attendants.]

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
 I do confess the vices of my blood,
 So justly to your grave ears I'll present
 How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
 And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortune,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances;
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance. In my traveller's history,
(Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,) such was my process;—
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—In faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange;
'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me.
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, *and* Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too.
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

Bra.

I pray you, hear her speak;

If she confess that she was half the wooer,
 Destruction on my head if my bad blame
 Light on the man !—Come hither, gentle mistress ;
 Do you perceive in all this noble company
 Where most you owe obedience ?

Des. My noble father,
 I do perceive here a divided duty :
 To you, I am bound for life and education ;
 My life and education both do learn me
 How to respect you ; you are the lord of duty ;—
 I am hitherto your daughter : But here 's my husband ;
 And so much duty as my mother show'd
 To you, preferring you before her father,
 So much I challenge that I may profess
 Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you !—I have done :—
 Please it your grace on to the state affairs ;
 I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
 Come hither, Moor :
 I here do give thee that with all my heart,
 Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
 I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
 I am glad at soul I have no other child ;
 For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
 To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself ; and lay a sentence,
 Which, as a grise, or step, may help these lovers.
 When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
 By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
 To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
 Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
 What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
 Patience her injury a mockery makes.
 The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief ;
 He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile ;
 We lose it not so long as we can smile.
 He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
 But the free comfort which from thence he hears :
 But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
 That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
 These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
 Being strong on both sides, are equivocal :
 But words are words ; I never yet did hear
 That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.
 I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for
 Cyprus :—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you :
 And though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency,
 yet opinion, a more sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more
 safer voice on you : you must therefore be content to slubber the

gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reference of place, and exhibition;
With such accommodation, and besort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Why; at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I. I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for why I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence: Let me go with him.

Oth. Let her have your voice.
Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat (the young affects
In me defunct) and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,
When she is with me: No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness
My speculative and offic'd instrument,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,

Either for her stay or going : the affair cries haste,
And speed must answer it.

1 Sen. You must away to-night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you ;
And such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.

Oth. So please your grace, my ancient ;
A man he is of honesty and trust :
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.
Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,
[*To BRABANTIO.*

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 Sen. Adieu, brave Moor ! use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see ;
She has deceived her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt* DUKE, Senators, Officers, &c.]

Oth. My life upon her faith ! Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee ;
I prithee let thy wife attend on her ;
And bring them after in the best advantage.
Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter and direction,
To spend with thee : we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.]

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart ?

Rod. What will I do, think'st thou ?

Iago. Why, go to bed and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. If thou dost I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman !

Rod. It is silliness to live when to live is torment : and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous ! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years ; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do ? I confess it is my shame to be so fond ; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue ? a fig ! 't is in ourselves that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens ; to the which our wills are gardeners : so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce ; set hyssop, and weed up thyme ; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it

with many; either to have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a sect or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thyself? drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be long that Desdemona should continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body she will find the errors of her choice. Therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring barbarian and supersubtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me;—Go, make money: I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cause is heartened; thine hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear?

Rod. I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell! put money enough in your purse.

[Exit RODERIGO.]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:

For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,

If I would time expend with such a snipe,

But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;

And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
 He has done my office : I know not if 't be true ;
 But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
 Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well :
 The better shall my purpose work on him.
 Cassio's a proper man : Let me see now ;
 To get his place, and to plume up my will ;
 In double knavery,—How ? how ?—Let's see :—
 After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
 That he is too familiar with his wife :
 He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
 To be suspected ; fram'd to make women false.
 The Moor is of a free and open nature,
 That thinks men honest that but seem to be so ;
 And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
 As asses are.
 I have 't ;—it is engender'd :—Hell and night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Sea-port Town in Cyprus.*

Enter MONTANO and Two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea ?

1 Gent. Nothing at all : it is a high-wrought flood ;
 I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
 Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land ;
 A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements :
 If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
 What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
 Can hold the mortise ? what shall we hear of this ?

2 Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet :
 For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
 The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds ;
 The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,
 Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
 And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole :
 I never did like molestation view
 On th' enchain'd flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
 Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd ;
 It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a Third Gentleman.

3 Gent. News, lads ! our wars are done :
 The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
 That their designment halts : A noble ship of Venice
 Hath seen a grievous wrack and sufferance

On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

3 Gent. The ship is here put in,
A Veronessa: Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't; 't is a worthy governor.

3 Gent. But this same Cassio,—though he speak of
comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. 'Pray heaven he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side,—hoa!
As well to see the vessel that's come in
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello;
Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.

3 Gent. Come, let's do so.
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks, you the valiant of the warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter another Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?

4 Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

2 Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy:

[*Guns heard.*]

Our friends, at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 't is that is arriv'd.

2 Gent. I shall.

[*Exit.*]

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragon's description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,

And in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener.—How now? who has put in?

Re-enter Second Gentleman.

2 *Gent.* 'T is one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensteep'd to enclog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath;
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms;
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O behold,

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Attendants.

The riches of the ship is come on shore!
You men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: But hark! a sail.

[*Cry within, A sail! a sail! Then guns heard.*]

2 *Gent.* They give their greeting to the citadel;
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news.—

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome, mistress:—

[*To EMILIA.*]

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 't is my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy. [*Kissing her.*]

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;

I find it still when I have list to sleep :
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on : you are pictures out of door ;
Bells in your parlours ; wild cats in your kitchens ;
Saints in your injuries ; devils being offended ;
Players in your huswifery ; and huswives in your beds.

Des. O, fye upon thee, slanderer !

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk ;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What would'st write of me if thou should'st praise me ?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't ;
For I am nothing if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay :—There's one gone to the harbour ?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry ; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.
Come, how would'st thou praise me ?

Iago. I am about it ; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize,—
It plucks out brains and all : But my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd ! How if she be black and witty ?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How, if fair and foolish ?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair :
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' the
alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul and
foolish ?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance !—thou praisest the worst best. But
what praise could'st thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed ?
one, that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch
of very malice itself ?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud ;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud ;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay ;
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—now I may ;
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly ;
She that in wisdom never was so frail,

To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
 She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
 See suitors following, and not look behind;
 She was a wight, if ever such wights were,—

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: Ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 't is so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good! well kissed, and excellent courtesy! 't is so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would, they were clyster-pipes for your sake!—[*Trumpet.*] The Moor, I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'T is truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
 To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
 If after every tempest come such calms,
 May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
 And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
 Olympus-high; and duck again as low
 As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
 'T were now to be most happy; for, I fear
 My soul hath her content so absolute,
 That not another comfort like to this
 Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid
 But that our loves and comforts should increase,
 Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!—
 I cannot speak enough of this content,
 It stops me here; it is too much of joy;
 And this, and this, the greatest discords be [*Kissing her.*]
 That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. O, you are well tun'd now!
 But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
 As honest as I am. [*Aside.*]

Oth. Come; let us to the castle.—

News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I prithee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.]

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come thither.
If thou be'st valiant, (as they say, base men being in love have then
a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,) list me.
The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard:—First, I
must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why 't is not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be instructed.
Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for brag-
ging and telling her fantastical lies: To love him still for prating,
—let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and
what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood
is made dull with the act of sport, there should be, again to inflame
it and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour; sym-
pathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is
defective in: Now, for want of these required conveniences, her
delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge,
disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it,
and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as
it is a most pregnant and unforced position,) who stands so eminent
in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does;—a knave very voluble;
no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil
and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and
most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: A slipper
and subtle knave; a finder of occasions; that has an eye can stamp
and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present
itself: A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young;
and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look
after: A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found
him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most bless'd
condition.

Iago. Bless'd fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes:
if she had been bless'd, she would never have loved the Moor:
Bless'd pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of
his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to
the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their
lips that their breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts,

Roderigo! When these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: Pish!—But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not;—I'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's rash, and very sudden in choler; and, haply, may strike at you: Provoke him that he may: for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu!

[Exit.]

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 't is apt, and of great credit:
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure,
I stand accountant for as great a sin,)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul,
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;
Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
Abuse him to the Moor in the right garb,—
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'T is here, but yet confus'd;
Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter a Herald, with a proclamation ; People following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph : some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him ; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial : So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open ; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello ! [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night :
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do ;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to 't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night : To-morrow, with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue ;
[*To DESDEMONA.*
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.—
Good night. [*Exeunt OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.*

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago : We must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant ; 't is not yet ten o' th' clock :
Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona,
whom let us not therefore blame : he hath not yet made wanton the
night with her ; and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has ! methinks it sounds a parley to
provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye ; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks is it not an alarum to love ?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets ! Come, lieutenant, I
have a stoop of wine : and here without are a brace of Cyprus
gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of black
Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago ; I have very poor and unhappy

brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup; I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too,—and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 't is a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you call them in.

Cas. I'll do 't; but it dislikes me. [Exit CASSIO.]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,
Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch:
Three lads of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
'The very elements of this warlike isle,—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle:—But here they come:
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO, and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, hoa!

And let me the canakin clink, clink, [Sings.]
And let me the canakin clink:

A soldier's a man; O, man's life's but a span;
Why then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys! [Wine brought in.]

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, hoa!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor, lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'T is pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, hoa!

Cas. Why this a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things.—Well,—Heaven's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this: let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left:—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well then: you must not think then that I am drunk. [Exit.

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before;—
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;
'T is to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 't is pity of him.
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'T is evermore his prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How now, Roderigo? [Aside.
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [Exit RODERIGO.

Mon. And 't is great pity, that the noble Moor

Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity :
It were an honest action, to say so
To the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island :
I do love Cassio well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark ! what noise ?

Enter CASSIO, pursuing RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue ! you rascal !

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant ?

Cas. A knave !—teach me my duty !
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me !

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue !

[*Striking RODERIGO.*

Mon.

Nay, good lieutenant ;

[*Staying him.*

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk ! [They fight.

Iago. Away, I say ! go out, and cry—a mutiny.
[*Aside to ROD., who goes out.*

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—
Help, hoa !—Lieutenant,—sir Montano,—
Help, masters !—Here's a goodly watch, indeed !

[*Bell rings.*

Who's that which rings the bell ?—Diablo, hoa !
The town will rise : Fie, fie, lieutenant ! hold ;
You'll be asham'd for ever.

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here ?

Mon. I bleed still ; I am hurt to the death.—He dies—

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, hoa ! Lieutenant,—sir Montano,—gentlemen,—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty ?
Hold ! the general speaks to you ; hold, for shame !

Oth. Why, how now, hoa ! from whence ariseth this ?
Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites ?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl :
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his soul light ; he dies upon his motion.
Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle
From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters ?—
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this ? on thy love I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know ; friends all but now, even now,

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Devesting them for bed : and then, but now,
(As if some planet had unwitting men,)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds ;
And, 'would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs that brought me to a part of it !

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot ?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont to be civil ;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure : What's the matter
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler ? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger ;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,—
Of all that I do know : nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night ;
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule ;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way : If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on ;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loose me.—What ! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety !
'T is monstrous.—Iago, who began 't ?

Mon. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near :
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio ;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—This it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help ;
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him : Sir, this gentleman

Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause ;
 Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
 Lest, by his clamour, (as it so fell out,)
 The town might fall in fright : he, swift of foot,
 Outran my purpose ; and I return'd then rather
 For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
 And Cassio high in oath ; which, till to-night,
 I ne'er might say before : When I came back,
 (For this was brief,) I found them close together,
 At blow, and thrust ; even as again they were
 When you yourself did part them.
 More of this matter cannot I report :—
 But men are men : the best sometimes forget :—
 Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
 As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—
 Yet surely Cassio, I believe, receiv'd
 From him that fled some strange indignity,
 Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
 Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
 Making it light to Cassio :—Cassio, I love thee :
 But never more be officer of mine.

Enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up ;—
 I'll make thee an example.

Des. What is the matter, dear ?

Oth. All 's well, sweeting.

Come away to bed. Sir, for your hurts,
 Myself will be your surgeon : Lead him off.

[*To MONTANO, who is led off.*]

Iago, look with care about the town ;
 And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.
 Come, Desdemona : 't is the soldiers' life
 To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt all but IAGO and CASSIO.*]

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant ?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid !

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation ! O, I have lost my
 reputation ! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what
 remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man I had thought you had received
 some bodily wound ; there is more sense in that than in reputation.
 Reputation is an idle and most false imposition ; oft got without
 merit, and lost without deserving : You have lost no reputation at
 all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man ! there are
 ways to recover the general again : You are but now cast in his
 mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice ; even so as one
 would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion : sue to
 him again, and he is yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil?

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is 't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: How came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness, to give place to the devil wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moralist: As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unbless'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at a time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general:—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and devotement of her parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to her; importune her help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested: This broken joint, between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me; I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant: I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [Exit CASSIO.]

Iago. And what's he then that says I play the villain?

When this advice is free, I give, and honest,

Probal to thinking, and indeed the course
To win the Moor again? For 't is most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit ; she 's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor,—were 't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a villain,
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now: For whiles this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortune,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Roderigo?

Enter RODERIGO.

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts,
but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have
been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the issue
will be I shall have so much experience for my pains: and so, with
no money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'st, we work by wit and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does 't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio:
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:
Content thyself awhile.—In troth, 't is morning;
Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* ROD.] Two things are to be done,—
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress,
I'll set her on;
Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife:—Ay, that's the way;
Dull not device by coldness and delay.

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Before the Castle.*

Enter CASSIO, and some Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that 's brief; and bid, Good-morrow, general.
[*Music.*]

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

I Mus. How, sir, how?

Clo. Are these, I pray you, wind instruments?

I Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

I Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your music that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it.

I Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to 't again: but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

I Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away: Go; vanish into air; away. [Exeunt Musicians.]

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Prithee, keep up thy quilllets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither I shall seem to notify unto her. [Exit.]

Enter Iago.

Cas. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: My suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [Exit.]

Cas. I humbly thank you for 't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will sure be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly: The Moor replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity; and that, in wholesome wisdom,
He might not but refuse you: but he protests he loves you;
And needs no other suitor, but his likings,
To take the saf'st occasion by the front,
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And, by him, do my duties to the senate:
That done, I will be walking on the works,—
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do 't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see 't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Before the Castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do; I warrant it grieves my husband,
As if the cause were his.

Des. O, that 's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never anything but your true servant.

Des. I know 't,—I thank you: You do love my lord:
You have known him long; and be you well assur'd
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit: Therefore be merry, Cassio,
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO at a distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes
My lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay,
And hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well; do your discretion. [Exit CASSIO.]

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing your coming.

Oth. I do believe 't was he.

Des. How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face:
I prithee call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemon; some other time.

Des. But shall 't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall 't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home;

I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night; on Tuesday morn;

On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn;—

I prithee name the time; but let it not

Exceed three days: in faith he's penitent;

And yet his trespass, in our common reason,

(Save that, they say, the wars must make example

Out of their best,) is not almost a fault

To incur a private check: When shall he come?

Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul

What you would ask me that I should deny,

Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio,

That came a wooing with you; and so many a time,

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,

Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do

To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—

Oth. Prithee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon;

'T is as I should entreat you wear your gloves,

Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm;

Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit

To your own person: Nay, when I have a suit

Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,

It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,

And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing;

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,

To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: Farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll come to thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come:—Be as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [Exit, with EMILIA.]

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed? ay, indeed:—Discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Oth. Honest? Ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord?

Oth. Think, my lord? Alas! thou echoest me
As if there were some monster in thy thought
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say even now,—Thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife: What didst not like?
And, when I told thee he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, Indeed?
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me
Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost;
And, for I know thou 'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,
They're close delations, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,—
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or, those that be not 'would they might seem none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:
I prithee speak to me, as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminat; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and false,—
As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not?—who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in sessions sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
(As I confess it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and of my jealousy
Shape faults that are not,) that your wisdom
From one that so imperfectly conceits
Would take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 't is something, nothing;
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. I'll know thy thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 't is in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on: That cuckold lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet fondly loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why, why is this?
Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolv'd: Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blow'd surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'T is not to make me jealous,
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me: No, Iago;
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—

Away at once with love or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this ; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit : therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me :—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife ; observe her well with Cassio ;
Wear your eyes thus,—not jealous, nor secure ;
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd ; look to 't :
I know our country disposition well ;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands ; their best conscience
Is not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so ?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you ;
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then ;
She that so young could give out such a seeming,
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak,
He thought 't was witchcraft :—But I am much to blame ;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love :—But, I do see you are mov'd :—
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech shall fall into such vile success
Which my thoughts aim'd not. Cassio's my worthy friend :—
My lord, I see you are mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd :—
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so ! and long live you to think so !

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point :—As,—to be bold with you,—
Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree ;
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends :
Foh ! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural,—
But, pardon me ; I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her : though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,

May fall to match you with her country forms,
And, happily, repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell :
If more thou dost perceive let me know more ;
Set on thy wife to observe : Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [Going.

Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no farther ; leave it to time :
Although 't is fit that Cassio have his place,
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,)
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means :
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity ;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have to fear I am,)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [Exit.

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings : If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black ;
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have : Or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years ;—yet that's not much ;—
She's gone ; I am abus'd ; and my relief
Must be to loath her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites ! I had rather be a toad
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For other's uses. Yet 't is the plague of great ones ;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base ;
'T is destiny unshunnable, like death ;
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken. Look, where she comes :

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself !—
I'll not believe 't.

Des. How now, my dear Othello ?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why do you speak so faintly ?

Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Why, that's with watching; 't will away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little;

[He puts the handkerchief from him, and it drops.]
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[Exeunt OTH. and DES.]

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it: but she so loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give 't Iago; what he will do with it
Heaven knows, not I:
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now, what do you here alone?

Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me?—it is a common thing—

Emil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief?
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Emil. No; but she let it drop by negligence:
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took 't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with 't, that you have been so
earnest
To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what's that to you?

[Snatching it.]

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give 't me again: Poor lady! she'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not acknown on 't: I have use for it.
Go, leave me.

[Exit EMILIA.]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it: Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong

As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
 The Moor already changes with my poison :
 Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
 Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste ;
 But, with a little act upon the blood,
 Burn like the mines of sulphur. — I did say so—
 Look, where he comes ! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
 Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
 Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
 Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Ha ! ha ! false to me ?

Iago. Why, how now, general ? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt ! be gone ! thou hast set me on the rack :—
 I swear, 't is better to be much abus'd,
 Than but to know 't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord ?

Oth. What sense had I in her stolen hours of lust ?
 I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me :
 I slept the next night well, fed well, was free and merry ;
 I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips :
 He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
 Let him not know 't, and he 's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
 Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
 So I had nothing known : O now, for ever,
 Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !
 Farewell the plumed troops, and the big wars,
 That make ambition virtue ! O, farewell !
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
 The royal banner ; and all quality,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !
 And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
 Farewell ! Othello's occupation 's gone !

Iago. Is 't possible, my lord ?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore ;
 Be sure of it ; give me the ocular proof ;

[*Taking him by the throat.*]

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
 Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
 Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is 't come to this ?

Oth. Make me to see 't ; or, at the least, so prove it,
 That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
 To hang a doubt on : or woe upon thy life !

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,

Never pray more : abandon all remorse ;
On horror's head horrors accumulate :
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace ! O heaven forgive me !
Are you a man ? have you a soul, or sense ?—
God be wi' you ; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That lov'st to make thine honesty a vice !—
O monstrous world ! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest is not safe.
I thank you for this profit ; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay :—Thou should'st be honest.

Iago. I should be wise ; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not ;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not ;
I'll have some proof : My name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied !

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion :
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied ?

Oth. Would ? nay, and I will.

Iago. And may : But how ? how satisfied, my lord ?
Would you the supervision grossly gape on ?
Behold her topp'd !

Oth. Death and damnation ! O !

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect : Damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own ! What then ? how then ?
What shall I say ? Where's satisfaction ?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you might have 't.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office :
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,
Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately ;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs ;
One of this kind is Cassio :
In sleep I heard him say,—Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves !
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry,—O sweet creature ! then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips ; lay his leg o'er my thigh,
And sigh, and kiss ; and then cry,—Cursed fate
That gave thee to the Moor !

Oth. O monstrous ! monstrous !

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion ;
'T is a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise ; yet we see nothing done ;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand ?

Oth. I gave her such a one ; 't was my first gift.

Iago. I know not that : but such a handkerchief,
(I am sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that or any, if 't was hers,
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives ;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge !
Now do I see 't is true.—Look here, Iago ;
All my fond love thus I do blow to heaven :
'T is gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell !
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate ! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 't is of aspicks' tongues !

Iago. Yet, be content.

Oth. O, blood, blood, blood !

Iago. Patience, I say ; your mind may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er keeps retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontick and the Hellespont ;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words.

[Kneels.]

Iago. Do not rise yet.— [Kneels.
Witness, you ever-burning lights above !
You elements that clip us round about !
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service ! let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever—

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to 't :
Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead ; 't is done, at your request :
But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx ! O, damn her !
Come, go with me apart ; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies ?

Clo. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why, man ?

Clo. He is a soldier ; and for me to say a soldier lies 't is
stabbing.

Des. Go to 't. Where lodges he ?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this ?

Clo. I know not where he lodges ; and for me to devise a
lodging, and say he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine
own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report ?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him ; that is, make questions,
and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither ; tell him, I have moved
my lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To do this is within the compass of man's wit ; and there-
fore I will attempt the doing it. [Exit.

Des. Where should I lose the handkerchief, Emilia ?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of cruzadoes. And, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous ?

Des. Who, he? I think the sun, where he was born,
Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be call'd to him.—How is 't with you, my lord?

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Well, my good lady;—[*Aside.*] O, hardness, to
dissemble!—

How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand: This hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart;
Hot, hot, and moist: This hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'T is a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 't was that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand: The hearts of old gave hands:
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault:

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,
'T would make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so: and take heed on 't,
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose 't or give 't away, were such perdition
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is 't possible?

Oth. 'T is true: There's magic in the web of it:

A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work :
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk ;
And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed ! is 't true ?

Oth. Most veritable ; therefore look to 't well.

Des. Then 'would to heaven that I had never seen it.

Oth. Ha ! wherefore ?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash ?

Oth. Is 't lost ? is 't gone ? speak, is 't out of the way ?

Des. Bless us !

Oth. Say you ?

Des. It is not lost : But what and if it were ?

Oth. How ?

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch 't, let me see it.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now ;
This is a trick, to put me from my suit ;
Pray you, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief : my mind misgives.

Des. Come, come ;
You 'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief.—

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shar'd dangers with you ;—

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. In sooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away ! [Exit OTHELLO.]

Emil. Is not this man jealous ?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief ;
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'T is not a year or two shows us a man :
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food ;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full
They belch us. Look you ! Cassio, and my husband.

Enter IAGO and CASSIO.

Iago. There is no other way ; 't is she must do 't ;
And, lo, the happiness ! go, and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio ? what's the news with you ?

Cas. Madam, my former suit : I do beseech you,
That, by your virtuous means, I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Entirely honour ; I would not be delay'd :

If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,
My advocacy is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blank of his displeasure,
For my free speech! You must a while be patient:
What I can do I will; and more I will,
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now,
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air;
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—And can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him;
There's matter in 't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I prithee, do so.—Something, sure, of state,

[*Exit* IAGO.]

Either from Venice; or some unhatch'd practice
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit: and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'T is even so;
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members ev'n to a sense
Of pain: Nay, we must think men are not gods;
Nor of them look for such observancy
As fits the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am)
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indicted falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven it be state matters, as you think;
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.

Des. Alas the day! I never gave him cause.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they're jealous: It is a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep the monster from Othello's mind !

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout :
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio !

Cas. What make you from home ?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca ?
Indeed, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What ! keep a week away ? seven days and nights ?
Eight score eight hours ? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times ?
O weary reckoning !

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca ;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd ;
But I shall, in a more continue time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her* DESDEMONA's handkerchief.
Take me this work out.

Bian. O, Cassio, whence came this ?
This is some token from a newer friend.
To the felt absence now I feel a cause.
Is 't come to this ? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman !
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance :
No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it ?

Cas. I know not, neither : I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well : ere it be demanded,
(As like enough it will,) I'd have it copied :
Take it, and do't ; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you ! wherefore ?

Cas. I do attend here on the general ;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you ?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little ;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'T is but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here : but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'T is very good : I must be circumstanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before the Castle.**Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.**Iago.* Will you think so?*Oth.* Think so, Iago?*Iago.* What,
To kiss in private?*Oth.* An unauthoriz'd kiss?*Iago.* Or to be naked with her friend in bed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?*Oth.* Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy against the devil:They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.*Iago.* If they do nothing, 't is a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—*Oth.* What then?*Iago.* Why then 't is hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.*Oth.* She is protectress of her honour too;
May she give that?*Iago.* Her honour is an essence that 's not seen;
They have it very oft that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,—*Oth.* By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:—
Thou saidst,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infectious house,
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.*Iago.* Ay, what of that?*Oth.* That 's not so good, now.*Iago.* What, if I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say, (as knaves be such abroad,
Who, having by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab,)—*Oth.* Hath he said any thing?*Iago.* He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he 'll unswear.*Oth.* What hath he said?*Iago.* Why, that he did,—I know not what he did.*Oth.* What? what?*Iago.* Lie—*Oth.* With her?*Iago.* With her;—on her;—what you will.*Oth.* Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on her, when
they belie her: Lie with her! that 's fulsome.—Handkerchief,—

confessions,—handkerchief.—To confess, and be hanged for his labour.—First, to be hanged, and then to confess :—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some instruction. It is not words that shake me thus :—Pish !—Noses, ears, and lips :—Is 't possible ?—Confess !—Handkerchief !—O devil !
[Falls in a trance.]

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work ! Thus credulous fools are caught ;
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach.—What, ho ! my lord !

Enter CASSIO.

My lord, I say ! Othello !—How now, Cassio ?

Cas. What is the matter ?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy ;
This is his second fit ; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear :
The lethargy must have his quiet course :
If not, he foams at mouth ; and, by and by,
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs :
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight : when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.— [Exit CASSIO.
How is it, general ? have you not hurt your head ?

Oth. Dost thou mock me ?

Iago. I mock you ? no, by heaven :
'Would you would bear your fortune like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it ?

Iago. Good sir, be a man ;
Think, every bearded fellow that's but yok'd
May draw with you : there's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar ; your case is better.
O, 't is the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste ! No, let me know ;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise ; 't is certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart ;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here, o'erwhelmed with your grief,
(A passion most unsuited such a man,)
Cassio came hither : I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy ;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me ;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,

That dwell in every region of his face ;
 For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
 Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
 He hath, and is again to cope your wife ;
 I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience ;
 Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
 And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago ?
 I will be found most cunning in my patience ;
 But (dost thou hear ?) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss ;
 But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw ?

[OTHELLO *withdraws*.]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
 A housewife, that by selling her desires
 Buys herself bread and clothes : it is a creature
 That dotes on Cassio,—as 't is the strumpet's plague,
 To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one ;—
 He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
 From the excess of laughter :—Here he comes :—

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad ;
 And his unbookish jealousy must construe
 Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
 Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant ?

Cas. The worser, that you give me the addition,
 Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.
 Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power, [Speaking lower.
 How quickly should you speed ?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff !

Oth. Look, how he laughs already ! [Aside.

Iago. I never knew woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue ! I think indeed she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out. [Aside.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio ?

Oth. Now he importunes him
 To tell it o'er : Go to ; well said, well said. [Aside.

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her :
 Do you intend it ?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha !

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman ? do you triumph ? [Aside.

Cas. I marry !—what ? a customer ! Prithee bear some charity
 to my wit ; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha !

Oth. So, so, so, so : They laugh that win. [Aside.

Iago. Why, the cry goes, that you marry her.

Cas. Prithee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me ? Well. [Aside.

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out : she is persuaded I

will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story. [*Aside.*]

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus about my neck;—

Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it. [*Aside.*]

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so shakes and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

Oth. Now he tells how she plucked him to my chamber: O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to. [*Aside.*]

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work!—A likely piece of work that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work! There,—give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca? how now, how now?

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief! [*Aside.*]

Bian. If you'll come to supper to-night you may; if you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*]

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. I must; she'll rail in the streets else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Prithee, come: Will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [*Exit CASSIO.*]

Oth. How shall I murther him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O, Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand; and to see how he prizes the foolish woman, your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live: No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and

it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is:—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times:—And then of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes:—Cuckold me!

Iago. O, 't is foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again:—this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oath. Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker:
You shall hear more by midnight. *[A trumpet within.]*

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?

Iago. I warrant, something from Venice.

'T is Lodovico. This comes from the duke;
See, your wife's with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, *and* Attendants.

Lod. 'Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[Gives him a packet.]

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[Opens the packet and reads.]

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior;
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you: how does lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth. This fail you not to do, as you will—

[Reads.]

Lod. He did not call: he's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one ; I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone !

Des. My lord ?

Oth. Are you wise ?

Des. What, is he angry ?

Lod. May be, the letter mov'd him ;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on 't.

Oth. Indeed ?

Des. My lord ?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet Othello ?

Oth. Devil ! [Striking her.

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw 't: 'T is very much ;
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil !
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile :—
Out of my sight !

Des. I will not stay to offend you. [Going.

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady :—
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress—

Des. My lord ?

Oth. What would you with her, sir ?

Lod. Who, I, my lord ?

Oth. Ay ; you did wish that I would make her turn ;
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again ; and she can weep, sir, weep ;
And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—
Very obedient :—Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion !
I am commanded home :—Get you away ;
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice ;—Hence, avaunt !

[Exit DESDEMONA.

Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys !

[Exit.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call all-in-all sufficient ?—Is this the nature
Whom passion could not shake ? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce ?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe ? is he not light of brain ?

Iago. He is that he is; I may not breathe my censure.
What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—
I would to heaven, he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; Yet 'would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create his fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honesty in me, to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech: Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?

Emil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm: and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither:—go.—

[Exit EMILIA.]

She says enough;—yet she's a simple bawd
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets:
And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter EMILIA, with DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray you, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes;
Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your function, mistress; [To EMILIA.
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;
Cough, or cry hem, if any body come:
Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch.

[Exit EMILIA

Des. Upon my knee what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-damn'd,
Swear—thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? How am I
false?

Oth. Ah, Desdemon!—away! away! away!

Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience: but, alas! to make me
The fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow and moving finger at,—
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in! turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin!
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,

That the sense aches at thee,—'would thou hadst ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What committed?
Committed?—O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed?
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it: What committed?

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian;
If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is 't possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!

Re-enter EMILIA.

We have done our course; there's money for your pains;
I pray you turn the key, and keep our counsel. *[Exit.]*

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?—
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With whom?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam?

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none: Do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Prithee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—
And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here's a change, indeed!

[Exit.]

Des. 'T is meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is 't with you

Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks :
He might have chid me so ; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What is the matter, lady ?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
That true hearts cannot bear it.

Des. Am I that name, Iago ?

Iago. What name, fair lady ?

Des. Such as she said my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her whore ; a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so ?

Des. I do not know ; I am sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep : Alas the day !

Emil. Has she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be called whore ? would it not make one weep ?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for 't ;
How comes this trick upon him ?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander ; I will be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man ; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him !

Emil. A halter pardon him ! and hell gnaw his bones !
Why should he call her whore ? who keeps her company ?
What place ? what time ? what form ? what likelihood ?
The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow :—
O, heaven, that such companions thou 'dst unfold ;
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascals naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west !

Iago. Speak within door.

Emil. O, fie upon them ! some such squire he was.
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool ; go to.

Des. Alas, Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again ?
Good friend, go to him ; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel ;
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,

Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed ;
 Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
 Delighted them in any other form ;
 Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
 And ever will,—though he do shake me off
 To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
 Comfort forswear me ! Unkindness may do much ;
 And his unkindness may defeat my life,
 But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore ;
 It does abhor me, now I speak the word ;
 To do the act that might the addition earn,
 Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content ; 't is but his humour ;
 The business of the state does him offence,
 And he does chide with you.

Des. If 't were no other !

Iago.

It is but so, I warrant.

[*Trumpets.*]

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper !
 The messengers of Venice stay the meat.
 Go in, and weep not : all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*]

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo ?

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary ?

Rod. Every day thou dafts me with some device, Iago ; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it : Nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo ?

Rod. I have heard too much ; and your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist : You have told me she hath received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance : but I find none.

Iago. Well ; go to ; very well.

Rod. Very well ! go to ! I cannot go to, man ; nor 't is not very well. Nay, I think, it is scurvy ; and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 't is not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona : If she will return me my jewels I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation ; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and taketh away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean removing him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,) you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 't will do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?

O, Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there; look it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO, LODOVICO, and Attendants.

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent;
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu;
We must not now displease him.

Emil. Ay, would you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,—
Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one:—Good father! how foolish are our
minds!—

If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara;
She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of 'willow,'
An old thing 't was, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it: That song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it, like poor Barbara. Prithee, despatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.—
This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to
Palestine, for a touch of his nether lip.

I.

Des. The poor soul sat singing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, &c.
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones.

Lay by these:

Sing willow, willow, willow;
Prithee, hie thee: he'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

II.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is 't that knocks?

Emil. It's the wind.

Des. I call'd my love, false love; but what said he then?
Sing willow, &c.

If I court mo women you'll couch with mo men.

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?

Emil. 'T is neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these men!—
Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light;
I might do't as well i' the dark.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world's a huge thing: 'T is a great price for a
small vice.

Des. In troth, I think thou would'st not.

Emil. In troth, I think I should; and undo 't, when I had
done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring; nor
for measures of lawn; nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any
petty exhibition: but, for all the whole world,—Why, who would
not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I
should venture purgatory for 't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and, having
the world for your labour, 't is a wrong in your own world, and you
might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage, as would store
the world they play'd for.

But, I do think it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall: Say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite;
Why, we have galls; and, though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it sport?

I think it is : And doth affection breed it ?
 I think it doth : Is 't frailty that thus errs ?
 It is so too : And have not we affections ?
 Desires for sport ? and frailty, as men have ?
 Then, let them use us well : else, let them know
 The ills we do their ills instruct us so.

Des. Good night, good night : Heaven me such uses send,
 Not to pick bad from bad ; but, by bad, mend ! [Exeunt..]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk ; straight will he come :
 Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home ;
 Quick, quick ; fear nothing ; I'll be at thy elbow ;
 It makes us, or it mars us ; think on that,
 And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand ; I may miscarry in 't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand ; be bold, and take thy stand.

[Retires to a little distance.]

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed ;
 And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons :—
 'T is but a man gone :—forth, my sword ; he dies.

[Goes to his stand.]

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,
 And he grows angry. Now whether he kill Cassio,
 Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
 Every way makes my gain : Live Roderigo,
 He calls me to a restitution large
 Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,
 As gifts to Desdemona ;
 It must not be : if Cassio do remain,
 He hath a daily beauty in his life
 That makes me ugly ; and, besides, the Moor
 May unfold me to him ; there stand I in much peril :
 No, he must die :—But so, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait, 't is he :—Villain, thou diest.

[Rushes from his post, and makes a pass at CASSIO.]

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
 But that my coat is better than thou know'st ;
 I will make proof of thine. [Draws and wounds RODERIGO.]

Rod. O, I am slain !

[IAGO rushes from his post, cuts CASSIO behind in the leg, and exit.]

Cas. I am maim'd for ever :—Help, ho ! murther ! murther !
 [Falls]

Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.

Oth. The voice of Cassio :—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am !

Oth. 'T is even so.

Cas. O, help ! hoa ! light ! a surgeon !

Oth. 'T is he ;—O brave Iago, honest, and just,
That has such noble sense of thy friend's wrong !
Thou teachest me :—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies :—Strumpet, I come :
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted ;
Thy bed, lust stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted. [*Exit.*

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, at a distance.

Cas. What, hoa ! no watch ? no passage ? murther ! murther !

Gra. 'T is some mischance ; the voice is very direful.

Cas. O, help !

Lod. Hark !

Rod. O wretched villain !

Lod. Two or three groan ;—'t is heavy night :
These may be counterfeits ; let's think 't unsafe
To come into the cry without more help.

Rod. Nobody come ? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter IAGO.

Lod. Hark !

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there ? whose noise is this that cries on
murther ?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Do you not hear a cry ?

Cas. Here, here ; for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter ?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed ; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously ?

Cas. Iago ? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains !
Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant ! what villains have done this ?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains :—
What are you there ? come in, and give some help.

[*To LODOVICO and GRATIANO.*

Rod. O, help me here !

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave ! O villain !
[*IAGO stabs RODERIGO.*

Rod. O damn'd Iago ! O inhuman dog !— [*Dies.*

Iago. Kill men i' the dark !—Where be these bloody
thieves ?—

How silent is this town! Hoa! murther! murther!
What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico.

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy; Here's Cassio hurt by villains.

Gra. Cassio?

Iago. How is 't, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—
Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is 't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is 't that cry'd?

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio! O Cassio!
Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter: So.—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas, he faints:—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.—

Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come;

Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,
Roderigo? no:—Yes, sure; yes, 't is Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry your gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

Gra. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 't is he:—O, that's well said;—the chair:—
[A chair brought in.]

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;

I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress,

[To BIANCA.]

Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend: What malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [To BIAN.] What, look you pale?—O bear him o'
the air.— [CASSIO and ROD. are borne off.]

Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress?
Do you perceive the ghastness of her eye?—

Nay, if you stare we shall hear more anon :—
Behold her well : I pray you look upon her ;
Do you see, gentlemen ? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Alas, what is the matter ? what is the matter, husband ?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark,
By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap'd ;
He's almost slain, and Roderigo quite dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman ! alas, good Cassio !

Iago. This is the fruits of whoring.—Prithee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night :—
What, do you skake at that ?

Bian. He supp'd at my house ; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so ? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. O, fie upon thee, strumpet !

Bian. I am no strumpet ; but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I ? fie upon thee !

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd :—
Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale.—
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.—
Will you go on afore ? This is the night,
That either makes me or fordoes me quite.

[*Aside.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber: DESDEMONA in bed asleep. A light burning.*

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars !—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood ;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster. [*Takes off his sword.*
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then——Put out the light ?
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister !
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me :—but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither :—I'll smell thee on the tree.—

[*Kissing her.*

O balmy breath, that doth almost persuade
Justice to break her sword !—One more, one more.—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,

And love thee after :—One more, and that 's the last :
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears : This sorrow 's heavenly ;
It strikes where it doth love.—She wakes—

Des. Who 's there ? Othello ?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord ?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemon ?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alack, my lord, what may you mean by that ?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief ; I will walk by :
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit ;
No,—heavens forbend.—I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing ?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then heaven

Have mercy on me !

Oth. Amen, with all my heart !

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humph !

Des. And yet I fear you ; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so : Why I should fear I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not ; but yet, I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death 's unnatural that kills for loving.—
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip ?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame :
These are portents ; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still !

Des. I will so : What 's the matter ?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd and gave thee,
Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul ;
Send for the man and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury ; thou 'rt on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently ;
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin ;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception,
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. O, heaven have mercy on me !

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too !—I never did

Offend you in my life ; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love : I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.
O perjur'd woman ! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do,
A murther, which I thought a sacrifice :
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then ;
I never gave it him :—Send for him hither ;
Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord ?

Oth. That he hath us'd thee.

Des. How ? unlawfully ?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd ;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.

Des. O, my fear interprets,—What, is he dead ?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas ! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet ! Weep'st thou for him to my face ?

Des. O banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet !

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive.—

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done,
There is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. [*He smothers her.*]

Emil. [*Within.*] My lord ! my lord ! what hoa ! my
lord ! my lord !

Oth. What noise is this ?—Not dead ? not yet quite dead
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful ;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—
So, so.

Emil. [*Within.*] What hoa, my lord ! my lord !

Oth. Who's there ?

Emil. [*Within.*] O, good my lord, I would speak a word
with you.

Oth. Yes ;—'t is Emilia ;—by and by :—She's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death ;
The noise was high.—Ha ! no more moving ?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in ? Were 't good ?
I think she stirs again :—No.—What's best to do ?
If she come in she'll sure speak to my wife :
My wife ! my wife ! what wife ?—I have no wife :
O, insupportable ! O heavy hour !

Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Did yawn at alteration.

Emil. [*Within.*] I do beseech you that I may speak
with you,
O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—
Soft,—by and by:—Let me the curtains draw.—
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

[*Unlocks the door.*]

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murders done.

Oth. What? now?

Emil. But now, my lord!

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian,
Call'd Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd!

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done
This deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord. O, farewell. [*Dies.*]

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Emil. Alas! who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emil. She said so: I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell;
'T was I that kill'd her.

Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil.

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!

Oth. Cassio did top her: ask thy husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity : Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio.

Had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Ay, 't was he that told me on her first ;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. What needs this iterance, woman? I say thy husband.

Emil. O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with love !—
My husband say that she was false?

Oth. He, woman ;

I say, thy husband : Dost understand the word ?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day ! he lies to the heart ;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha !

Emil. Do thy worst ;
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt. O gull ! O dolt !
As ignorant as dirt ! thou hast done a deed,—
I care not for thy sword ; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives :—Help ! help ! ho ! help !
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress. Murther ! murther !

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.

Mon. What is the matter ?—How now, general?

Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murthers on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man :
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false :
I know thou didst not, thou 'rt not such a villain :
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought ; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie ; an odious, damned lie ;
Upon my soul, a lie ; a wicked lie :—

She false with Cassio!—Did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress: Go to, charm your tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue, I am bound to speak;
My mistress here lies murther'd in her bed.

All. O heavens forbend!

Emil. And your reports have set the murther on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'T is a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villainy, villainy, villainy!—
I think upon 't,—I think,—I smell 't;—O villainy!—
I thought so then;—I 'll kill myself for grief.—
O villainy, villainy!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;
'T is proper I obey him, but not now;
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. Oh! Oh! Oh! [Falling on the bed.

Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar:
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, she was foul!—
I scarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:
I know this act shows horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemon! I am glad thy father's dead;
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobance.

Oth. 'T is pitiful; but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'T will out, 't will out!—I hold my peace, sir? no;
No, I will speak as liberal as the north;
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I 'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

[IAGO offers to stab his wife.

Gra. Fie!

Your sword upon a woman?

Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of

I found by fortune, and did give my husband,
For often with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villainous whore!

Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas, I found it,
And I did giv't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Emil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife? [*IAGO stabs EMILIA, then runs out.*]

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; sure he has kill'd his wife.

Emil. Ay, ay: O, lay me by my mistress' side!

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'T is a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain,
For 't is a damned slave. [*Exit MONTANO.*]

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword.—
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music;—'Willow, willow, willow.'—
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, alas, I die.

[*Dies.*]

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper;—
O, here it is:—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold! I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop:—But, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 't is not so now.—
Be not afraid though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 't is a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,

And he retires ;—Where should Othello go?—
 Now, how dost thou look now ? O ill-starr'd wench !
 Pale as thy smock ! when we shall meet at compt,
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
 And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl ?
 Even like thy chastity.—
 O cursed, cursed slave !—Whip me, ye devils,
 From the possession of this heavenly sight !
 Blow me about in winds ! roast me in sulphur !
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire !—
 O Desdemon ! dead Desdemon ! dead. Oh, oh.

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, *carried in a chair, and*
Officers, with IAGO, *prisoner.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man ?

Oth. That 's he that was Othello ; here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper ? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet ;—but that 's a fable :
 If that thou be'st a devil I cannot kill thee.

[OTHELLO wounds IAGO.]

Lod. Wrench this sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir ; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither ; I 'd have thee live ;
 For, in my sense, 't is happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello, that was once so good,
 Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,
 What shall be said to thee ?

Oth. Why, any thing :
 An honourable murtherer, if you will ;
 For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy :
 Did you and he consent in Cassio's death ?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
 Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
 Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body ?

Iago. Demand me nothing : What you know, you know :
 From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What ? not to pray ?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
 Which, as I think, you know not : Here is a letter,
 Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo ;
 And here, another : the one of them imports
 The death of Cassio to be undertook
 By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain !

Cas. Most heathenish and most gross !

Lod. Now here 's another discontented paper,

Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O thou pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber;
And he himself confess'd, but even now,
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool! fool! fool!

Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: And even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his: You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state: Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know 't;
No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdu'd eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinable gum: Set you down this:
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. [Stabs himself.]

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All that is spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee;—No way but this,
Killing myself to die upon a kiss. [Dies.]

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.

Lod.

O Spartan dog!

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!

Look on the tragic loading of this bed;

[To IAGO.]

This is thy work: the object poisons sight;—

Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,

And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,

For they succeed on you.—To you, lord governor,

Remains the censure of this hellish villain;

The time, the place, the torture,—O enforce it!

Myself will straight aboard; and, to the state,

This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

[Exeunt.]

KING LEAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEAR, *King of Britain.*
KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF CORNWALL.
DUKE OF ALBANY.
EARL OF KENT.
EARL OF GLOSTER.
EDGAR, *son to Gloster.*
EDMUND, *bastard son to Gloster.*
CURAN, *a courtier.*
Old Man, tenant to Gloster.
Physician.
Fool.

OSWALD, *steward to Goneril.*
An Officer, employed by Edmund.
Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL, }
REGAN, } *daughters to Lear.*
CORDELIA, }

Knights attending on the King, Officers,
Messengers, Soldiers and Attendants.

SCENE.—BRITAIN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—King Lear's Palace.

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I thought the king had more affected the duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for qualities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to 't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-wombed; and had indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave

came somewhat saucily to the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again:—
The king is coming. [*Trumpets sound within.*]

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA,
and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege. [*Exeunt* GLOSTER and EDMUND.]

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.
Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided,
In three, our kingdom: and 't is our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,
(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,)
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge.—Goneril,
Our eldest born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than word can wield the matter,
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia speak? Love, and be silent. [*Aside.*]

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's issues
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall?

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love ;
Only she comes too short,—that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense possesses ;
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia ! [*Aside.*
And yet not so ; since, I am sure, my love's
More ponderous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom ;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although our last and least ; to whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interest'd ; what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters ? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing ?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing : speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth ; I love your majesty
According to my bond ; no more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia ? mend your speech a little,
Lest you may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me : I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you, all ? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty :
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this ?

Cor. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender ?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so :—Thy truth then be thy dower :
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun ;
The mysteries of Hecate and the night ;
By all the operation of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be ;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my sometime daughter.

Kent.

Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!—

[*To CORDELIA.*

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—Who stirs?
Call Burgundy.—Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest the third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turn. Only we shall retain
The name, and all the additions to a king;
The sway,
Revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you.

[*Giving the crown.*

Kent.

Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What would'st thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound,
When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state;
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sounds
Reverb no hollowness.

Lear.

Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; ne'er fear to lose it,
Thy safety being motive.

Lear.

Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent.

Now, by Apollo, king,

Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear.

O, vassal! miscreant!

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Kill thy physician, and thy fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear.

Hear me, recreant!

On thine allegiance, hear me!—

That thou hast sought to make us break our vows,
(Which we durst never yet,) and, with strain'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentence and our power,
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for provision
To shield thee from disasters of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: Away! by Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, king: sith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,

[*To CORDELIA.*]

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—

And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

[*To REGAN and GONERIL.*]

That good effects may spring from words of love.—

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu:

He'll shape his old course in a country new.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter GLOSTER; with FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,

We first address toward you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter: What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur.

Most royal majesty,

I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear.

Right noble Burgundy,

When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands;
If aught within that little, seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur.

I know no answer.

Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir,
Election makes not up in such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king, [*To FRANCE.*]
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange!
That she, who even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,
(If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murther, or foulness,
No unchaste action or dishonour'd step
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But even for want of that for which I am richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born than not t' have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love's not love,
When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal king,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
Can buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine, for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again:—Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benison.
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWALL,
ALBANY, GLOSTER, and Attendants.]

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loth to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well our father:
To your professed bosoms I commit him:
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duties.

Gon. Let your study
Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides;
Who covers faults at last with shame derides.
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt* FRANCE and CORDELIA.]

Gon. Sister, it is not little I have to say, of what most nearly
appertains to us both. I think our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation
we have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our sister
most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off
appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly
known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but

rash: then must we look from his age to receive not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us sit together: if our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Earl of Gloster's Castle.*

Enter EDMUND, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound: Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom; and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well, then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:—
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! prescrib'd his power!
Confin'd to exhibition! All this done

Upon the gad!—Edmund! How now; what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none. [Putting up the letter.]

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? what need'd then that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glo. [*Reads.*] 'This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar.

Humph—Conspiracy!

'Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue,'—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in? When came you to this? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it: I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declined, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you; frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: Machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully:—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!—'T is strange!

[*Exit.*]

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and stars: as if we were villains on necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*: so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.

Enter EDGAR.

Pat: he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy: My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come ; when saw you my father last ?

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him ?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms ? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance ?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him : and at my entreaty forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure ; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower ; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak : Pray you, go ; there's my key :—If you do stir abroad go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother ?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best. I am no honest man if there be any good meaning toward you : I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly ; nothing like the image and horror of it : Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon ?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.— [Exit EDGAR.

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms
That he suspects none ; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy !—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit :
All with me's meet that I can fashion fit.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.*

Enter GONERIL and Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool ?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me ; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds : I'll not endure it :
His nights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle :—When he returns from hunting
I will not speak with him ; say, I am sick :—
If you come slack of former services
You shall do well ; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam ; I hear him. [Horns within.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows ; I'd have it come to question :
If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man,

That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away !—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again ; and must be us'd
With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen abus'd.
Remember what I have said.

Stew.

Well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you ;
what grows of it no matter ; advise your fellows so : I would breed
from hence occasions, and I shall, that I may speak :—I'll write
straight to my sister, to hold my course :—Prepare for dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in the same.*

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner ; go, get it ready.
[*Exit an Attendant.*] How now, what art thou ?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess ? What would'st thou with us ?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem ; to serve him
truly that will put me in trust ; to love him that is honest ; to con-
verse with him that is wise and says little ; to fear judgment ; to
fight when I cannot choose ; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou ?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be'st as poor for a subject as he's for a king, thou
art poor enough. What would'st thou ?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who would'st thou serve ?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow ?

Kent. No, sir ; but you have that in your countenance which I
would fain call master.

Lear. What's that ?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do ?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale
in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly ; that which
ordinary men are fit for I am qualified in : and the best of me is
diligence.

Lear. How old art thou ?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so

old to dote on her for anything: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner.—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither.

Enter Steward.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you,—

[*Exit.*

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken: for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into 't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter Steward.

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir: Who am I, sir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of these, my lord: I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[*Striking him.*

Stew. I'll not be stricken, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither; you base foot-ball player.

[*Tripping up his heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou serv'st me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to; Have you wisdom? so. [*Pushes the Steward out.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee : there 's earnest of thy service. [Giving KENT money.

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him, too ;—Here 's my coxcomb.

[Giving KENT his cap.

Lear. How now, my pretty knave ? How dost thou ?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool ?

Fool. Why ? For taking one's part that 's out of favour : Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou 'lt catch cold shortly : There, take my coxcomb : Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will ; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle ? 'Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters.

Lear. Why, my boy ?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I 'd keep my coxcombs myself. There 's mine ; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah ; the whip.

Fool. Truth 's a dog must to kennel ; he must be whipp'd out, when the lady brach may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me !

Fool. Sirrah, I 'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle :—

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest ;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 't is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer : you gave me nothing for 't : Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle ?

Lear. Why, no, boy ; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Prithee tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to ; he will not believe a fool. [To KENT.

Lear. A bitter fool !

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool, and a sweet one ?

Lear. No, lad ; teach me.

Fool. That lord that counsell'd thee to give away thy land,
Come place him here by me, do thou for him stand :

The sweet and bitter fool will presently appear ;

The one in motley here—the other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy ?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on 't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Nuncle, give me an egg, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gav'st thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so. [*Singing.*

'Fools had ne'er less grace in a year;
For wise men are grown foppish;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.'

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, e'er since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers; for when thou gav'st them the rod, and putt'st down thine own breeches,

'Then they for sudden joy did weep, [*Singing.*
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fool among.

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipp'd.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipp'd for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and sometimes I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet on? Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now: I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face [*to GON.*] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum.

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some.—

That's a sheal'd peascod. [*Pointing to LEAR.*

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,

But other of your insolent retinue
 Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
 In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
 I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
 To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
 By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
 That you protect this course, and put it on
 By your allowance; which, if you should, the fault
 Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep;
 Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
 Might in their working do you that offence,
 Which else were shame, that then necessity
 Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you know, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
 That it had its head bit off by its young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. I would you would make use of your good wisdom,
 Whereof I know you are fraught; and put away
 These dispositions, which of late transport you
 From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?—
 Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me? This is not Lear:
 Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?
 Either his notion weakens, his discernings
 Are lethargied. Ha! waking? 't is not so.
 Who is it that can tell me who I am?—

Fool. Lear's shadow.—

Lear. I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters—

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration, sir, is much o' the savour
 Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
 To understand my purposes aright:
 As you are old and reverend, should be wise:
 Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
 Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd and bold,
 That this our court, infected with their manners,
 Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
 Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,
 Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak
 For instant remedy: Be then desir'd
 By her that else will take the thing she begs,
 A little to disquantity your train;
 And the remainder, that shall still depend,
 To be such men as may besort your age,
 Which know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils !—
Saddle my horses ; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard ! I'll not trouble thee ;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people ; and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—O, sir, are you come ?
Is it your will ? [*To ALB.*] Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.
Ingratitude ! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster !

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite ! thou liest : [*To GON.*]
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know :
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show !
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place ; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear !
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, [*Striking his head.*]
And thy dear judgment out !—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord,—
Hear, nature, hear ; dear goddess, hear !
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful !
Into her womb convey sterility !
Dry up in her the organs of increase ;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her ! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen ; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her !
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth ;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks ;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt ; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.—Away, away ! [*Exit.*]

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this ?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know more of it ;
But let his disposition have that scope
As dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap !
Within a fortnight ?

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee ;—Life and death ! I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus :

[*To GONERIL.*

That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon thee !
The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee !—Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again I'll pluck ye out ;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay. Ha ! Let it be so :—
I have another daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable ;
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever. [*Exeunt LEAR, KENT, and Attend.*

Gon. Do you mark that?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you—

Gon. Pray you content.—What, Oswald, ho !
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[*To the Fool.*

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry ; take the fool with
thee.

A fox when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter ;
So the fool follows after.

[*Exit.*

Gon. This man hath had good counsel:—A hundred knights !
'T is politic, and safe, to let him keep
At point a hundred knights ! Yes, that on every dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say !—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far.

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart :
What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister ;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness——How now, Oswald ?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister ?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse :
Inform her full of my particular fear ;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,

As may compact it more. Get you gone ;
And hasten your return. [*Exit Stew.*] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attask'd for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell ;
Striving to better, oft we mar what 's well.

Gon. Nay, then,—

Alb. Well, well ; the event. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Court before the same.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters : acquaint my daughter no further with anything you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter : If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*]

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were 't not in danger of kibes ?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I prithee, be merry ; thy wit shall not go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha !

Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly ; for though she's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What canst tell, boy ?

Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle of one's face ?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side one's nose ; that what a man cannot smell out he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong :—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell ?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither ; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why ?

Fool. Why, to put his head in ; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father !—Be my horses ready ?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight ?

Fool. Yes, indeed : Thou would'st make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce !—Monster ingratitude !

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How 's that?

Fool. Thou should'st not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!
Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!

Enter Gentleman.

How now! are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloster.*

Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father; and given him notice that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him this night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I. 'Pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do then, in time. Fare you well, sir. *[Exit.]*

Edm. The duke be here to-night! The better, best!
This weaves itself perforce into my business!
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queazy question,
Which I must act:—Briefness, and fortune, work!—
Brother, a word;—descend:—Brother, I say;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches:—O sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night:—
Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste,
And Regan with him: Have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me:—
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you:—

Draw : Seem to defend yourself : Now quit you well.
Yield : come before my father ;—Light, ho, here !—
Fly, brother ;—Torches ! torches !—So, farewell.—

[Exit EDGAR.]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

[Wounds his arm.]

Of my more fierce endeavour : I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father ! father !
Stop, stop ! No help ?

Enter GLOSTER and Servants with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain ?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand auspicious mistress :—

Glo. But where is he ?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund ?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho !—Go after.—[Exit Serv.]—By no means,—what ?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship ;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all the thunder bend ;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father :—Sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, launch'd mine arm :
And when he saw my best alarm'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether ghasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far ;
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught :
And found—Despatch.—The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night :
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake !
He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him : He replied,
'Thou unpossessing bastard ! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd ? No : what I should deny,
(As this I would ; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character,) I'd turn it all

To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice :
 And thou must make a dullard of the world,
 If they not thought the profits of my death
 Were very pregnant and potential spurs
 To make thee seek it.'

Glo. O strange and fasten'd villain !
 Would he deny his letter, said he ?—I never got him.

[*Trumpets within.*]

Hark, the duke's trumpets ! I know not wher' he comes :
 All ports I'll bar ; the villain shall not 'scape ;
 The duke must grant me that : besides, his picture
 I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
 May have due note of him ; and of my land,
 Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
 To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend ? since I came hither,
 (Which I can call but now,) I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
 Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord ?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd ; it's crack'd !

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life !
 He whom my father nam'd ? your Edgar ?

Glo. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid !

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
 That tended upon my father ?

Glo. I know not, madam : 't is too bad, too bad.—

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel then though he were ill affected ;
 'T is they have put him on the old man's death,
 To have th' expense and waste of his revenues.
 I have this present evening from my sister
 Been well inform'd of them ; and with such cautions,
 That if they come to sojourn at my house
 I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
 Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
 A child-like office.

Edm. It was my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice ; and receiv'd
 This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued ?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
 Be fear'd of doing harm : make your own purpose,
 How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
 Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
 So much commend itself, you shall be ours ;
 Natures of such deep trust we shall much need ;
 You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—

Reg. Thus out of season ; threading dark-ey'd night.
Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize,
Wherein we must have use of your advice :—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home ; the several messengers
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom ; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam :
Your graces are right welcome. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Before Gloster's Castle.*

Enter KENT and Steward, severally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend : Art of this house ?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses ?

Kent. I' the mire.

Stew. Prithee, if thou lov'st me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then, I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care
for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus ? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for ?

Kent. A knave ; a rascal ; an eater of broken meats ; a base,
proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy
worsted-stocking knave ; a lily-liver'd, action-taking, whoreson,
glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue ; one-trunk-inheriting
slave ; one that would'st be a bawd, in way of good service, and
art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander,
and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch : one whom I will beat
into clamorous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy
addition.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one
that is neither known of thee nor knows thee.

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st
me ? Is it two days since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee,
before the king ? Draw, you rogue : for, though it be night, yet the
moon shines ; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you, you whoreson
cullionly barber-monger. Draw. [Drawing his sword.

Stew. Away ; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal : you come with letters against the king,
and take vanity the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father :

Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal: come your ways.

Stew. Help, hoa! murther! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue; stand, you neat slave; strike. [Beating him.]

Stew. Help, hoa! murther! murther!

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Edm. How now? what's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! what's the matter?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;

He dies that strikes again: What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee; a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. A tailor, sir; a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd, At suit of his grey beard,—

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword, Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these, Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain

Which are too intrinse t' unloose: smooth every passion

That in the natures of their lords rebel;

Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;

Renegue, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks

With every gale and vary of their masters,

Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—

A plague upon your epileptic visage!

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?

Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,

I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo.

How fell you out?

Say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy, Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir, 't is my occupation to be plain;

I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, he!—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your great aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front,—

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much.
I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you, in a plain
accent, was a plain knave: which, for my part, I will not be, though
I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any.
It pleas'd the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, compact, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind: being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdued;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues and cowards
But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respects, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks:
As I have life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

[*Stocks brought out.*]

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for 't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such as basest and contemn'd st wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs—

[*KENT is put in the stocks.*]

Come, my lord; away.

[*Exeunt all except GLOSTER and KENT.*]

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 't is the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd, and travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 't will be ill taken.

[*Exit.*]

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw;
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun!

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles,
But misery:—I know 't is from Cordelia;
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; and shall find time
From this enormous state,—seeking to give
Losses their remedies:—All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.

Fortunc, good night; smile once more; turn thy wheel!

[*He sleeps.*]

SCENE III.—*A Part of the Heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And by the happy hollow of a tree,

Escap'd the hunt: No port is free; no place,
 That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
 Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may 'scape,
 I will preserve myself: and am bethought
 To take the basest and most poorest shape,
 That ever penury, in contempt of man,
 Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
 Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
 And with presented nakedness out-face
 The winds and persecutions of the sky.
 The country gives me proof and precedent
 Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
 Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
 Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
 And with this horrible object, from low farms,
 Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
 Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
 Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygod! poor Tom!
 That's something yet;—Edgar I nothing am. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*Before Gloster's Castle.**Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.*

Lear. 'T is strange that they should so depart from home,
 And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
 The night before there was no purpose in them
 Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. Ha!
 Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha; he wears cruel garters! Horses are tied by the heads; dogs and bears by the neck; monkeys by the loins; and men by the legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.

Lear. What's he that hath so much thy place mistook
 To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
 Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't;
 They could not, would not do't; 't is worse than murther,

To do upon respect such violent outrage :
 Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
 Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,
 Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
 I did commend your highness' letters to them,
 Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
 My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
 Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
 From Goneril his mistress, salutations ;
 Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
 Which presently they read : on those contents
 They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse ;
 Commanded me to follow, and attend
 The leisure of their answer ; gave me cold looks :
 And meeting here the other messenger,
 Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
 (Being the very fellow which of late
 Display'd so saucily against your highness,)
 Having more man than wit about me, drew ;
 He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries :
 Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
 The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that
 way.

Fathers that wear rags do make their children blind ;
 But fathers that bear bags shall see their children kind.
 Fortune, that arrant whore, ne'er turns the key to the
 poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours for thy
 daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart !

Hysterica passio !—down, thou climbing sorrow,
 Thy element's below !—Where is this daughter ?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear.

Follow me not ;

Stay here.

[*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence but what you speak of :

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a number ?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question,
 thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool ?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's
 no labouring in the winter. All that follow their noses are led by
 their eyes, but blind men ; and there's not a nose among twenty
 but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great
 wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following ; but
 the great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after. When a
 wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again : I would
 have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?

They have travell'd all the night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off!
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremoveable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
Fiery? what quality? why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands, tends, service:
Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!—
Fiery! the fiery duke!—Tell the hot duke that—
No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore

[*Looking on KENT.*

Should he sit here? This act persuades me,
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth:
Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry sleep to death.

Glo. I'd have all well betwixt you.

[*Exit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels, when

she put them i' the paste alive; she knapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, 'Down, wantons, down : 'T was her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, butter'd his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, *and* Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn.

Hail to your grace !

[*KENT is set at liberty.*]

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason I have to think so; if thou should'st not be glad, I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb Sepulch'ring an adultress.—O, are you free? [To KENT. Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan, Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here,—

[*Points to his heart.*]

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe, With how depriv'd a quality.—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope You less know how to value her desert, Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least Would fail her obligation: If, sir, perchance, She have restrain'd the riots of your followers, 'T is on such ground, and to such wholesome end, As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old; Nature in you stands on the very verge Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led By some discretion, that discerns your state Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray you, That to our sister you do make return: Say, you have wrong'd her.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness? Do you but mark how this becomes the house? 'Dear daughter, I confess that I am old: Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg, That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.'

[*Kneeling.*]

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks: Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan: She hath abated me of half my train; Look'd black upon me; strook me with her tongue, Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:— All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones, You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn.

Fye, sir, fye!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes ! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blister.

Reg. O the blest gods !
So will you wish on me, when the rash mood's on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse ;
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness ; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn : 'T is not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in : thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude ;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.

[*Trumpets within.*]

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks ?

Corn. What trumpet's that ?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't, my sister's : this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come ?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows :—
Out, varlet, from my sight !

Corn. What means your grace ?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant ? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know on't.—Who comes here ? O, heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if you yourselves are old,
Make it your cause ; send down, and take my part !—
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard ?— [To GONERIL.
O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand ?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir ? How have I offended ?
All's not offence that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O, sides, you are too tough !
Will you yet hold ?—How came my man i' the stocks ?

Corn. I set him there, sir : but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You ! did you ?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me ;

I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?

No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose

To wage against the enmity o' the air,

To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—

Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?

Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took

Our youngest born, I could as well be brought

To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg

To keep base life afoot:—Return with her?

Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter

To this detested groom. [*Looking on the Steward.*]

Gon.

At your choice, sir.

Lear. I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad;

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:

We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—

But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;

Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,

Which I must needs call mine; thou art a boil,

A plague-sore, or embossed carbuncle,

In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;

Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:

I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,

Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:

Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure:

I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,

I, and my hundred knights.

Reg.

Not altogether so;

I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided

For your fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to my sister;

For those that mingle reason with your passion,

Must be content to think you old, and so—

But she knows what she does.

Lear.

Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: What, fifty followers?

Is it not well? What should you need of more?

Yea, or so many? sith that both charge and danger

Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,

Should many people, under two commands,

Hold amity? 'T is hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance

From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack
you,

We could control them: If you will come to me,

(For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you

To bring but five-and-twenty; to no more

Will I give place, or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg.

And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries ;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number : What, must I come to you
With five-and-twenty, Regan ? said you so ?

Reg. And speak 't again, my lord ; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd !
When others are more wicked, not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise :—I'll go with thee ;

[*To GONERIL.*

Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord ;

What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you ?

Reg. What need one ?

Lear. O, reason not the need : our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous :
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's : thou art a lady ;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need !
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age ; wretched in both !
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely ; touch me with noble anger !
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks !—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things—
What they are yet I know not ; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep ;
No, I'll not weep :—

I have full cause of weeping ; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or e'er I'll weep :—O, fool, I shall go mad !

[*Exeunt LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, and Fool.*

Corn. Let us withdraw, 't will be a storm.

[*Storm heard at a distance.*

Reg. This house is little ; the old man and his people
Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'T is his own blame ; hath put himself from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloster ?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'T is best to give him way; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the high winds
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters: Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 't is a wild night:
My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Heath.*

A storm is heard, with thunder and lightning.

Enter KENT and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who's there, besides foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you. Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease: tears his white hair;
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-jest
His heart-strook injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd

With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less;
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes;
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings;
But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner.—Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent.

No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse and take
What it contains: If you shall see Cordelia,
(As fear not but you shall,) show her this ring;
And she will tell you who that fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fye on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand: Have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but to effect more than all yet;
That, when we have found the king, (in which your pain
That way; I'll this:) he that first lights on him,
Holla the other. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Heath. Storm continues.*

Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than

this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in; ask thy daughters' blessing; here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription; then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That will with two pernicious daughters join
Your high engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 't is foul!

Fool. He that hath a house to put his head in, has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;—
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake

—for there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace and a cod-piece: that's a wise man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular of virtue
That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed !
 Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel ;
 Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest ;
 Repose you there : while I to this hard house,
 (More harder than the stones whereof 't is rais'd :
 Which even but now, demanding after you,
 Denied me to come in,) return and force
 Their scanted courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—
 Come on, my boy : How dost, my boy ? Art cold ?
 I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow ?
 The art of our necessities is strange,
 And can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel
 Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
 That 's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. [*Singing.*]

He that has and a little tiny wit,—
 With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—
 Must make content with his fortunes fit,
 Though the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel.

[*Exeunt* LEAR and KENT.]

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.—
 I 'll speak a prophecy ere I go.

When priests are more in word than matter ;
 When brewers mar their malt with water ;
 When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;
 No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors ;
 When every case in law is right ;
 No squire in debt, nor no poor knight ;
 When slanders do not live in tongues ;
 Nor cutpurses come not to throngs ;
 When usurers tell their gold i' the field ;
 And bawds and whores do churches build ;—
 Then shall the realm of Albion
 Come to great confusion.
 Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,
 That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make ; for I live before his time.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing :
 When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from
 me the use of mine own house ; charged me, on pain of perpetual
 displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, or any way
 sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural !

Glo. Go to; say you nothing: There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'t is dangerous to be spoken;—I have locked the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will look him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is strange things toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [Exit.

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke Instantly know; and of that letter too:—

This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [Storm still.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own: Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 't is much, that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 't is to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear:
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free
The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to 't?—But I will punish home:—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that,—

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Prithee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease;
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in:
In, boy; go first.—[To the Fool.] You houseless poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.

[Fool goes in.]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor
Tom! [*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.
Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw?
Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
Through the sharp hawthorn blow the winds.—
Humph! go to thy bed and warm thee.

Lear. Didst thou give all to thy daughters?
And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend
hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool,
o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and
halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud
of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to
course his own shadow for a traitor:—Bless thy five wits! Tom's
a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-
blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul
fiend vexes: There could I have him now,—and there,—and there
again, and there. [*Storm continues.*]

Lear. Have his daughters brought him to this pass?—
Could'st thou save nothing? Would'st thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all
shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—
Is it the fashion that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 't was this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock-hill;—
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: Obey thy parents; keep thy

word's justice ; swear not ; commit not with man's sworn spouse ; set not thy sweet heart on proud array : Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been ?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind ; that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her ; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven : one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it : Wine loved I dearly ; dice dearly ; and in woman out-paramoured the Turk : False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand ; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman : Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind : Says suum, mun, nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, Sesey ; let him trot by. *[Storm still continues.]*

Lear. Thou wert better in a grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this ? Consider him well : Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume :—Ha ! here's three of us are sophisticated !—Thou art the thing itself : unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings :—Come ; unbutton here.—

[Tearing off his clothes.]

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, be contented ; 't is a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart,—a small spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet : he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock ; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip ; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Swithold footed thrice the old ;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold ;
 Bid her alight,
 And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee

Kent. How fares your grace ?

Enter GLOSTER, with a torch.

Lear. What's he ?

Kent. Who's there ? What is't you seek ?

Glo. What are you there ? Your names ?

Edg. Poor Tom ; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt and the water ; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets ; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog ; drinks the green mantle of the standing-pool ; who is whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned ; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear :

But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower :—Peace, Smolkin ; peace, thou fiend !

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company ?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman ;
Mudo he's call'd, and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me ; my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands ;
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you ;
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher :—
What is the cause of thunder ?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer ;
Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban :—
What is your study ?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord ;
His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him ?
His daughters seek his death :—Ah ! that good Kent !
He said it would be thus :—Poor banish'd man !—
Thou say'st the king grows mad ; I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself : I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood : he sought my life,
But lately, very late ; I lov'd him, friend,—
No father his son dearer : true to tell thee, [*Storm continues.*]
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this !
I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy, sir.
Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, into the hovel : keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him ;
I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him ; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on ; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words :
Hush.

Edg. Childe Rowland to the dark tower came ;

His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart this house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter which he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Chamber in Out-building adjoining the Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER and KENT.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience:—The gods reward your kindness! [*Exit GLOSTER.*]

Enter LEAR, EDGAR, and Fool.

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon them:—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight:—
Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;— [To EDGAR.
Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [To the Fool.]—Now, ye she
foxes!—

Edg. Look where she stands and glares!—
Wantonest thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me:—

Fool. Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a night-
ingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herrings.
Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first:—Bring in the evidence.—
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;— [To EDGAR.
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [To the Fool.
Bench by his side:—You are of the commission,
Sit you too. [To KENT.

Edg. Let us deal justly.
Sleepest or wakest thou jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 't is Goneril. I here take my oath
before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her
father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made of.—Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They mar my counterfeiting.

[Aside.

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them:—

Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym;
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail;
Tom will make him weep and wail:

For, with throwing thus my head,
 Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.
 Do de, de de. Sesey. Come, march to wakes and fairs, and
 market-towns:—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan; see what breeds about
 her heart: Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard
 hearts?—You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only, I do
 not like the fashion of your garments: you will say they are
 Persian; but let them be changed. [To EDGAR.]

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: So,
 so: We'll go to supper i' the morning.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I prithee take him in thy arms;
 I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:
 There is a litter ready; lay him in 't,
 And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
 Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master;
 If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,
 With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
 Stand in assured loss: Take up, take up;
 And follow me, that will to some provision
 Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppressed nature sleeps:—
 This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,
 Which, if convenience will not allow,
 Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master;
 Thou must not stay behind. [To the Fool.]

Glo. Come, come away.

[*Exeunt KENT, GLOSTER, and the Fool,*
bearing off the KING.]

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
 We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
 Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind;
 Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind:
 But then the mind much sufferance doth o'er-skip,
 When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
 How light and portable my pain seems now,
 When that, which makes me bend, makes the king bow;
 He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away:
 Mark the high noises: and thyself bewray,
 When false opinion, whose wrong thoughts defile thee,
 In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
 What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king!
 Lurk, lurk. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.—*A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, *and* Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband ; show him this letter :—the army of France is landed :—Seek out the traitor Gloster.
[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*]

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company ; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation ; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister ;—farewell, my lord of Gloster.

Enter Steward.

How now ? Where's the king ?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence :
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate ;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependents,
Are gone with him toward Dover ; where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt* GONERIL *and* EDMUND.

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor Gloster,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us :

[*Exeunt other Servants.*]

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there ? The traitor ?

Re-enter Servants, *with* GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox ! 't is he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your graces ?—Good my friends, consider
You are my guests : do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [Servants *bind* him.

Reg. Hard, hard :—O filthy traitor !

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.

Corn. To this chair bind him :—Villain, thou shalt find—
[REGAN *plucks* his beard.

Glo. By the kind gods, 't is most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor !

Glo. Naughty lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee : I am your host ;

With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?
Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at
peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old heart,
He help the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou should'st have said, 'Good porter, turn the key;'
All cruels else subscrib'd:—But I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See 't shalt thou never:—Fellows, hold the chair:—
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

Glo. He that will think to live till he be old
Give me some help: O cruel! O ye gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord;
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel: What do you mean?

Corn. My villain! [*Draws, and runs at him.*]

Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of anger.
[*Draws. They fight. CORNWALL is wounded.*]

Reg. Give me thy sword.—[*To another Servant.*] A
peasant stand up thus!

[*Snatches a sword, comes behind, and stabs him.*]

Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left

To see some mischief on him :—O !

[*Dies.*

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it :—Out, vile jelly !
Where is thy lustre now ?

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where 's my son Edmund ?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain !
Thou call'st on him that hates thee : it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us :
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies !
Then Edgar was abus'd.—
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him.

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.—How is 't, my lord ? How look you ?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt :—Follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeless villain ;—throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace :
Untimely comes this hurt : Give me your arm.

[*Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN ;—Servants unbind
GLOSTER, and lead him out.*

1 Serv. I 'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.

2 Serv. If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

1 Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would ; his roguish madness
Allows itself to anything.

2 Serv. Go thou ; I 'll fetch some flax and whites of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him !
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An open Country.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear :
The lamentable change is from the best ;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace !
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here ?—

Enter GLOSTER, led by an Old Man.

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 't is seen
Our means secure us; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—O, dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say, I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? Who's there?

Edg. [*Aside.*] O gods! Who is 't can say, 'I am at the worst?'

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'T is poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet: The worst is not
So long as we can say, 'This is the worst.'

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,
Which made me think a man a worm: my son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since:
As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
Ang'ring itself and others. [*Aside.*]—Bless thee, master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Get thee away: If, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way towards Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Which I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he's mad.

Glo. 'T is the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on 't what will. [*Exit.*]

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub it further.

[*Aside.*

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes,
they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: Bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once: of lust, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididence*, prince of dumbness; *Mahu*, of stealing; *Modo*, of murder; *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

Glo. Here, take this purse, you whom the heavens' plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he does not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom shall lead thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Duke of Albany's Palace.*

Enter GONERIL and EDMUND; Steward meeting them.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild husband
Not met us on the way;—Now, where's your master?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd:
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;
His answer was, 'The worse:' of Gloster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out:—
What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.

[*To EDMUND.*

It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,

Which tie him to an answer : Our wishes, on the way,
 May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother ;
 Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers :
 I must change names at home, and give the distaff
 Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
 Shall pass between us : ere long you are like to hear,
 If you dare venture in your own behalf,
 A mistress's command. Wear this ; spare speech ;

[*Giving a favour.*]

Decline your head : this kiss, if it durst speak,
 Would stretch thy spirits up into the air ;—
 Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster !

[*Exit EDMUND.*]

O, the difference of man and man !
 To thee a woman's services are due ;
 My fool usurps my body.

Stew.

Madam, here comes my lord.

[*Exit Steward.*]

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb.

O Goneril !

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
 Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition :
 That nature, which contemns its origin,
 Cannot be border'd certain in itself ;
 She that herself will sliver and disbranch
 From her material sap, perforce must wither,
 And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more ; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile :
 Filths savour but themselves. What have you done ?
 Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd ?
 A father, and a gracious aged man,
 Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
 Most barbarous, most degenerate ! have you madded.
 Could my good brother suffer you to do it ?
 A man, a prince, by him so benefited ?
 If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
 Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
 'T will come :

Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
 Like monsters of the deep.

Gon.

Milk-liver'd man !

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs ;
 Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
 Thine honour from thy suffering ; that not know'st,
 Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
 Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum ?
 France spreads his banners in our noiseless land ;

With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats ;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still and cry'st
'Alack! why does he so?'

Alb. See thyself, devil !
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in women.

Gon. O vain fool !

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame,
Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones :—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now !—

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news ?

Mess. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's dead :
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes !

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master ; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead :
But not without that harmful stroke which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge !—but, O, poor Gloster !
Lost he his other eye ?

Mess. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer ;
'T is from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well ;
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life : Another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer. [*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes ?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord ; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness ?

Mess. Ay, my good lord ; 't was he inform'd against him ;
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend ;
Tell me what more thou know'st. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The French Camp, near Dover.**Enter KENT and a Gentleman.*

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state, which since his coming forth is thought of; which imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger, that his personal return was most required, and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Mareschal of France, Monsieur La Far.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir, she took them, read them in my presence; And now and then an ample tear trill'd down Her delicate cheek; it seem'd she was a queen Over her passion; who, most rebel-like, Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it moved her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove Who should express her goodliest. You have seen Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears Were like a better day: Those happy smilets, That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence, As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief, sorrow Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. 'Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd the name of 'father' Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart; Cried 'Sisters; sisters!—shame of ladies! sisters! Kent! father! sisters? What? i' the storm? i' the night? Let pity not be believ'd!'—There she shook The holy water from her heavenly eyes, And clamour moisten'd:—then away she started To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent.

No, since.

Kent. Well, sir: The poor distressed Lear is i' the town; Who sometimes, in his better tune, remembers What we are come about, and by no means Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent.

Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis so; they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master, Lear,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Tent.*

Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With hardocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. What can man's wisdom
[*Exit an Officer.*

In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam:
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam:
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France

My mourning, and important tears, hath pitied.
 No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
 But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right :
 Soon may I hear and see him !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

Enter REGAN and Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth ?

Stew.

Ay, madam.

Reg.

Himself

In person there ?

Stew.

Madam, with much ado :

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home ?

Stew. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him ?

Stew. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
 To let him live ; where he arrives he moves
 All hearts against us ; Edmund, I think, is gone,
 In pity of his misery, to despatch
 His nighted life ; moreover, to descry
 The strength o' the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow ; stay with us ;
 The ways are dangerous.

Stew.

I may not, madam ;

My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund ? Might not you
 Transport her purposes by words ? Belike,
 Something—I know not what :—I'll love thee much,
 Let me unseal the letter.

Stew.

Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband ;
 I am sure of that : and, at her late being here,
 She gave strange œiliads, and most speaking looks
 To noble Edmund : I know you are of her bosom.

Stew. I, madam ?

Reg. I speak in understanding ; you are, I know it :
 Therefore, I do advise you, take this note :
 My lord is dead ; Edmund and I have talk'd ;
 And more convenient is he for my hand
 Than for your lady's :—You may gather more.
 If you do find him, pray you, give him this ;
 And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
 I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
 So fare you well.
 If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,

Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam! I would show
What party I do follow.

Reg.

Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The Country near Dover.*

Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR dressed like a peasant.

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look how we labour.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg.

Horrible steep:

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo.

No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glo.

So may it be, indeed:

Methinks thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceiv'd; in nothing am I chang'd,
But in my garments.

Glo.

Methinks, you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place!—stand still.—How
fearful

And dizzy 't is, to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,

Show scarce so gross as beetles: Half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:

The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,

Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring bark,

Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy

Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,

That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,

Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more;

Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight

Topple down headlong.

Glo.

Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand: you are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo.

Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel

Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods,

Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;

Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.

[*Seems to go.*

Glo.

With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods !
 This world I do renounce ; and, in your sights,
 Shake patiently my great affliction off ;
 If I could bear it longer, and not fall
 To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
 My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
 Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him !—
 Now, fellow, fare thee well.

Edg.

Gone, sir. Farewell.—

[GLOSTER *leaps, and falls along.*

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
 The treasury of life, when life itself
 Yields to the theft : Had he been where he thought,
 By this had thought been past.—Alive or dead ?
 Ho, you sir ! friend !—Hear you, sir ?—speak !
 Thus might he pass indeed :—Yet he revives :
 What are you, sir ?

Glo.

Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers,
 air,

So many fathom down precipitating,
 Thou hadst shiver'd like an egg : but thou dost breathe ;
 Hast heavy substance ; bleed'st not ; speak'st ; art sound.
 Ten masts at each make not the altitude
 Which thou hast perpendicularly fell ;
 Thy life's a miracle : Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no ?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn :
 Look up a-height ;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
 Cannot be seen or heard : do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
 To end itself by death ? 'T was yet some comfort,
 When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
 And frustrate his proud will.

Edg.

Give me your arm :

Up :—so ;—How is 't ? Feel you your legs ? You stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg.

This is above all strangeness :

Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
 Which parted from you ?

Glo.

A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought his eyes
 Were two full moons ; he had a thousand noses,
 Horns wheel'd, and wav'd like the enridged sea ;
 It was some fiend : Therefore, thou happy father,
 Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
 Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now : henceforth I'll bear
 Affliction, till it do cry out itself,
 Enough, enough, and die. That thing you speak of,

I took it for a man; often 't would say,
'The fiend, the fiend;' he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who comes here?

Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed up with flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining;
I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard.—Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.—O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout, i' the clout: hewgh!—Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me I had the white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say ay, and no, to everything I said.—Ay and no too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was everything; 't is a lie; I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember:
Is 't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life: What was thy cause?—
Adultery?—

Thou shalt not die: Die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To 't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—
Behold yon' simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presageth snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;

The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to 't
With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are centaurs, though women all above:
but to the girdle do the gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends';
there's hell, there's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning,
scalding, stench, consumption;—Fye, fye, fye! pah; pah! Give

me an ounce of civet ; good apothecary, sweeten my imagination : there's money for thee.

Glo. O let me kiss that hand !

Lear. Let me wipe it first ; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature ! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me ?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me ? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid ; I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge ; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all thy letters suns, I could not see.

Edg. I would not take this from report ;—it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes ?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me ? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse ? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light : Yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad ? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears : see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear : Change places ; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief ? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar ?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur ? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority : a dog's obeyed in office.—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand :

Why dost thou lash that whore ? strip thine own back ;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind

For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear ;

Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks ;

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

None does offend, none, I say, none ; I'll able 'em :

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power

To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes ;

And, like a scurvy politician, seem

To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now :

Pull off my boots :—harder, harder ; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd !

Reason in madness !

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.

I know thee well enough ; thy name is Gloster ;

Thou must be patient ; we came crying hither.

Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,

We wawl, and cry :—I will preach to thee ; mark.

Glo. Alack, alack the day !

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great stage of fools ;—This is a good block !—
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe

A troop of horse with felt : I'll put it in proof ;
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is ; lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue ? What, a prisoner ? I am even
The natural food of fortune.—Use me well ;
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons.
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have anything.

Lear. No seconds ? all myself ?
Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a smug bridegroom ; What ?
I will be jovial ; come, come ; I am a king,
My masters, know you that ?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, an you get it, you shall get
it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa. [*Exit running ; Attendants follow.*]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch ;
Past speaking of in a king !—Thou hast a daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you : What's your will ?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward ?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar : every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army ?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot ; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir : that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gentleman.*]

Glo. You ever gentle gods, take my breath from me ;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please !

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you ?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows ;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some bidding.

Glo. Hearty thanks :

The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, to boot !

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize ! Most happy !
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember :—The sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [*EDGAR opposes.*]

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor ? Hence ;
Lest that infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. An
ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 't would not ha' been zo
long as 't is by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th' old man ; keep
out, che vor'ye, or ise try whether your costard or my ballow be the
harder : Ch 'ill be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill !

Edg. Ch 'ill pick your teeth, zir : Come ; no matter vor your
foins. [*They fight ; and EDGAR knocks him down.*]

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me :—Villain, take my purse ;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body ;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster ; seek him out
Upon the English party :—O, untimely death. [*Dies.*]

Edg. I know thee well : A serviceable villain ;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead ?

Edg. Sit you down, father ; rest you.—
Let's see these pockets : the letters that he speaks of,
May be my friends.—He is dead ; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see :—
Leave, gentle wax ; and, manners, blame us not :
To know our enemies' minds, we 'd rip their hearts ;
Their papers, is more lawful.

[*Reads.*] 'Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have
many opportunities to cut him off ; if your will want not, time and
place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return
the conqueror ; then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol ; from
the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for
your labour.

'Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate servant,
'GONERIL.'

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will !—

A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
 And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sands,
 Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
 Of murtherous lechers; and, in the mature time,
 With this ungracious paper strike the sight
 Of the death-practis'd duke: For him 't is well,
 That of thy death and business I can tell.

[*Exit EDGAR, dragging out the body.*]

Glo. The king is mad: How stiff is my vile sense,
 That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
 Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
 So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs;
 And woes, by wrong imaginations lose
 The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Give me your hand:
 Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
 Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—*A Tent in the French Camp. LEAR on a Bed, asleep; Physician, Gentlemen, and others, attending.*

Enter CORDELIA and KENT.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work,
 To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
 And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid.
 All my reports go with the modest truth;
 Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:
 These weeds are memories of those worser hours;
 I prithee put them off.

Kent. Pardon, dear madam;
 Yet to be known shortens my made intent:
 My boon I make it that you know me not,
 Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.—How does the king?
 [To the Physician.]

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
 Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
 The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up,
 Of this child-changed father!

Phys. So please your majesty,
 That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
 I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep,
 We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the jarring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder;
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross-lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'T is wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 't is fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave:—
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know: When did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair day-
light?—

I am mightily abus'd.—I should e'en die with pity,
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear these are my hands:—let's see;
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me:—
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:

I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; not an hour more nor less:
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is: and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not

Where I did lodge last night : Do not laugh at me ;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep not :
If you have poison for me I will drink it.
I know you do not love me ; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong :
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam : the great rage,
You see, is kill'd in him : and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in ; trouble him no more,
Till further settling.

Cor. Will 't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me :
May you now, forget and forgive : I am old and foolish.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, CORDELIA, Physician, and Attendants.

Gent. Holds it true, sir,
That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is the conductor of his people?

Kent. As 't is said,
The bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar,
His banish'd son, is with the Earl of Kent
In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.
'T is time to look about ; the powers o' the kingdom
Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.
Fare you well, sir.

[*Exit.*

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle 's fought.

[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover.*

*Enter, with drums and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers,
Soldiers, and others.*

Edm. Know of the duke if his last purpose hold ;
Or whether, since, he is advis'd by aught
To change the course : He 's full of alteration,
And self-reproving :—bring his constant pleasure.

[*To an Officer, who goes out.*

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'T is to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you :
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister ?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended place ?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her : Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not :—
She, and the duke her husband,—

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, *and* Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle than that sister
Should loosen him and me.

[*Aside.*]

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met.—
Sir, this I heard,—The king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant : for this business,
It toucheth us as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king ; with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd ?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy :
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here.

Alb. Let's then determine with the ancient of war
On our proceeding.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us ?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'T is most convenient ; pray you go with us.

Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle : [*Aside.*] I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR, *disguised.*

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt* EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL, Officers,
Soldiers, *and* Attendants.]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it : wretched though I seem,

I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there : if you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you !

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [Exit.

Alb. Why, fare thee well ; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery :—but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [Exit.

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love ;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take ?
Both ? one ? or neither ? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive : To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril ;
And hardly shall I carry out my side
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle ; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon : for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*A Field between the two Camps.*

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, LEAR, CORDELIA,
and their Forces ; and exeunt.

Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host ; pray that the right may thrive :
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, sir ! [Exit EDGAR.

Alarums ; afterwards a retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away ;
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en :
Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, sir ; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again ? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither :

Ripeness is all: Come on.

Glo.

And that's true too.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The British Camp near Dover.*

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, EDMUND; LEAR and CORDELIA, as prisoners; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard;
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, I am cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison;
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,—
Who loses, and who wins: who's in, who's out,
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven
And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The good years shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them starve first.

Come. [*Exeunt LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded.*]

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note; [*giving a paper*] go, follow them to
prison;

One step I have advanc'd thee: if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword:—Thy great employment
Will not bear question;—either say, thou'lt do 't,
Or thrive by other means.

Off. I'll do 't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou hast done.
Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.

Off. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work I will do it. [*Exit Officer.*]

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, Officers, and Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well: You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
I do require them of you, so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen;
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time
We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness:—
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good-will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.
[To EDMUND.]

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason:—Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent: [*pointing to GON.*—for your claim, fair
sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'T is she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry make your loves to me,
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster:—Let the trumpet sound:
If none appear to prove upon thy person,
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge; [*Throwing down a glove*] I'll make it
on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine. [*Aside.*]

Edm. There's my exchange: [*Throwing down a glove*]
what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by the trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. My sickness grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit REGAN, led.*]

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet! [*A trumpet sounds.*]

Herald reads.

If any man of quality or degree, within the lists of the army, will
maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster, that he is a
manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet:
He is bold in his defence.

Edm. Sound!

Her. Again.

Her. Again.

[1 *Trumpet.*]

[2 *Trumpet.*]

[3 *Trumpet.*]

[*Trumpet answers within.*]

Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a trumpet.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare gnawn, and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble, as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloster?

Edm. Himself;—What say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword;
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is my privilege,
The privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession; I protest,—
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart,—Thou art a traitor:
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust below thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, 'No,'
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay,
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,)
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak.

[*Alarums. They fight. EDMUND falls.*]

Alb. Save him, save him!

Gon. This is practice, Gloster:
By the law of war, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, sir:—
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—

No tearing, lady ; I perceive you know it.

[*Gives the letter to EDMUND.*]

Gon. Say, if I do : the laws are mine, not thine :

Who can arraign me for 't ? [Exit GONERIL.]

Alb. Most monstrous !

Know'st thou this paper ?

Edm. Ask me not what I know.

Alb. Go after her : she's desperate ; govern her.

[*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done,
And more, much more : the time will bring it out ;
'T is past, and so am I : But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me ? If thou art noble
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund ;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us :
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 't is true ;
The wheel is come full circle ; I am here.

Alb. Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness :—I must embrace thee ;
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father !

Edg. Worthy prince, I know 't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself ?
How have you known the miseries of your father ?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale ;—
And when 't is told, O, that my heart would burst !—
The bloody proclamation to escape
That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness !
That we the pain of death would hourly die,
Rather than die at once !) taught me to shift
Into a mad-man's rags ; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd : and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost ; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair ;
Never (O fault !) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd :
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him our pilgrimage : but his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support !)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,

And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamour, came there in a man,
Who, having seen me in my worse estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 't was that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help! help! O help!

Edg.

What kind of help?

Alb.

Speak, man.

Edg. What means this bloody knife?

Gent.

'T is hot, it smokes;

It came even from the heart of—O she's dead.

Alb. Who dead? speak, man.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant.

Edg.

Here comes Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead!—
This judgment of the heavens that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. *[Exit Gentleman.]*

Enter KENT.

O, is this he?

The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.

Kent.

I am come

To bid my king and master aye good night;
Is he not here?

Alb.

Great thing of us forgot!—

Speak, Edmund, where's the king; and where's Cordelia?—

Seest thou this object, Kent?

[*The bodies of GONERIL and REGAN are brought in.*]

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd :
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life : Some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle ; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia :—
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run—

Edg. To who, my lord ?—Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on ; take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit EDGAR.*]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her ! Bear him hence awhile.

[*EDMUND is borne off.*]

*Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his arms ; EDGAR, Officer,
and others.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl !—O, you are men of stones ;
Had I your tongues and eyes I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack :—She's gone for ever !—
I know when one is dead, and when one lives ;
She's dead as earth :—Lend me a looking-glass ;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease !

Lear. This feather stirs ; she lives ! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master. [*Kneeling.*]

Lear. Prithee, away.

Edg. 'T is noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murtherers, traitors all !
I might have sav'd her ; now she's gone for ever !
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha !
What is 't thou say'st ?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low ; an excellent thing in woman :—
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Off. 'T is true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow ?

I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best:—I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same;

Your servant Kent: Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too: He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man;—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay,
Have followed your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark, and
deadly.—

Your eldest daughters have fore-done themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain it is
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.

What comfort to this great decay may come

Shall be applied: For us, we will resign,

During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power:—You, to your rights;

[*To EDGAR and KENT.*

With boot, and such addition as your honours

Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes

The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life:

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,

And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more.

Never, never, never, never, never!—

Pray you undo this button: Thank you, sir.—

Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her lips,—

Look there, look there!— [He dies.

Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lord,—

Kent. Break, heart; I prithee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him
That would upon the rack of this rough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is he hath endur'd so long :
He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present business
Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain

[To KENT and EDGAR.

Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go ;
My master calls me,—I must not say, no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey ;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most : we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*



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